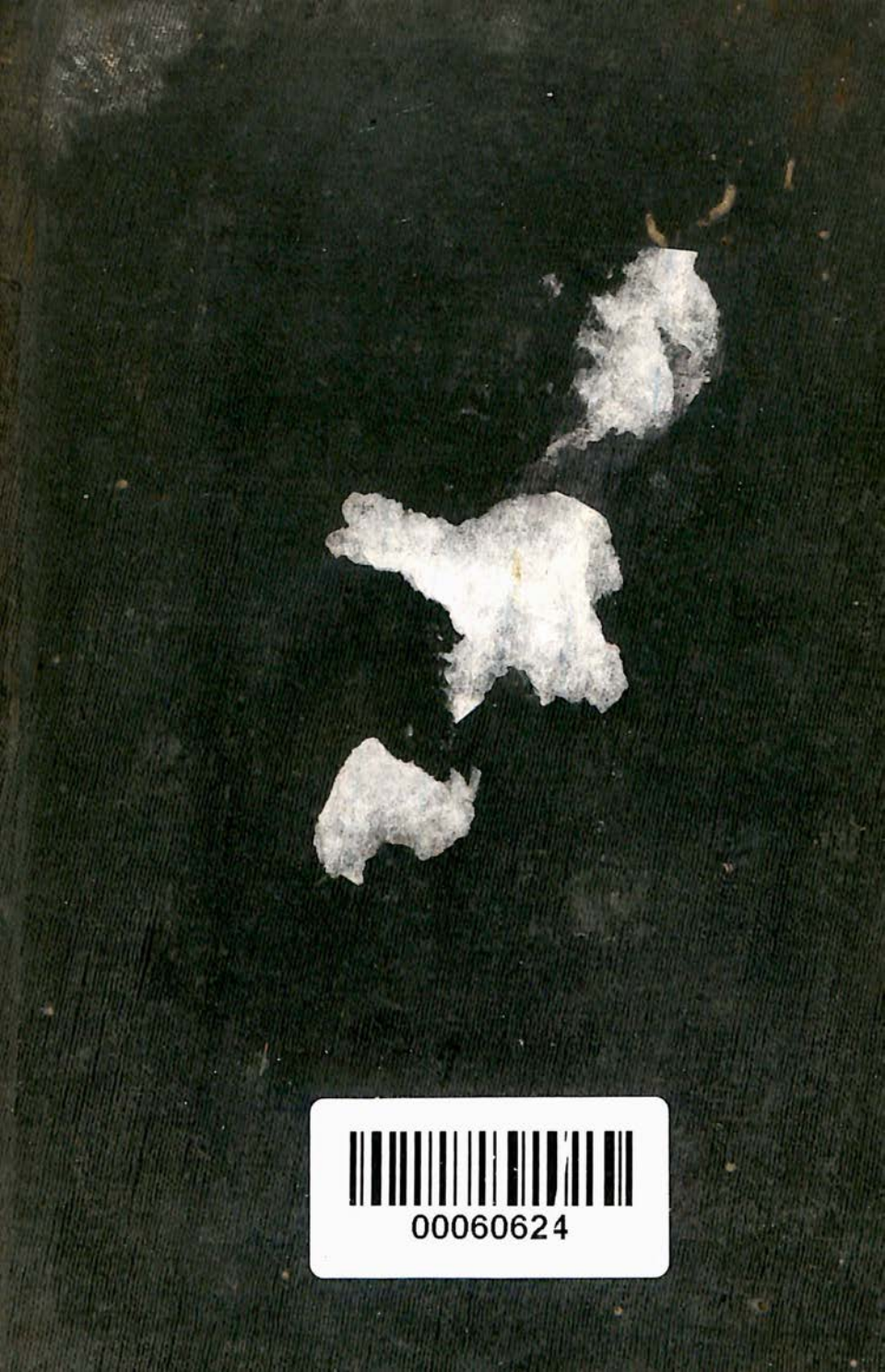
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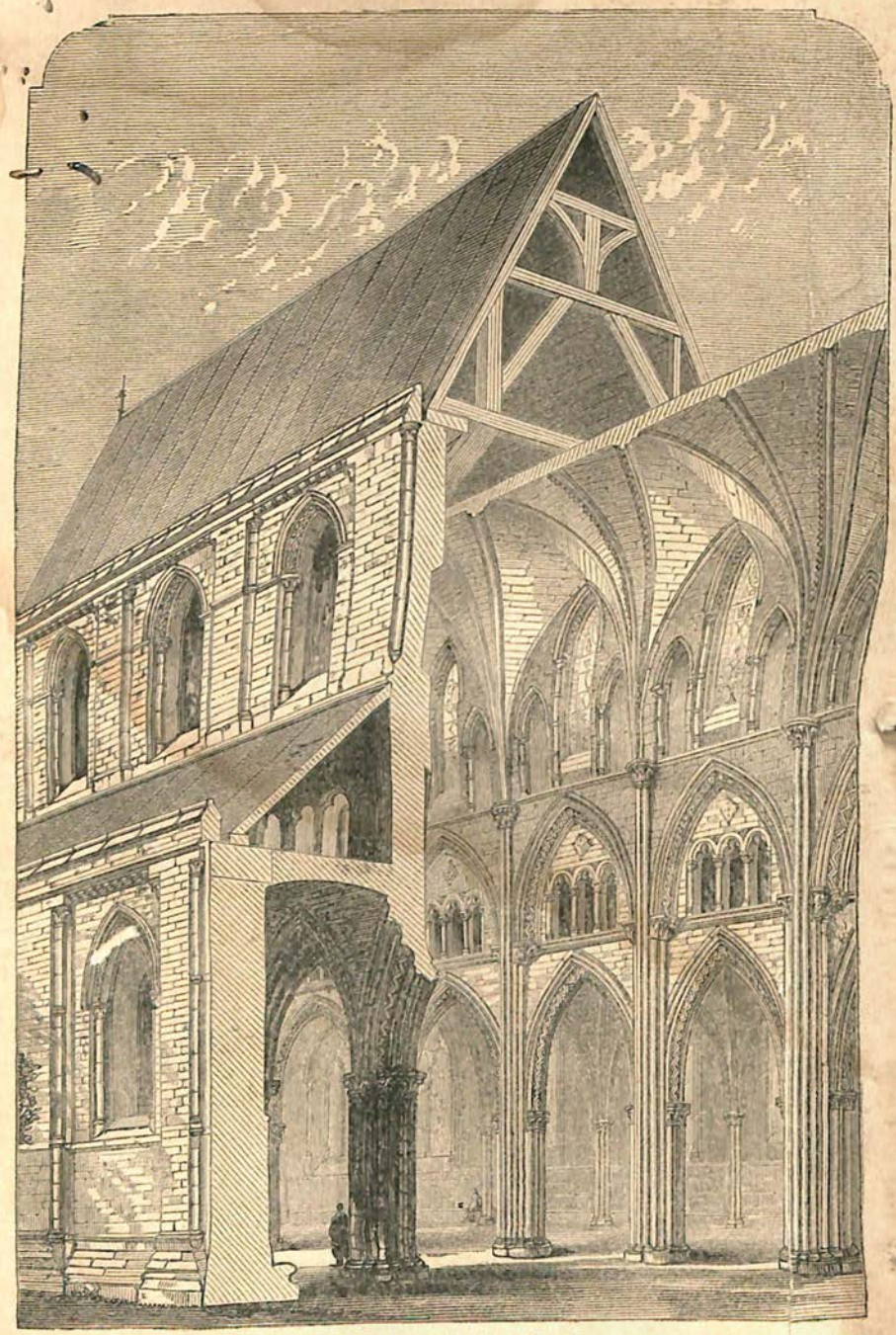
A WALK FROM LONDON

TO

LAND'S END AND BACK.



THE CHOIR OF GLASTONBURY ABBEY, IF RESTORED.

(After a Design by Mr. G. Gilbert Scott.)

A

WALK FROM LONDON

TO

LAND'S END AND BACK,

60624

WITH

NOTES BY THE WAY.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

BY

ELIHU BURRITT.

LONDON:
SAMPSON LOW, SON & MARSTON,
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1865.

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PREFACE.

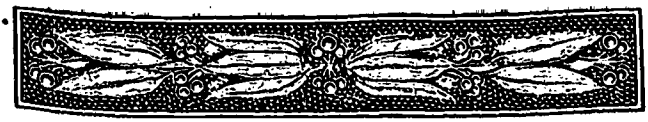
The volume herewith presented to the reader is the sequel or companion to the one published last year under the title of "A Walk from London to John O'Groat's." It was the author's original intention to make the journey on foot from one end of Great Britain to the other in one season, and to make but one volume of his notes by the way. But, being obliged to postpone the commencement of the tour until midsummer, 1863, he was able to accomplish only the northern half of it during that year. This, however, furnished incident and observation enough to fill a pretty large book. The next spring, therefore, he set out on the other half of the journey, or "From London to Land's End and Back," a distance about equal to the tour of the preceding year. He now

submits to the public the notes on what he saw, heard, thought and enjoyed by the way, with the hope that they may be read with some interest not only by those who perused the first volume, but also by others who would like to have fuller and fresher description of the places he visited than the ordinary guide-book information supplies. They will notice that the author, on both of the "Walks," has looked about him with an American eye and addressed his observations to American readers. This fact, he trusts, will not abstract from the interest with which the volume might otherwise be read in England. "We like to hear what others say of us" is a common remark of the most ardent lovers of their own country. On the strength of this sentiment, a kindly reception is anticipated for these notes.

Although the leading motive of the two "Walks" was originally to see and note the agricultural system, aspects and industries of Great Britain, and to collect information that might be useful to American farmers, the general reader, not specially interested in these matters, will find other topics in the work that may contribute to his entertainment. Reiterating the confidence expressed in the preface of the first book,

whatever exceptions may be taken to their diction or style of composition, the author fully believes that no English reader will object to the general spirit in which both volumes have been written.

Birmingham, Nov., 1865.



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A Walk from London to Land's End and Back.

CHAPTER I.

WALK ALONG THE THAMES TO RICHMOND—FETE CHAMPETRE AT TWICKENHAM—AN HOUR WITH ENGLISH ARISTOCRACY—A RUSTIC FAIR IN CONTRAST.

ON Tuesday, May 31st, 1864, I resumed the staff that had kept step with me all the way to John O'Groat's in the preceding year, and set out on my proposed Walk from London to Land's End. Having the original object of this long pedestrian journey still in view, I was quite willing to extend over two summer seasons an enterprise I had at first proposed to accomplish in one; as this would enable me to see the whole length of the island of Great Britain in the best aspects of its agricultural industries and sceneries. And here again, what I say of them, and of the incidents of the tour, and the thoughts they suggest, I must

address to that circle of American readers that may peruse these pages; although conscious that they will also be read by many persons in England. And this consciousness makes the task a little embarrassing;—akin to that of a man who undertakes to address an audience of children, and, on arising from behind the teacher's desk, with a speech formed for them alone, sees that half the assembly is made up of middle-aged men and women who know more of the subject he is to treat upon than he does himself. The educated and adult portion of such an audience, however, are generally generous enough to sympathise with the speaker, and to judge of his observations solely in reference to their adaptation to the instruction and entertainment of the young people present. Thus they listen even to citations from the very horn-book and alphabet of facts familiar to themselves with good-natured indulgence, thinking that such matters may be interesting and useful to the children. I hope, and even believe, that the English portion of my readers will take, with equal good nature and patience, what I may say to the American section of the circle on matters so familiar to themselves from their very childhood. It is a bold and seemingly pretentious thing for an American to state, in the hearing of an English man or woman, any facts or impressions in

regard to Kew, Richmond, or Windsor, or to any sceneries or histories attaching to the Thames, but I am sure such a listener will remember that these facts and impressions are addressed, as it were, to children in the knowledge they are intended to impart —children on the other side of the Atlantic, standing, many, six feet in their shoes, with full-grown hearts and minds; who, even in these troublous years, call England OUR OLD HOME, the MOTHERLAND; who, in the golden-most aspects of a grand future, in their largest ambition of national greatness and glory, have always loved, and love still, in this day of calamity, to thread back the rivulets of their race into the broad river of English history, when it ran without a branch or tributary outside the British Isle. To them I may say something about even Richmond and Windsor, places whose names are written each on the frontlets of thirty towns or villages in the American States to perpetuate its memory.

I commenced my walk at Kew Bridge, and followed the Thames to Richmond by a foot-path close to the river and winding with its course. Grand old trees put forth their arms over the walk all the way. Palace-like mansions, parks, lawns, pastures and meadows alternated on both sides. An air of hereditary quiet, almost sabbath-like, pervaded the whole scene, as if

the rushing tides of life had all set in upon the great heart of the empire, leaving these suburban sections at low ebb. It seemed unreal and strange to feel the pulse so slow and even here,—so near to that great centre of sleepless and boundless vitality. Passed the famous Sion House, one of the many mansions of the Duke of Northumberland. In the great park-pasture descending to the river, two large herds of cattle were feeding, one of the Alderney the other of the black Scotch breed, presenting as striking a contrast as horned animals could well make. Passed villages with their backs to the river, with shabby out-houses staggering to the brink, jostling against each other with laps full of rubbish. These villages once stood stoutly on their town individuality, and had all the feeling and aspect of what the Germans would call *selbstandigheit*, just as if planted among the wolds of Yorkshire. Once they were separated from London—and it was in the memory's reach of that old man under the yew there—by long stretches of wild country, of moor, and morass, bog and thicket, and miles of bramble and thorny gorse. It was a dangerous distance to travel at night; and even men called brave and steady-nerved waited for company to make the journey; for beggars with bludgeons and masked thieves on horseback had taken many

a purse and many a human life on that poaching-ground of prowlers. But now London is after them with its seven-league jaws distended to their utmost grasp, swallowing them up one after the other with all their intervening spaces. It makes nothing of taking in a large town whole at a single meal, with all its independent histories, associations, institutions, churches, schools, street-names, and rural appurtenances. In this terrible tractoration, or whale-mouth suction, the great city is not wolfish in its greed. It does not masticate and inwardly digest the towns and villages it draws into its maw, nor transmutes them into one indistinguishable mass of brick and mortar. It takes them in gently while they are asleep, and lets them sleep on, just as if nothing had happened. It lets them stand just where they stood before, only not alone as then. It is a silent absorption of the houseless spaces between. Before they get their eyes well open, the cows, sheep, donkeys and geese are gone from those rough and furzy pastures, and all the once wild and breezy space is filled with the broad streets and three-story buildings of a bran new city. And this new city, with its army of miners and sappers, works its outward way in every direction towards the distant hills hooded with groves. It swallows up the intervening meadows

basking so gently in the sun, all smiling with their daisies and buttercups. It climbs the green slopes, and the rooks of the old family mansion among the trees sound the alarm and utter rattling volleys of menace at the masons and their work. Thus it has gone on for centuries; thus it goes on now almost like a miracle compared with former progress. London is already a vast concrete of towns and villages, or rather a great luminous nebula of a hundred stars, all making one light, yet each a local shining, and wearing its own name, and occupying its own space. The suburban of one age becomes the mediurban of another—the outer the inner. Now London is taking to railway travelling, there is no telling where, or at what boundaries it will finally bring up. Windsor Castle even may yet find itself surrounded by this ebbless outflow, and occupy the same local relation to the metropolis that Edinburgh Castle does to that city.

But, with all this greed of growth, even to an appetite for subterranean extension, there are certain places of large circumference that London cannot "gobble up." They are the parks, play-grounds, and breathing-grounds of the people. There they are and there they will stand for ever, as Daniel Webster said of two localities famous in American history. The railway is endeavoring to poach upon these preserves

bequeathed to the million by foregone ages. It is working most insidiously to pare away a slice here, to bore a passage under the surface there; to come up for breathing in a deep cut occasionally like a spouting whale, and anon to tube its iron track over a foot-path or carriage way. No one can realise what changes it may work in the course of these stealthy inroads. Hyde Park itself may hear a whistle one of these days that shall startle the gentle equestrians of Rotten Row and their soft-haired steeds with the sharp and unwelcome thrill and tremor of a business age. *Procul O, procul O, esto profani!* from a thousand frightened voices will fail to bar the course of the terrible hexiped of the fiery eyes. Go he will, above-ground or under-ground. Where horses of flesh and blood canter, he will gallop. So they will have to compromise the matter, and give him a mole-walk a few fathoms under the green sward, with here and there a breathing-hole in these parks. But probably their shadows never will be less. The public mind grows more and more jealous of any let or lessening in the enjoyment they afford. So the surface of all these thousands of green and wooded acres, with their artificial rivers, lakes, and fountains will be the inheritance of the people for all generations.

There are more than "seven Richmonds in the field." There are at least twenty or thirty towns of the name in America, one of which will rank in history, perhaps, with Troy, Londonderry, or Sebastopol. But the venerable mother of all the corporate Richmonds in the world, sitting spectacled in her arm-chair on the Thames, quiet, composed, and placid, will always be held in kindly and genial estimation by well-read Americans. When the balances of human doings, and beings, and worths, and immortalities shall be fully made up, I am inclined to believe that the residence and writings here of James Thomson, that gentlest of Nature's bards, who sang the beauty of her months and years with a life and love never equalled before or since, will give to this old English town the most pleasant and lasting memory it will carry down through coming generations, even though the genial poet of "The Seasons" shall be known only by traditional reputation. I would not repeat, nor recall by suggestion, the thoughts submitted on the subject of biographs in a foregoing volume. But of all the memories that a town or other locality acquires and perpetuates, none are so sunny, so full of speaking life as the great remembrance of some man the world venerates or admires, who was born there, who there gave birth to some thousand-

tongued immortality of thought, which has sent its like-producing speech into the souls of all subsequent generations. I stand on Richmond Hill and look down on the town sloping up from the river. Who are you? I am an American, a New England man, of average reading among a reading people. Close that red guide-book; shut up the local history, and tell me what you ever read at home of this Richmond. How came you to know there was such a place, and what are you here for? "Thomson's Seasons," sir, was the first book of poems I ever read; and I read it over and over again, when I was an apprentice girded with a leather apron. I read it by the forge-light, against the forge-chimney, where I planted it open in the coal-dust, and took short sips of its beauty while the iron was heating, and the sparks going up starward. And Thomson lived, and thought, and wrote here, and put Richmond in his "Seasons." Can you show me the house in which they were born, and where he died? I would see that; for I know of no other here mentioned in the histories the great world reads. There may be a palace here in which Elizabeth or some other English Queen died; houses of statesmen and generals of great repute in her age, or before or after her day; but men from a far-off country like me are apt to overlook them

without the microscope of local history. So, will you plēase show me "Thomson's House"? Yes, there it is, among the trees by the river.

His "Seasons" were my first love among the Pleiades of Poetry, and I went to that house by the river, as if it were still full of his breathing presence. It is a large and comfortable mansion, now occupied by the venerable mother of Lord Shaftesbury, who, with the most sensitive appreciation of the haloed memories of the place, keeps the rooms in which the poet wrote and died in the same aspect and condition in which he left them. That little round table, standing on three legs, with its ebony-black disk turned up edge-ways, was his. By that small, shiny surface he sat by night and day, perhaps with "eyes in fine frenzy rolling" up at that old ceiling overhead, or at the wainscotted wall, fixed at the passing apparition of tall thoughts in the vasty sweep of his brilliant fancy. Bending over that table-rim, some of them he caught and photographed whole with his pen, to be admired by future generations; some doubtless escaped capture, darting off from the swift-winged visions of the mind. Who could stand in such a room, and speak in the common business-voice of every-day life? or walk with a business step, even with the measured tread of one passing up and down

the galleries of art or museums of natural history? That table was bequeathed to a servant before the world had begun to see what a wealth of golden thoughts had been wrought out on its scanty disk. It was bought back to this room from that servant, who threw into the bargain, or gave, as a free-will offering to the consecrated memory, the brass hooks on which the poet hung his hat and cane. I went into the garden lawn, and sat down in the arbor, by a small, unique, four-footed table, of still older seeming, on which he composed many of the sunniest pages of his "Summer," while the thrush and blackbird sang their roundelays about him. Over the roof of that arbor, and in the trees bending their branches above it, they and their successive generations have sung, without a break, the same summer songs that made accompanying music to his thoughts as he penned them down in that quiet retreat more than a century ago. Most of the trees in the grounds were younger than his "Summer," but there was one grand old cedar with its long arms stayed up, like those of Moses, over the walk. I looked at it with a reverential admiration, for it seemed to stretch out its broad hands over the lawn, palm downward, as if pronouncing a benediction on a spot so sacred to a human memory.

I went to the old church, and there, almost behind the door, a plain brass tablet against the wall bore this inscription:—

In the Earth below this Tablet
are the Remains of
JAMES THOMSON,
Author of the beautiful Poems entitled 'The Seasons,'
and 'The Castle of Indolence;'
Who died at Richmond, on the 27th day of August, and was buried
here on the 29th, the Old Stile, 1748.

The Earl of Buchan, unwilling that so good a man and sweet
a poet should be without a memorial, has denoted the
place of his interment for the satisfaction
of his admirers, in the year of
our Lord 1792.

Father of Light and Life! Thou good Supreme!
O, teach me what is good! Teach me Thyself!
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
From every low pursuit, and feed my soul
With knowledge, conscious peace and virtue pure,
Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss.—*Winter.*

All this is written in good, round letters in brass, and the poet's admirers everywhere should feel themselves indebted to his nobleman friend for much satisfaction for such a memorial. It was put up more than forty years after the interment; a fact which may perhaps indicate how slowly the public mind at that period came to any admiring perception and appreciation of the great authors who have enriched the literary annals of England with their productions. "The grand old masters," of

whom she boasts with a pride the outside world envies, lay long in unmonumented and briar-covered graves. Notice the suggestions peeping out of the foregoing inscription. It was put up by one who must have been very young, even if born, when Thomson gave his poems to the world. Nearly fifty years had elapsed since he was laid in that grave, and no monument had been erected to his memory. "Unwilling that so good a man and sweet a poet should be without a memorial" any longer, the Earl of Buchan had this erected over his last resting place.

From the poet's I went to the "sage's seat;" not the one spoken of by Thomson, but the seat of one of the living sages of England, in political erudition and experience. A friend took me up into the grand old Park to see the view from Richmond Hill. I would advise all Americans visiting London to put this point in their programme of enjoyment without fail; for in its way it surpasses anything they will find in England. It does not equal in extent and variety of picturesque beauty the scenery of Belvoir Vale from Broughton Hill, nor the view Forthward from Stirling Castle, nor that from the top of the Herefordshire Beacon, near Malvern; but, for several peculiar features, it is unique and grand. You

stand on the convex summit of a crescent ridge, stretching out its arms as if to embrace the loveliest scene on the Thames; or to say, in the language of Nature, "Behold the best picture I could make for you between its source and the sea." You look and believe it before you leave the view. A little world lies before you, rounded up from the broad-bottomed valley, and rimmed with trees of every stature, age, and leafage. Towns, villages, church towers, and spires, mansion, park, cottage, and copse, and the grain fields, meadow and pasture lands of a county make the pictorial lining of this great nest. Sunny patches of the meandering Thames, like smiles of Nature, dropped here and there at some view-point of the landscape, mingle their quiet sheen in the scenery. Then the whole is permeated with silver threads of English history, covering the expanse from centre to circumference with a wonderful texture of natural beauty and human being and interest.

After looking at this scene for a few minutes, we proceeded a mile or two in the Park. Passed Pembroke Lodge, the residence of Lord John Russell, as Americans will always call him, even should he become the Duke of Bedford some day. It is partitioned off from the great wooded territory, and surrounded and half concealed by a little world of

shade and shrubbery of its own. It was pleasant to think that the present helmsman of the British Empire, who is to steer it between the Scylla and Charybdis of tempest-tossed nationalities, had such a quiet, sweet-breathing retreat in which to get serenity of mind for his arduous duties. The flowers that breathe and bloom behind the thick tree-walls of that enclosure, the thrush and blackbird that chirrup and whistle over the lawn, even the pair of Alderney cows lying on their shadows, ruminating with peace and comfort in their eyes on the green slopes, may have much to do with the peace of the world in these troublous times; carrying their influences into diplomatic correspondence, and softening the first draught of many a momentous dispatch with the second, sober thought of a calmer mind. As I passed before the "sage's seat," and peeped through the thick, green shrubbery that surrounded it to get glimpses of the flowers, the lawn, and its walks, I could not but wish that the foreign secretary of every great nation were bound or biased to write his official letters to other Powers on just such a table, under just such an arbor, and to just such accompaniments of flower-life and bird-music as Thomson had when he wrote the happiest pages of his "Seasons." It might have saved the world half-a-dozen wars during the last

century, if the *diplomats* of Christendom had thus written their dispatches under "the sweet influences of the Pleiades" of Nature.

Richmond Park is one of nearly a dozen belonging to the nation which you will find on the Thames within twenty miles or so of the Parliament House in Westminster. It is not the largest, by any means, of the dozen; but it is *twelve* miles in circumference, only occupying the space of an ordinary American township. It is studded with trees, many of which are of broader beam than the measure of their main-masts;—oaks and elms centuries old with the dimensions of huge apple-trees. Two conditions of growth seem to have contributed to this characteristic. In the first place, they were all planted with abundant verge and scope for side-ways expansion, so were not constrained to take the American forest shape, which was not wanted. Then the soil was cold and watery for most of the year and hard and chapped during the rest of it. Nearly the whole surface is still in a rough state of nature, uneven with upland hummocks, and covered with a coarse, swampy grass. In a few years this wild aspect will be changed. The process of under-draining has already commenced, and large spaces of the great enclosure have assumed a lawn-like evenness and verdure under this popular

system of improvement. All these "woods and forests" in England, whether belonging to the Government or to individuals, have their respective rangers or head-shepherds, who keep watch and ward over them, trimming, thinning, and planting. Every park has its feeding nursery, in which young trees of every description are trained with great care to go on guard and do duty as sentinels for a few centuries, in place of their superannuated ancestors. Trees that were once unknown to the rank and file of English woods, are also being incorporated with the old veterans of the line, and show well in their new uniforms. I saw some young hawthorn trees here which illustrated strikingly what the commonest flowers may become under the process of scientific and assiduous cultivation. The natural flower is single-leaved and shallow, like our wild thorn or apple blossom. But, from this delicate and persevering education, it had filled its cup overflowing full of sweet and crimson leafage, so that it was round and plump like a little dahlia. Thus, in a few years, the English hawthorn will come out in a new dress, breathing out upon the air three times the odor it could once emit, and showing three times the flowering it once wore in Spring.

The next place I visited was the Queen's Laundry.

Some sensibilities too subtle and delicate to be put in the parlance of common life, made me at first hesitate to approach "the divinity that doth hedge about a king," but a hundred-fold more sacredly, a queen, by such a private, back-door access to those aspects of our commom humanity and its necessities which I felt that royalty would prefer to bar against vulgar eyes, especially the eyes of a plain American republican like myself. It really seemed a thing beyond the beat of my propriety to venture near such a place, and see unabashed how thin is the dividing line that separates between a human nature in a diadem and another in the stove-pipe hat of a common mortal. Had it not been for the assurance that it was "all right" from one of Her Majesty's loyal lieges, I should have approached that great lavatory of royal linen more bashfully and modestly than that unfortunate young hunter in classic history walked into the presence of a distinguished goddess at an inopportune moment.

The Queen's Laundry, aside from its royal pedigree and purpose, will well repay the most rigid utilitarian for an attentive inspection. It is a large, plain building, solid, quiet and comfortable, with a good show of lawn and shrubbery in front and rear. A small steam engine supplies all the motive and heating power

employed in the process. As you see the machinery brought to bear upon the different operations, and then call to mind the primeval practice of the Paris washing-women, pounding out their linen upon a stone with a wooden mallet on the Sêine, you realise more fully than ever before the wonderful progress and utilisation of mechanical science in the most minute and domestic departments of human labor. The linen of all branches of the Royal Family is sent here to be washed, from Windsor, Osborne, Buckingham Palace, Marlborough House, and all the royal residences except Balmoral. Thirty-four persons are constantly employed, besides the manager. They receive from eighteen to twenty-one shillings a week. When the Queen is at Windsor, twenty-four baskets, averaging 150 lbs. each, are sent away *daily*, or 3600 lbs., equal to a ton-and-a-half of solid linen, making a heavy load for the stoutest yoke of "the King's cattle," or of our own American oxen. There is a mangle in operation which is undoubtedly the most perfect and expensive machine of the kind ever made. The bottom and upper plates are of solid glass. The former is seven feet in length, three feet and nine inches in width, and seven-eights of an inch in thickness, resting upon a slate bed. Glass rollers were made to pass over the linen

between these plates; but under the heavy weight imposed upon them, they produced a friction which rendered them useless; so wooden rollers were substituted. G This machine cost about £60, or 300 dollars.

The great table-cloths or diapers of the Royal Palaces are of patterns entirely original, and designed expressly for the Queen. This constitutes the main item of their cost, which is from £20 to £25. George IV, *le Grand Monarque* of English sovereigns for luxurious and florid show, had a table-cloth designed and manufactured for his royal guest-board which cost £700.

On leaving the establishment, the manager, a very intelligent and dignified Scotchman, referred, with a good deal of feeling, to the sad condition of affairs in America; and, in the most sincere and honest manner, advised that, when the civil war was over, we should select some good and trusty man and make him a king, and be like England again. I suggested that we had no one in training for such a position, who would fill it with natural grace and dignity; and that if we really came to this, we should prefer Prince Alfred to any other candidate. This seemed to touch two sensibilites in him—a personal feeling towards the royal family he was

serving in such an intimate capacity of usefulness, and that common sentiment of loyalty and patriotism which fills a true Briton's heart to the brim. He hesitated a moment, as if I had put him in a quandary between loyal affection and national ambition. To bridge the chasm between the North and South with a throne, and reign over the largest half of the English-speaking race, was not a position for the young prince to be sneezed at, in the mind of the canny Scotchman. I fancied the thought of it made a track of light across his face as it passed through his mind. But it was for a moment only. The flash of the idea faded away. He shook his head, not peremptorily, but hesitatingly, as if his thought said, "It has a good look, but—but I fear it would not do." What he really said was, "I dinna think we can spare him." It was a pleasant little incident at parting, which both of us will be likely to remember. Having visited several other places of interest, I was tempted to an exhibition of extraordinary attraction. I had walked up and down a good number of national and private galleries, and roved admiringly through acres of paintings and groves of statuary, including the masterpieces of the old masters. I had admired the sublimest forms of man or angel ever cut in marble, or painted on canvas, and studied the graces of these almost divine

creations, and wondered at the artist's gift to make the being of his hand speak for centuries, without blood or breath, so much of human speech and life. Indeed, I had begun to think that I was becoming almost a connoisseur in these matters of art. I was just at that moment fresh from four long visits to the collection of the Royal Academy, in London, made up of paintings of all the great British artists, in which life-size pictures of Princes and Princesses of the blood, Dukes and Duchesses, and of minor nobility figured in their finest robes and in their best features. But I had never seen a collection of English aristocracy in living, moving, and speaking statuary, except at an inaccessible distance, as in the House of Lords at the prorogation of Parliament by the Queen. A capital opportunity now presented itself for enjoying this exhibition of high art and humanity. There was to be a grand "Fête Champetre and Fancy Fair, in aid of the Funds of the Societé Francaise de Bienfaisance," at the Orleans House, Twickenham, just over the Thames, opposite to Richmond. Never was a more attractive bill of fare held out to tempt tuft-hunters to an entertainment, as well as men of benevolent dispositions. In the first place, the whole aim and animus of the fête had the look and spirit of good-

will and charity to a peculiar class of sufferers—needy Frenchmen in London of every stripe of political opinion, who were hard pressed by different forms of affliction and want. The fairest fingers in two nations had been at work for months on fancy articles of exquisite taste for these poor *emigrés*. And now these were to be sold for their benefit by French and English duchesses and countesses and marchionesses, and their fair daughters, "polished after the similitude of a palace." These brilliant and titled ladies were to stand behind the stalls of the bazaar and sell embroidered smoking-caps, dolls, ice-creams and cigars, perhaps a handkerchief to bind about the brow of some plain John Smith, who might say "a princess wrought it me, or sold it me with a smile." Then the fête was to come off at a remarkable focus of attractions; or at what may be called the representative residence of the late royal family of France, the Orleans House,—a noble English mansion with its beautiful English lawn, fitted up with the best grace of French taste and art. Thus the object, the artistry and the *locale* were in themselves admirable and attractive. But these were evidently regarded the minor features of the exhibition. It was a living Loan-Court—a collection of voluntary contributions of living presences to make

a spectacle worth a long journey and a long purse to see. It was a moving gallery of the elite of two nations' aristocracies, got up on the same basis as the Royal Academy of Paintings, with this difference, a fair countess came to it in all the grace and motion of life, instead of sending her portrait. It would have been a poor compliment to such contributors and contributions, and a poorer one still to the mere spectators, to have charged less than half-a-guinea for such a sight at close quarters. They ask a shilling at many a gallery to let you look at the mere inanimate copies of such originals, without motion or change of expression; but here the whole beauty of human life was to breathe and glow and bloom and move before you with graces the painter could never portray on canvas. It was cheap at half-a-guinea. That was the price of one of the superbly embossed tickets in the morning; but it was raised to fifteen shillings in the course of the day, in anticipation of the additional attraction of the presence of the Prince of Wales and his Alexandra the Dane. It was well worth five extra shillings to see the Royal pair to one who had stood half-a-day in the ground-swell of three millions of people on which they rode into London at their grand *entrée*, the 10th of March, and yet had failed to get a sight of their faces.

So, armed with the credentials of the "Societé" on a card eight inches by four, and embellished by a flourish of French flags and trumpets, and numbered 894, I made my way on foot between lanes of people lining the road the whole distance to the park-gate of the Orleans House. The crowd by the road-side had really the best of the sight after all. For the whole *cortege* of the aristocracy and gentry, in splendid carriages, passed one by one leisurely by them, and they could pass judgment on each party and its equipage, and recognise the rank by the arms on the livery of the coachmen, postillions, or footmen. In many cases the name would circulate through the crowd with comments and critiques as to character and appearance quite interesting.

It was really a little elysium for such an assembly of rank, beauty, and fashion; and it was well filled with these three graces, especially with the last, which embellished if it did not absorb the other two. As shows the American or rhododendron Garden in Regent's Park in its fullest bloom, so showed the gossamer and etherïal flowerage of titled fashion on the delicate, sweet-breathing lawn-ground of that garden, and against the deep-green shrubbery that surrounded it as a foil to bring out its little glories in the best relief. And here I was, in the midst of

all this brilliant exhibition of high life, with the full intent and purpose to look at it, peer into it, and study it as a cold-blooded connoisseur of art! When I was hugging this preposterous delusion, it was a wonder that I had not extemporised on my way, out of a leaf of the *Illustrated News*, or from stiffer and coarser paper, one of those trumpet-shaped things used in galleries with the express thought of turning it up at the face of some beautiful countess moving before me, in order to get the finest lines of her countenance into the best perspective. I did intend it, and it was a profane mistake, to look at all the graceful forms I might see in this aristocratic collection, as if they were walking statuary of the purest Parian marble, and as if the bluest veins they showed, and all the rose and lily of breathing life about them were only a human sculptor's work! And I, who hardly dared look a village school-girl in the face at twenty-one, was going to walk stealthily around the divinest of these forms and study it, as I would Power's Greek Slave! It was worse than Actæon's sin in me, and I blushed with the guilt of it at the first trial of the conceit;—besides, I felt it was worse in an American than it could have been in any one else, to go into an assemblage like that with such a notion. It was not to be done, and I gave it up at the first attempt.

You cannot deport yourself in that way before such presences. You cannot get into the drift and maze of such forms and faces; to be swept gently hither and thither by the ebb and flow of rustling dresses; to look at the loveliest light of happy eyes setting features of classic beauty all a-glow in their best expression; to hear the musical murmur of mingled voices in cadences of the most refined modulation; to feel as it were the softest breathings of human life and its most charming mysteries making an atmosphere around you;—you cannot see, hear and inspire all this with the mere professional admiration of an artist or an amateur of art. And, to the credit of my countrymen, I will believe that I am the first American that ever attempted it, and they will be glad I failed.

At six, there must have been at least a thousand persons in the grounds before the river front of the Orleans House. More than half this number represented the highest nobility of England and France. Many members of the family of Louis Phillipe were present, including the venerable queen-widow, to whom they all do an affectionate, reverential, and beautiful homage, as if she filled a higher throne to them than the one her husband lost. Several *marqués*, fashioned after the best French taste and art, had been erected for the stalls of the bazaar, and these presented a most

brilliant exposition of fancy articles of every possible invention. Behind these stood as fascinating an array of saleswomen as ever performed business transactions in domestic manufactures over a counter. It was a unique and interesting sight to see such delicate, be-jewelled hands doing the minute details of trade with the even tenor of trained skill; making up parcels in grocery paper, with a grocer's sleight of hand; making change with such quick precision; taking in and giving out the great, heavy, ugly English copper pennies with unfeigned and imperturbable graciousness of manner; throwing into the smallest bargain the gratuity of two or three smiles of the first water, and half-a-dozen words done in a voice of the sweetest modulation, and all this while putting out the witching mesmerism of black eyes, and blue eyes, and eyes of every spellful influence, upon the passing crowd to draw in purchasers. It was a shame to think of statuary and painting before such a spectacle. I drove the thought out of me in a moment. There stood side by side behind the stalls French Duchesses and English Countesses dressed in the most *recherche* style of their respective fashions, all active, earnest, and natural, not playing at it with half-disguised affectation, but putting a heart in it with a wonderful vivacity of interest. Occasionally a sylph-like creature

in long, crimpled, auburn tresses, and with a voice and look and motion that the stiffest cynic could not resist, would come out of the *marqué* and glide about in the crowd with a tray or basket of fancy articles seeking purchasers. O, Zephaniah Bigelow, with all your stern notions of republican life, and the fresh air of your New Hampshire hills upon your face, it would have cost you such an effort as you never accomplished to have looked into those eyes and said "No!" when she held out to you, between two such fingers as you never saw before, a real Havannah for "only a shilling."

The Prince and Princess of Wales did not come to the Fête after all the intimations and anticipations of their presence. For a full hour the walk from the great door of the house to the principal *marqué* was lined on each side by a wall of ladies and gentlemen a dozen deep, to receive the royal visitors; but they did not make their appearance. But two or three representatives of the English blood royal were present in the persons of the Dowager-Duchess of Cambridge and her daughter, the Princess Mary, who is truly a magnificent woman in the grandest sense of stature, look, and motion. The Place de la Concorde in Paris is embellished with colossal female figures in stone, representing all the great provincial cities of France.

Each has its distinctive face and features, as if it personated the peculiar individuality of the city whose name it bears. No one ever puts a continent or a smaller sub-division of the natural world in the masculine gender. If, therefore, the great commonwealth of civilised nations should have a common Place de la Concorde, and stud it with statues representing each of them by a female figure which should best embody its distinctive characteristics, no woman in the British Empire could be found to personate England so perfectly, in form and feature, and every aspect of expression, as the Princess Mary of Cambridge. A sculptor, transferring as much as possible of her to marble, could give to the impersonation only half the actual resemblance. Never did I see England walking in the June month of her maidenhood, with her round, rosy cheeks radiant with its light, until I saw this daughter of hers moving, a rural, genial, laughing Juno, through those fairy-looking groups of delicate creatures on that lawn. Poor Hawthorne! I am glad you were not there with your iron pen to see it. She moved among them with a gentle and good-humored grandeur, with a sway and a swing gracefully proportionate to her stature, dropping down into their faces the most genial smiles from her own. And her face could be seen

so far and so high, with the smiles on it, above the heads of the tallest ladies in the crowd, that every man, woman, and child on the grounds could see her, and did see her with admiration. An American, fresh from his own country, would have pointed her out in a moment, in the largest assembly of English ladies, as Uncle John Bull's pet daughter, with the most striking features of resemblance to him that could be given symmetrically to a female form and face. She would fill a throne splendidly; and she ought to be made the queen of some great and growing realm at the first proper vacancy that occurs.

The Orleans House, the residence of the Duke d' Aumale, was thrown open to the assembly, and its halls and galleries, and nearly the whole suite of splendid apartments were constantly filled with admirers of art well qualified to appreciate the great collection of paintings and statuary here arranged in the most exquisite taste. Some of the master-pieces of all the schools, French, English, Italian and Spanish, were among the hundreds that lined the walls. There were more of the paintings of Murillo and Correggio than I had ever seen before in a private collection.

Take it all in all, it was the most interesting *reunion* I ever witnessed. As a spectacle it was worth a long journey to see, even if the assembly had no other

motive and end than to make a show of rank, grace, and fashion. But the whole was seasoned with such a savor of hearty benevolence and charity towards a large class of the most sensitive of sufferers; there was such complete sympathy and co-operation between this French royal family and English nobility in the effort to relieve the wants of the French poor in London, whatever the cause of their poverty or the color of their political opinions, that the Fête presented an aspect of good-will and gentle thought which enhanced yet surpassed its other attractions. Perhaps that fancy article sold at one of these stalls by an English marchioness to the venerable queen-widow of Louis Phillippe may have carried help and comfort to some sick French artisan in London, who was one of the hard-faced men in blouse that chased her royal husband from his throne. Perhaps some of the purchases of the Princess Mary fed the hungry children of some *proscrit* of the last French republic.

Returning to Richmond, I shouldered my knapsack again and made an evening walk to Kingston. On the way witnessed another demonstration of "Merrie England." On Ham Common there was another *Fête Champetre*, of humbler pretensions, but rich and rampant in rough fun. It was a regular Village Fair, looking like a great Gipsy camp. Apparently there were more

than a hundred vans, or large covered wagons drawn up in streets, and a regiment of rustics extemporising all kinds of sports, and music to match on all sorts of instruments. It was all got up evidently for a big frolic, though a small show of trade was kept up in rows of stalls or rude tables covered with the queerest complication of articles ever exposed for sale. These were mostly of that description paraded at our old-fashioned regimental musters in New England. They were such as to tempt the eye and palate with immediate enjoyment. Confectionery of the most fanciful shapes and gaudy coloring predominated. Ginger nuts, lemonade, dolls, dried herrings, tin soldiery, pipes, cheese, and picture-books made up the main staple of the business transactions along the line of stands facing the road. It was already in the dusk of the evening, and I could not stop to study this ancient institution of common life in England as I could have wished. But running my eye over it in different directions, I came to the conclusion that it was, pure and simple, one of the established merry-makings of the country that have come down as heir-looms of fun and frolic from past generations; that the trade part of it was a mere pretence or an accident, or at best an expedient by which one half of the rustic frolickers sought to pay their way at the expense of

the other half. There was one feature of the Fair I could not but notice especially. That was the large number of photographic establishments on wheels posted among the vans. Doubtless they had been busy all day, doing the brown faces of rustic beaux and belles, attitudinising, aspecting and trying, as the finest ladies and gentlemen of the land always do, to look as unnatural as possible before that mysterious blunderbuss aimed at your face and eyes and loaded with sun-lightning. Truly the sun is becoming a painter of the million, and dispensing a world of cheap but truthful artistry. The day may come when every human face in a civilised country shall leave a duplicate behind it; and every faithful dog and donkey in five shall do the same.

While yet in sight of the Fair grounds, I overtook a couple of little boys who had spent the day on them. The smallest of the two was quite fagged out with the sports he had enjoyed. He was a little fellow scarcely three feet high, and walked in the dusty road with the hobbling step of a boy with bare feet over the stiff stubble of a new-mown meadow. As I came abreast, he turned up his small, round, red face at me, and dabbing his hand to his forehead, asked the time of day. So I walked with him all the way into Kingston, and he gave me the happiest description of the

day's fun, suiting the action to the word and the word to the action, which is an improvement on Hamlet's advice, which children alone might have taught that unhappy philosopher. The animation with which he pictured the scenes at the Fair in childhood's Saxon, was charming. He had brought into the field three ha'pennies, which he had earned by honest little jobbings about home the previous week. He went with his programme all made up before-hand, and he had carried it out to the letter. He had spread the value of his three ha'pennies over the whole day in even bits of enjoyment. Two of them had gone for cakes and confectionery, the other for a donkey-ride; and that was "such fun!" From the Fair I led them off by a question or two into their every-day sports. The youngest was a little Izaak Walton in his way and he entered into his feats with the fish-hook with a vividness of description most interesting. As I bade them good night, I could not but think what charming volumes could be made out of the thoughts and talks of children taken by a short-hand writer in their own language. For a whole hour these little bare-footed youngsters took me back into the happiest years of boyhood life. At an hour's distance from the brilliant Fête at Twickenham, they led me back through all the grave experiences of manhood, and

seated me, fishing-pole in hand, by a meadow brook-bank in a New England village; and I was looking again with a boy's eyes and a boy's heart at the little speckled fishes sporting in the stream. What a dew-less Sahara would be the walk of life without the companionship of children! What a dull and mono-tonous tune would be the best music of the world without the treble of children's voices! How slow and heavy the pulse of human happiness without the quick-breathing hopes, and thoughts and loves, and faiths and fears of children!

On reaching Kingston, and reviewing the incidents and enjoyments of the day, I felt I had made a pretty satisfactory beginning of my second Walk.

CHAPTER II.

KINGSTON—HAMPTON COURT—WINDSOR—AN HOUR IN THE CASTLE—ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL: ITS MONUMENTS, THE QUEEN, PRINCE ALBERT; HIS CHARACTER AND MEMORY.

KINGSTON is an old town famous in English history. It is supposed that Cæsar first crossed the Thames here, defeating the Britons on the opposite bank; as the first practicable ford is at this point. It is also said that the first bridge across the river was constructed here by the Romans under Claudius. They built a town here called *Thamesa*, which the Saxons afterwards removed and re-built under the name of *Moreford*, or the Great Ford. After the invasion of the Danes, it was re-built on its present site. In the year 838, Egbert, first King of England, convened an assembly of bishops and nobles to meet him in council at *Kingston*; thus the little village planted and re-planted on the upper Thames may be considered the fountain-head of the parliaments of free peoples. Here Edward, Athelstane, Edmund, Edred, Edwy, Edgar and Edward the

Martyr were crowned in the space of 75 years, from 901 to 975. The stone on which they sat has been preserved with almost religious veneration. It stands in the market place enclosed by an iron fence, and is to town and nation, to a certain degree of interest, what Plymouth Rock is to us. It is supposed by many that the town was called Kingstone from this circumstance.

Thursday, June 3rd. Resumed my walk westward, and passed through Bushy Park to Hampton Court. Here is a great national gallery for the people, opened to them without a farthing's cost in a grand old palace of vast extent. It must contain at least half an acre of paintings, many of which are the works of the old masters of all schools of art. In passing from room to room lined with their productions, you seem to be in the living, speaking parliament of the genius of all modern ages. The language of their thoughts is the same in this Pentecost of art; but uttered in different accents and modulations of speech, which distinguish the Elamites from the Parthians, and the Greeks from the Jews. It is a parliament in which the idiosyncracies, *isms* and *osophies* of race and nation, and even the mental peculiarities of climate, are represented in a pleasant and instructive manner. Spain and Holland look into each other's faces across the hall,

as well as into your own, through the features, forms and groups that hang framed against the walls. France and Germany face each other with their contrasts, and Italy puts in her soft speech of thought between. The very names of the artists prepare you for contrasts, before you have seen or compared their paintings. Seat Reubens and Murillo before a living Venus de Medici with their easles and their best ambition, and who would expect a family resemblance between the pictures they produced? Should we not take it for granted that the Dutch painter would work out his own second nature, and give the goddess a couple of muscular arms that Samson might have put around the pillars of the Philistines' temple to pull it down upon their heads? I have always thought that it was an unfair suspicion, got up to save Reuben's credit, that Dutch women and male and female babies of his age were what he painted them. Had they sat to an Italian artist as models, they would doubtless have come out with a decent and equitable reputation before the world. Still, these contrasts of perception, barring the disparities of taste and executive skill, are interesting, and should add a new feature of attraction to a collection of paintings by the old masters of different nations.

Hampton Court probably contains as many paintings

as New York city could muster, if it should put all its public and private collections in one gallery. It includes some of the best works of Benjamin West and other American artists. Some of the historical pieces are of a grand size, with groups of personages nearly as large as life. One of these represents George III. on horseback, surrounded with generals in full uniform, reviewing his troops. It gives him the most intellectual countenance I ever saw put upon him, and makes him look several inches more a king than any other of his name or succession. The building is made up in hollow squares, erected at different periods. Only a portion of it is devoted to a public gallery; the rest constitutes a residence and retreat for what may be called the *decayed* aristocracy, and the wards and pensioners of the Government, such as poor and invalided generals and admirals and other officers in the army and navy, or the widows and children of those who have fallen in battle. The widow of the celebrated Havelock, I believe, now occupies one of these crown residences. The grounds are kept in excellent condition, but are too continental in their lines and angles to present the pleasant aspects of which they are susceptible. They were first laid out in a military age, when trees were made to "dress to the right," and take marching order in double columns.

Indeed, it will require a great while yet for Paxton to oust Vauban and his taste and tactics from the parks and public grounds in England. Here come the common people of all trades, occupations and ages from London and elsewhere. They flock up and down the shaded walks, and saunter through the halls of kings and queens, gazing at a furlong of paintings hung from floor to ceiling in a suite of apartments, including royal parlors, boudoirs and bed-rooms. And not a farthing is paid or expected as a fee or gratuity to any of the servants of the establishment for all this enjoyment. Hat-tipping, beer-money and health-offerings are strictly forbidden, and the whole privilege and pleasure of the place are made as cheap as nature's free-will gifts.

On leaving, I met several vans or large covered wagons, full of men, women and children of the working-classes, coming through Bushy Park, in a bubbling stream of laughter and song. On the roof of the wagon that led the van of the procession, a band was seated with instruments of the most sonorous brass, and they seemed to play a triumphal march to a palace, once the abode of royalty in all its power and grandeur, but now one of the play-grounds of the people. I would advise American tourists to visit Bushy Park about the middle of May, when its great

circus and avenues of horse-chesnuts are all in their glory. It is then the finest floral sight they will find in England. This park is only separated from Hampton Court by a narrow public road; and it is said that one of the English queens wished to annex it to the latter domain, with a little of the disposition if not the deed of a famous queen of Israel in the matter of a certain vineyard. On consulting her prime minister and asking him how much the operation would cost, he replied sententiously: "Only a crown, your Majesty." Not having one to spare, she relinguished the speculation. She might have blocked the whole gate-way of the Mediterranean with her ships of war, but she could not close nor divert a mile of public road running between these two parks.

Continued up the valley of the Thames to Windsor, passing through Staines and several small villages on the way. Saw a Titan-handed power planted by the quiet river side, that showed off very strikingly the muscular energies of this modern age. The ancients gave to Neptune, the submarine rival of Jupiter, a three-pronged fork called a trident, wherewith to spear whales or pitch up islands from the vasty deep. But how little did that heathen deity of the sea know of the element he claimed to rule! that the water his steeds quaffed at a single draught, if turned

into steam, would blow him up sky-high, chariot and all! In this staid and comfortable building by the sunny side of the river, fronted with *parterres* of flowers, there was that mysterious and mighty power at work night and day, summer and winter. Its slow, regular pulse would hardly number two beats to the minute. You could feel and count them under your feet for half-a-mile's distance, they so stirred the earth. Neptune II. was at work under that roof; a mighty and ingenious Titan. He had found out the hidden force of his father's favorite element when put to a boiling heat. He had beaten his father's clumsy trident into an engine piston, and put one end of it to the mouth of his great shaft-horse, and the monster, with his hot vapor-breath, was blowing half the river Thames over the hills and parks into London, to supply the vast thirsty and dirty population with cold water! The dynamics of the operation are worth thinking of still; for they have not all been said or sung. There they lie, side by side on the bank of the river—an ounce-bit of coal, a dew-drop, and a pail of water; put algebraicaly thus,—$A + B = C \times 10{,}000$. That is, put the ignited coal to the dew-drop, and the dew-drop will lift the pail of water above the dome of St. Paul's. What name and place among their deities would the ancients have given to Steam, if they had stumbled upon it as a power?

In this, first week of June, haying had commenced, and the mowers were at work in many fields of clover in the valley or rather bottom lands of the Thames, for, in several long reaches, there are not hills enough in sight to make a valley proper. The grand old castle of Windsor burst suddenly into view within a few miles of the town. It began to rain just before I reached it; so that I had to seek from under my umbrella the oldest, oddest, and quaintest inn that could be found, as it ever has been my wont on these walks. I hunted out one in a back street, which looked as if it did business in Falstaff's day, and perhaps served him with sack and ale. This imagination seasoned the entertainment I received with a pleasant relish, and I greatly enjoyed it. Sir John Falstaff and Sancho Panza! How strange that the airiest fictions of genius should overtop and survive the tallest and stoutest facts in real, honest, human history! Did all the annals of British knighthood from wild Arthur's day to Elizabeth's produce a name, really worn by a living man, that will reach within a thousand years of the memory's end of Jack Falstaff! "Don't pitch that hay so like Sancho Panza!" shouts a red-faced farmer on the Connecticut river, as the forkfuls come up too thick and fast to him while loading his cart in the meadow. What does he

know of Sancho Panza? Just nothing at all, except a name that has inundated the civilised world with its fame, and will float on the memory of all coming generations. Put the popular memories of all the Spanish kings, queens, and high dons into one individual reputation, and it would not equal the living, almost universal thought of that unique being of Cervantes' brain. Truth is stranger than fiction, says the proverb. Truth is stronger than fiction, says a higher authority. Then what gives these fictions of fancy such solid stature and over-powering life over the standard facts of authentic and eventful history? This is it, doubtless—their *vraisemblance.* They are truer than facts, as the ideals the million seek when looking for standards of human character they can fully admire, whether as kings, queens, heroes, heroines, patriots, lovers, sages, or clowns. If these impersonations did never really exist in flesh and blood, so much the worse for flesh and blood. They ought to have existed, and the million make them exist in their belief as living facts. Thus the *ideals* become truer than the *reals* to the popular mind. Here, for instance, are the two in vivid juxta-position. Here are two Windsors, one built by a long race of kings, the other by William Shakespeare, a humble architect in his day who modelled a good many structures on

the banks of the quiet Avon at Stratford. Now go to America, or Australia, and say accidentally in any company of reading people, that you have visited Windsor, and, ten to one, Shakespeare's will have the first thought in the minds of three-fourths of your audience. Ten will think of Falstaff where one thinks of George the Fourth. Dame Quickly will have as many chances to one of the first remembrance against Queen Anne. What a sublime, brain-begotten world of these creations fills the space between Homer and Tennyson! If all the stars that human genius has mounted over this expanse were quenched, how dark would it be to our eyes! If all the standard characters it has planted by the pathways of the past were cut down to the real, absolute stature of the men who have lived and acted in the simple chronicles of history, how many guide-lights and guide-lives would be lost to the march of Humanity! But no more of that now.

The next was a rainy day, and I could not go to Virginia Water and explore the great park, so I confined my sight-seeing to the Castle. It is in itself a little walled town, with a small cathedral in the centre, surrounded by blocks, squares, rows and crescents of buildings of as varied size, aspect, and use, as a common village presents. It is built on a bluff

quite elevated by nature and raised higher still by art and labor. The massive walls on the river side are lofty, and the towers at different angles are very imposing. The keep or *donjon* is a huge, round tower, arising out of a vast, conical earthwork, and stands by itself. It is surmounted by a turret, on which is planted a flagstaff bearing the royal standard unfurled when the Queen is at Windsor. The view from the battlements of this central tower is truly grand as well as extensive. The vast pile, constituting and called The Castle, is the concrete work of eight hundred years of British royalty. Every king and queen in the long muster-roll of English sovereigns added something—a wall, a tower, a chapel, or some monument. William the Conqueror first built here and there a hunting-box in these wild woods; then on this eminence, overlooking a vast sweep of country, he planted the nucleus of this castle-burg in the foundation of the great central keep. His sons, all the Henrys, the Edwards, Jameses, Charleses, and Georges, added their contingents, as did the Hebrews under Nehemiah to the walls and towers of Jerusalem. Here kings and queens were born, married, and buried. Hence the royal histories of the British Empire radiate, and hither they converge. The luminous haze of centuries of romance and legendary chivalry halo this

high place of kinghood and knighthood. The outside face of its walls registers the rising tide of English civilization through a score of ages, the slow transformation of religious and political institutions, the gradual upgrowth of the British Constitution and the rights and recognitions it brought in with it at different stages of its development. Here lived James II., and Charles I., and Cromwell, not divided from each other by long intervals of time, but sundered like the poles in ideas that have shaken the world in their struggle for the mastery. It is a wonderful, grand junction station of the ages past and present; a castellated palace of the illustrious living and the illustrious dead. You will not find its like in the wide world for this remarkable blending. It is impressive to sit under the lofty and ornate arches of Westminster Abbey during a sabbath service; to hear the organ notes and the voice of prayer and praise filling the chapel tombs and flooding the monumental statuary of that august mausoleum of the mighty dead. It is a sight which a thoughtful man will carry in his memory for a life-time to see the grand marble faces of Chatham, Pitt, Canning, Peel, and the life-size statues of English heroes and sages turned serenely towards the pulpit, as if listening reverentially to the preacher's words, while a flash

of light through the colored glass suffuses those familiar features, giving to them the old speaking expression they wore ere those lips were transferred to marble. Westminster, the French Pantheon and other sepulchral domes in which the most precious dust of nations is treasured, are centres of grand histories and associations at which the present may kneel devoutly on the tomb of the past and pray for a better future for mankind. But they are not the permanent abodes of living royalty, like Windsor; and this makes a striking distinction between them. The St. George's Chapel under which so many kings, queens, princes, princesses, and persons of noble and gentle lineage lie, is as much a part of the great regal establishment as the Round Tower itself. The gilded salons of the palace and the ornate tombs of the dead are but a slight space apart. They constitute respective apartments of a family residence fitted up for all the inseparable conditions of humanity, for the highest man can attain on earth while living, and the best in the low and even ranks of mortality when his life is ended.

Graphic and florid descriptions of St. George's Chapel are so multiplied and so familiar to reading Americans that I will not venture to add to or draw from the abundant guide-book information in reference to the building. In London there is the celebrated

Church of the Knights Templars. This gorgeous royal chapel might be called the Church of the Garter Knights. The whole length of the choir on each side, and the throne end of it, are hung with the insignia of that order, which seems, at the very outset, to have sprung into the highest titular rank in Europe. Its very origin and existence prove the truth of the old proverb reversed, that it is only a step from the ridiculous to the sublime as well as *vice versa*. Here is an order of Knighthood founded not upon heroic feats or sayings of the Coeur-de-Lion or other English sovereigns in the Crusades, but upon an incident which every one laughs at when it is related, as all who witnessed it laughed at the time in spite of both the presence and reproof of royalty. Indeed, the memorable words uttered by the prince, which furnish the motto of the order, seem to anticipate and reprove a smile at his *naiveté* even down to the present time. No incident more irresistibly visible could well have happened in any circle of society, noble, gentle or common. "*Honi y soit qui mal y pense*" undoubtedly was a sentiment which the distinguished company accepted from the lips of the blushing prince as he picked up the immortal garter and presented it to the fair owner; but the saying did not meet the case. It was not the *evil* but the *oddity* of the thing that pro-

voked the smile which his impromptu axiom did not parry nor prevent. Thus formed, the order soon overtopped every other institution of its kind in Christendom. Not only English kings, princes, dukes and high nobility have coveted its insignia and worn them with pride, but foreign sovereigns have aspired to the distinction and given its blushing honors a high place among their grandeurs when won. Among the continental monarchs who donned "the ribbon" in their day, the names of the Emperor Sigismund, Charles V., and Francis I. of France, are engraven in brass plates at the back of the stalls they occupied. More than 500 years have elapsed since the order was first instituted, and it promises to go down to the last ages of the world. I believe there are twenty-seven of these stalls, and probably not one of them has remained vacant for a year since the founder's day. No vacated seat in Parliament is sought by more candidates than is one of these high-backed chairs in St. George's Chapel by the highest peers of the realm. The premier duke touches the ribbon as if it were the next best thing to a diadem. The choir, therefore, presents an appearance which, if not anticipated on entering, would excite a wonder and an impression in many American minds which might not take a reverent direction. I am afraid many an honest and pious

backwoodsman at his first glance would think he had got into a gorgeous temple dedicated to the worship of Egyptian deities. On each side he would see a long row of little flags projected out from the wall by steel-pointed poles, bearing the images of a remarkable variety of beasts and birds in the most singular attitudes, whether devouring or devotional he would be puzzled to decide. He would see lions by the scores standing on hind legs half as large as their bodies, pawing upwards and seemingly trying to say something, which is guessed at and written in Latin below. Then there are duck-billed eagles and vultures looking like doves, and doves with hawks' necks and beaks, and other birds in different stages of transmigration; and he will wonder if Noah took any such things into the ark with him. Then there are human limbs that have seceded from the main body and are performing extraordinary feats on the footing of the freest independence. There are three legs playing in one knee joint, like three opposite spokes in a wheel-hub, with a large-sized foot to each; and they are in the act of turning a somerset and boasting in Latin that they will stand right side up whichever way they are thrown. Then there is a great show of daggers, drops of blood, briers and bramble; so that altogether there is an exhibition of symbols which would puzzle a plain

American republican as much as the hieroglyphics on Cleopatra's Needle.

Still there is really Christian worship performed in this choir daily; a Christian creed is said in reverent voice, and Christian hymns and psalms are sung, and words of Christian faith and hope are uttered under the strange canopy of these heathen types and shadows of a by-gone age. I attended the service in the afternoon, and felt it to be earnest and impressive. The audience was composed mostly of persons belonging to the royal household or living in the castle buildings, including several of the superannuated officers of the army called Military Knights. Very few were present from outside the walls, perhaps on account of the rain. I never heard the church service read with more distinct and well-modulated elocution; and fancied that the clergyman had trained himself to read before the Queen, who is one of the best judges of a performance in which she pre-eminently excels. An incident occurred which seemed to heighten the contrasts which the place and occasion suggested. Two coal-heavers came in accoutred as they were at their work. They were stalwart men in well-worn fustian, with grave, honest faces, tanned and furrowed and cross-furrowed with lines of care and toil and hard experience in this life. They did not come out of curiosity; they

seldom raised their eyes to the overhanging banners, or to the grand windows, or carvings in stone or wood; but fixed them steadfastly on the clergyman when he read, and on the singers when they sang. At the prayers, they knelt devoutly, turning the iron-shod soles of their heavy shoes outward towards the stall of one of the princes of the blood. What a variety of kneelers had bent their faces to that marble floor over the space of 500 years! There was the altar at which kings and queens knelt with the vows of wedlock on their lips. There was the font at which they knelt when the infant heirs of their estate were baptized. There was the slab that covered the mouth of the tombs below, and how many kneelers had bent themselves around that door in the pavement when it opened for some one brought, in all the pomp and circumstance of royal grief, to be laid among the titled sleepers of other centuries! Sometimes one was brought with the head and body severed by the axe; a head that had worn a crown in all the divine right of Kings and Queens. Poor Jane Seymour was brought here in that way, with virtues enough to make a saint; while Henry VIII. with crimes enough to hang a common sinner, wore his haughty head down into this palace-chamber of the dead. The contrasts deepen as we descend. One cold winter's day, a coffin was brought

in here, with its pall covered with snow. The mourners were few and silent. There was a stern embargo on their tears, for it was near to treason to weep for the dead. The same authority had sealed the lips of prayer at the tomb's dark mouth, even for the fatherless children left by him who lay in the coffin. The bishop's lips moved with a supplicatory motion, but an iron hand, he could not unclasp nor soften, grasped the Prayer-Book of the Church of England, and allowed no word therein written to be uttered aloud over the bier of Charles I. On another winter's day, two centuries later, to this door-way, opening downward to the silent companionship below, one was brought for whom more genuine wet tears of sorrow fell than were ever shed for all the English sovereigns that preceded him to the grave since the Norman Conquest. He did not in his life-time wear a crown himself; but the great world crowned him with a diadem that outshines the lustre of a hundred that have been worn by royal brows in Europe. The sound of his coffin on the floor told off the first millennium of England's history. It measured the space of a thousand years between two great crownings; distinguished by coincidences of happy augury. Each belonged to the good old order of the Saxon *Al*-men, wearing in this prefix, even, "the meaning

of a noble nature." This was given each at the font. At the tomb a great nation, in its love and homage, gave them their titles, both so high and even that they do "but make one lustre," and yet they differ as the stars in glory; they differ as do wide-severed ages and their standards of worth. Parents christen their children at the font. Nations christen theirs at the tomb, when the day and deed of life are done; and the naming and the crowning they make them there and then live and shine among the great immortalities of human memory. The space of a thousand years divides the tomb-fonts of ALFRED THE GREAT and ALBERT THE GOOD. It is a great space in time; it is equally great in the moral progress and perceptions of mankind. Not sooner, perhaps, had he lived, could a prince have been crowned "THE GOOD." Not sooner, perhaps, could even the life of a Prince Albert have instituted that new and noble order of Knighthood, and inaugurated a new age of human distinctions as well as history. What shall be its device, its emblem? Not the *Rose, White or Red.* Not either; for both are red with the blush of a guilty history of violence and wrong. Let Tennyson decide and choose what breathing beauty, of native birth and blossom, shall best symbol "The Flower of a blameless life."

It would require a day to see studiously and well the monuments of dead history and the statuary erected

to more fortunate memories in St. George's Chapel. Sculptors and carvers in stone, wood and brass have filled the edifice with the work of centuries of genius, labor and skill; niching the progress of their arts from age to age. It is instructive and interesting to look at their works in this aspect and estimation; and to see and feel that even high art is slowly emerging from the classical heathenism of "the Ancients," and getting into the light of Christian truthfulness and into better perceptions and proprieties of civilized society. The progress in this direction has been most marked and hopeful in the last ten years. I am not sure that even now a sculptor, of American daring, who had swallowed the whole age of Pericles whole, would venture to give us another half-naked Washington, as a kind of marble manikin, set up for anatomical students of muscular paganism. This is promising; this is full of auspicious significance; this shows a growing perception of the fact, that there is something better in the world's great men than Herculean Anatomy to be looked at or thought of; that it is indecorous to make them do longer service in statuary which should be confined to Physiological Museums. One might think that it would stimulate to new ambition and effort those now aspiring to earn a statue in marble, to know that they would not be set up in a

heathen dress or undress which they would have been ashamed of when alive, but in the clothes they wore when they were saying the great words and doing the great deeds that won for them the admiration and gratitude of their country and race. I believe Peel has escaped the chisel of the Greeks in every encounter with their genius. So far as I know, he stands in his statues just as he stood at the helm of the English Government in days of trial; just as he stood in the House of Commons when uttering the grand words which few can read now with dry eyes, about untaxed bread and the grateful remembrance he hoped from the poor. The plain English clothes he wore at these sublime moments of his life, the sculptor thought, or somebody else thought who guided the sculptor's will, were good enough to put on his marble statue. I am confident that no one has yet dared to pedestal the form of Prince Albert as a Greek athlete, or a Roman gladiator, or put it in any unchristian dress that would have "pierced him like a shame" to stand in by the side of England's Queen before the great men of the nation. Perhaps his chaste and cultivated taste did much towards bringing in this new, Christian Era of Art. You see its rule in the newest and best sculpture of the day. Sir Charles Napier, in St. Paul's, might have stood to the sculptor in the very "regi-

mentals" he wore at the head of his army. Hallam, of the Middle Ages, stands in marble a well-dressed English gentleman, with a white cravat folded and fastened naturally about the neck, and enwrapped in a cloak no more Roman than the one Harrison Gray Otis used to wear in Faneuil Hall. Thus hereafter the very children will know without asking that the statues they see of statesmen, sages and heroes stand for men of their own country, and do not belong to a pagan age or land. We shall not hear those rough-and-ready critiques which even uncultivated working men are often heard to pronounce on works of art, which should make the sculptor or the painter blush. We shall not overhear one say while looking at Greenough's statue of Washington, before the Capitol: "It looks like Hercules putting on a clean shirt;" nor a critique equally just on the statue of Dr. Johnson in St. Paul's, that "it looks like Hercules squaring at Samson."

This little royal cathedral, like all the great cathedrals in England, of course was erected under the Roman Catholic regime, and retains all the internal arrangements common to that system. It is full of little private chapels devoted to the tombs or monuments of royal personages, bishops, nobles, and men and women of high estate. They are generally

erected against the interior walls of the building, being partitioned off by carved work of the finest elaboration. As no American who has never seen them in Europe can have formed any clear idea of their structure and appearance, it may help him to the best he can obtain without sight, to imagine a number of bed-rooms constructed along the walls of the church for the repose of men and women in marble, who lie, as large as life, on an altar-looking couch of stone, carved with all the taste, genius, and skill the sculptor could give to the work. Sometimes not only a man and his wife, but a whole family may be seen lying, "as thick as three in a bed," side by side, with serene and solemn faces, with their cold, stone eyes looking upward, and with uplifted hands clasped as in prayer. Sometimes the ceiling of the chapel overhead is drawn up in the form of a canopy, wrought in every fancy of leaf and flower-work, while the door, walls and windows resemble lace-work curtains done in stone as delicately by the carver's chisel as a piece of embroidery. The genius, the labor, the wealth and religious enthusiasm expended on these chapels are astonishing. Every device, symbol, allegory, style, and taste possible to the human imagination seems to have been brought into full and fervid play by the designer and sculptor, if they were not one and

the same artist. Here the relatives and friends of the deceased were expected, and professional priests hired, to come and pray for the peace of the departed spirits of the personages thus represented. In many cases, the little forms of relatives, mostly children, are seen kneeling at the feet of the prostrate effigies, clasping their hands in prayer, with their eyes directed upwards with a visible expression of devotion. Cromwell and his soldiers, and earlier reformers of the sledge hammer-school, made sad work with the noses, fingers and toes of hundreds of these marble effigies in different parts of the country, and many a bishop's chapel served as a stable for a trooper's horse, and the altar-couch of his mutilated statue as a manger. They did a good deal of that sort of work in this church; especially upon a grand monument which Cardinal Wolsey designed and commenced for himself on the usual scale of his showy magnificence, and which yielded the Parliamentarians £600 worth of old brass.

There are several monuments in this interesting edifice which will attract the especial attention of the American visitor. The last English king with whom we had anything to do as an acknowleged sovereign was George III. And, notwithstanding all the trouble he made us and we made him, his

memory generally comes uppermost and first when there is reference to the crowned heads of England of a past generation. I do not think that the American people really hated him in the very middle of the Revolutionary War, but even retained a sort of traditional respect for him after the conflict was ended. Many of our old people can remember when the saying was frequently used as a measurement of perfection, even in regard to articles of food and drink, such as buckwheat cakes, pumpkin-pies, egg-nog and brandy-flip: "It is good enough for King George." Besides, there is a kind of social relationship between representative opponents of long standing, so that George Washington and George III. were two great antagonistic Georges who were brought together a good deal in the same thought of the American mind. His form and memory, of all English sovereigns, stand nearest to us, on the very edge of the first rift made in the Anglo-Saxon race. Thus an American of thoughtful mind will pause at the family tomb of George III., and feel the humanity of a common nature softening in him, as he reads the long record of his fatherhood and the names of the children that preceded him and followed him to the grave.

The statue and monument of Field Marshal Harcourt will also possess no little interest to the American

visitor, who will be struck with the fact that the only exploit recorded in the marble tablet as the distinguishing deed of this nobleman, was his daring feat of capturing the rash and reckless American General Charles Lee, with a squad of a dozen troopers.

There are two monuments, erected to the memory of two members of the royal family, which in their way represent two schools of art, and two classes of taste and design very remarkably. The first, in order of execution, is a group of figures representing the transfiguration and assumption of the Princess Charlotte, who died in 1817. It is the largest, most pretentious and elaborate piece of sculpture in England. It represents the body of the princess lying covered with a sheet-veil on her couch, and as lifeless as a human form could be made to appear in marble. At each corner of the bed a female figure, in life-size, is bending in all the prostration and *abandon* of grief. These forms are veiled in a long, thin drapery, which reveals every feature the artist conceived to be graceful. Above the prostrate body, many feet, the spirit of the deceased princess is represented as ascending to heaven in a form blending the Virgin Mary and the classical Venus, and looking, for all the world, as if she were to resume in paradise, if not to perform on the way, the maternal duties so soon interrupted

on earth. A marble angel, as large as life, bearing her infant child in his arms, is accompanying her up through the golden light which pours in from above through colored glass arranged to produce the effect. It is an elaborate and well-sustained effort to engraft Christian ideas upon the heathen stock of Grecian mythology. The effort is sustained, but the result is not a success. Indeed, the incongruities in the blending seem to border upon the profane, and to stir up queer and irreverent thoughts in the mind of the spectator, which in itself proves the effort a failure. In the first place, the impersonated spirit is too large for the body by a half, and one thinks that their positions should be reversed; the spirit being put to bed and the body, so much the smallest of the two, being put on the way to heaven with the angel and the child. Many other physical and moral discrepancies arrest the eye and mind, and produce an impression that is not profitable "at the grave of departed worth." Still, it ranks among the grandest conceptions and achievements of that *classical* school of sculpture which we have already noticed at some length.

In beautiful and almost touching contrast with this ostentatious group of Christian and pagan miscegenation, is a chaste, modest, but exquisitely-wrought

monument bearing this inscription: "Erected by Queen Victoria as a tribute of respect and affection to her beloved Aunt, Mary Duchess of Gloucester, A.D. 1859." Not one in a thousand of our American people ever saw an English church or a specimen of English monumental statuary. So I must employ very simple and homely figures to convey, especially to the younger portion of my American readers, a clear idea even of the commonest forms of the monuments in this country. This erected by Queen Victoria to the memory of her Aunt Mary, resembles in size and shape a large chest, about six feet in length, three in height and two in width. The lid or cover is one piece of variegated marble, called *serpentine*, which is to English marbles what our birds-eye maple is to American woods, when polished to the highest lustre. The figure of a cross several feet in length, and entwined with the rose, thistle and shamrock, emblems of the three kingdoms, is formed in this lid or cover with enamel work of exquisite execution. The front and ends of the monument are of the whitest marble, and the inscriptions are enclosed in panels of the serpentine with mosaic borders, and each panel is embellished with the arms of England worked in with the finest taste and skill. Just above, in what might stand for a back-board or head-board of this

altar-shaped tomb, four little groups are cut in marble so perfectly that all the figures stand out in the full rotundity of life, like those seen in stereoscopic views. They are designed as the epitaph of the deceased duchess. They are the letters in which her character was to be read by the spectator. They were the syllables which were to sum up her life. What a contrast with the conceits of a heathen philosophy, however well put by the sculptor! How like the language of the purest immortals of the highest heaven compared with the royalest hieroglyphics in Egyptian obelisks! There were four sentences cut in the stone over the monument, which translated the welcome addressed to the righteous back into the real actions which it described and rewarded. There was a beautiful and delicate thought in it. I wondered if the Queen or Prince Albert himself, whose mind was perceptible in it, really grasped all the minute threads of its significance. The life-words cut so deep and clear did not repeat the "Come ye blessed" in *literal* language; but, with a faith that seemed lifted to a high and steady reach, they appeared to claim it from the lips the Father commissioned to utter it. For the four groups represented the four great works of Christian love on which He pronounced the "Well done," and the "Welcome." The first portrayed the act of "Clothing

the naked;" the second, "Giving bread to the hungry;" the third, "Taking in the weary;" the fourth, "Visiting the sick and in prison." Each of these groups contains quite a number of figures as full of the life and expression of the action represented as the sculptor could give to them. In contrasting the tastes, mental perceptions and heart-thoughts symbolised and suggested by this modest and beautiful monument with the great and flaring allegories embodied and unbodied by the statuary dedicated to the Princess Charlotte, I was impressed more deeply than ever with the advantage which this new Christian School of Art possesses over the old classical regime of a by-gone age.

An interesting volume might be written on the history of this royal chapel and the relics it contains. But I shall never reach Land's End if I dwell longer upon them; so will pass on into the Castle proper.

The *State Apartments*, to which people are admitted when the Queen is absent, include a large number of rooms of different names, sizes and uses, several of which are called after painters of great celebrity, and hung with their works. Thus it may be said, much to the credit of those artists and of their royal patrons, that they have "taken apartments" in Windsor Castle and become inmates with the royal family. There is the "*Vandyke Room*," containing twenty-two portraits

by that great master, a larger number of his works than any other gallery in the world can boast. Then there is the "*Reubens Room*," devoted entirely to the productions of his tremendous brush; of whom it may be said, never man painted like that man, and never man dare to do it hereafter, if he could. While looking at many of his stupendous libels on the human form, suspended in different galleries, I have wondered if his reputation could possibly last through another generation. If such an anachronism could happen and a Reubens Junior arise,—a perfect duplicate of the great Dutch artist,—would Sir E. Eastlake allow him the *entrée* of the Royal Academy for his best pictures? Doubtful! Sheer coloring is certainly a great thing in a painter's reputation. It is so in a raw round of Christmas beef.

One of the very finest things in the whole collection is the famous picture of the Misers, by Quintin Matsys, the Blacksmith of Antwerp, who won by it the fair daughter of a celebrated artist, who fancied he had estopped the suit of the captivated knight of the hammer by barring it with a condition which a less daring and chivalrous lover would hardly have attempted to conquer. When he said to the young man, "Paint a picture like that and you shall have her," he thought he had set her upon one of the loftiest

cloud-tops, to which the enamorated aspirant would never essay to climb. But he did climb, nevertheless, —glorious fellow that he was—and reached her too, and her proud father, prouder still at the giving, gave him both bride and blessing; and the world cried hurrah! In the whole history of chivalry, you will hardly find a better thing; and this picture, by which the Antwerp Blacksmith climbed to his bride and his bright reputation as an artist, is well worthy the place it has in the *Queen's Closet* in Windsor Castle.

Every apartment opened to visitors is a gallery of paintings of the most distinguished artists. This is an interesting feature of the generous spirit of the establishment. Here any well-behaved person, rich or poor, old or young, may come, when the Queen is away, and look their fill at her costliest treasures of art, and those collected at immense expense by all the sovereigns who have inhabited the Castle from the first, rudest days of painting. The *Grand Dining-room* is truly a magnificent apartment, large enough to accommodate a host; and if the long table is ever fully lined, with guests for every seat, it must sometimes dine a host. I was pleased to learn a fact, of hopeful augury, connected with this great hall. It was first dedicated to the memory of the bloodiest battle ever fought between England and France; to

the commemoration of the most brilliant victory that ever brought to the brow of a victorious nation a fifty-year's shade of unrest, suspicion, and fear. Up to the time of the Emperor Louis Napoleon's visit, it was called the *Waterloo Chamber*, when, out of generous respect to the head of the French nation, it was re-christened with a name of more Christian and hospitable associations. It is however decorated with the portraits of the leading persons who figured in the long wars that terminated at Waterloo, including foreign sovereigns, ministers, ambassadors, generals, admirals, &c. In *St. George's Hall* there are full length portraits of the last eleven sovereigns, beginning with James I., by Vandyke, and ending with George IV., by Lawrence. Allowing a little for the court courtesy of painters laureate, these portraits may be taken to be the best "counterfeit presentments" of these eleven Kings and Queens that can be found; and it will be interesting to an American to see the kind of faces worn by a line of English sovereigns running the whole length of our history, and ten of whom our forefathers honored with the homage of loyal subjects.

The *Grand Chamber* is a museum of ancient armor, containing many curious and interesting illustrations of history and national customs. Among these is

the celebrated shield presented by Francis I. to Henry VIII., at the famous meeting of those two sovereigns on the Field of the Cloth of Gold. England then numbered a population nearly equal to that of New York State to-day; and yet was reckoned among the very first Powers in Europe. A piece of the mast of the Victory, perforated by a cannon ball at Trafalgar, serves as a pedestal for the bust of Nelson, "supported" on the right and left by busts of Wellington and Marlborough. And here I learned an interesting fact connected with the tenure by which these celebrated war-dukes held their estates. And it was this: that they and their heirs should renew their banners, suspended over their busts, on the anniversaries of the victories for which the country gave them the domains of Blenheim and Strathfieldsaye. So, every year a new flag has to be put up over each of the busts of these great warriors, as an annual tribute of acknowledgment to the nation's generosity on the part of their heirs and successors.

On the whole, a person passing through the royal apartments of the Castle, would think it was built for the painters of all ages and countries, and that the residence therein of kings and queens was a secondary and incidental circumstance. It contains a vast number of works of art of the finest genius; as well

as relics illustrating many centuries of English history. Indeed, a small library of books might be written out of the actual records of this Castle-palace, and they would read like romances. The lives, sayings, doings, and the chequered experiences of the involuntary guests of the Round Tower would fill volumes with all the interest that attaches to the ages and histories of chivalry. In this *donjon*, Scotch kings, French marshals, English nobles and personages of high position were imprisoned. Here old war-beaten generals, like Earl Surrey, gazed down through grated windows at fair faces looking up to them with the silent but far-reaching speech of speaking eyes; and hands, rough and hard with the wear of war's weapons, wrote soft rhymes at night in cells on the life and beauty of woman's love.

The unsparing hand of "modern improvement" has done its work upon Windsor Castle with characteristic vigor of innovation. Nearly all the individual tide-marks of history on its outer walls have been white-washed out, or effaced by the trowel of the new-school mason. The successive layers of the ages have been all smoothed over; and one cleanly-shaven face put upon them all. George IV., with the tastes that distinguished his school of architecture, modernised the whole pile, giving to all its external aspects a

relentless uniformity. Few persons living, probably, remember how it looked before he laid his hand upon it. He made sweeping and levelling work inside and out. I believe the general form of the various structures was preserved; but their external walls were all re-faced with a kind of greyish stone, looking at a distance a little above the size of common bricks. But he might have done worse, and the nation should be grateful that this great historical monument came off as well as it did. He might have built a pagoda on the top of the Round Tower, or a Turkish Moslem over the great gate-way, after the pattern of his Brighton Pavilion.

But a modernisation, of higher tone and meaning, has succeeded and surpassed all other innovations wrought in Windsor Castle. The joint life of Queen Victoria and Albert the Good has shed over the whole an influence which has given it a new moral aspect to the world. The white mantle of their purity has covered the black character and history of many royal generations within those walls. The breath of their better and happier thoughts has permeated the entire edifice like a healthy savor, cancelling, if not sweetening memories and associations which had put forth an ungrateful odor upon society. Such buildings have souls as well as beings of flesh and blood—a succession

of souls, each leaving its mark upon the structure. This bears the shaping impress and reflects the grace of that illustrious pair who filled it with the breathing soul of their joint being. As the very physical corporeity of a good and pure man commands respect and reverence, so the house in which he lives and dies seems to stand next to his personal, moving form, in association with the virtues of his spiritual nature. So it is, and so will it be with Windsor Castle, at the shortest, for this generation. Let the American traveller, however well read in English history, come and stand before this palace, and he will forget all about Henry VIII. and George IV., and think, here lived Queen Victoria and Prince Albert; here she first became a mother; here she was made a widow; here a new race of English kings and queens were born and bred and trained in the nurture of a purer life than any that ever filled the British throne in past generations.

CHAPTER III.

ETON AND ITS SCHOOL—READING AND ITS INSTITUTIONS—WALK ALONG THE CHALK DOWNS—WANTAGE, ITS SCHOOLS AND HISTORY.

HAVING spent most of the day in the chapel, public apartments and grounds of Windsor Castle, I went over the bridge to Eton of famous reputation. This antique, unique town is to English Boydom what Windsor Castle is to English King-and-Queendom. The rim of population outside of the schools is of no more account in making up the life, character and history of Eton, than the narrow-streeted surroundings of the royal castle are to the celebrity of Windsor. No one hearing the name of Eton ever thinks of anything else than a dozen generations of English boys, of high and turbulent blood, fishing up a little Latin and Greek out of a whirlpool of fun. It is probable that no educational establishment in the world ever sugared its pills of learning with such a thick coating of frolic as this

ancient institution has done from the beginning. It is sometimes intimated and suspected that this coating is the thickest of the two, and that, in the most literal sense of the word, the studying-spaces are mere interludes, or breathing moments between outdoor sports, in which the scholars recruit for the practice of "muscular Christianity" at the cricket, foot-ball or oar; and occasionally at some impromptu and vigorous lessons in pugilism. However this may have been, is, and is to be, the memories of Eton are often among the most pleasant souvenirs of a great man's life. The "Eton Boys" have made their mark, often above, by a head, the niche of other institutions which prescribed more study and less play. With considerable cause of suspicion that they are too much on the river, when they ought to be rowing Homer to Troy or tallying angles for Euclid, more than one of them has sculled his way into St. Stephen's, and stood at the wheel of the British Empire when the storm was on. "Boys will be boys," was doubtless a conviction expressed in some language or another soon after the Flood. The consecutive experience of all intervening generations has made this conviction stronger now than it was when it was spoken of Noah's grandchildren. The young Etonites may have been allowed larger scope

and play to this hereditary nature than the scholars in other institutions, but, at the worst, they have only shown it in excess. So, taking it all in all, the soberer community, as well as the country at large, is disposed to wink favorably at their pranks; being conscious that nearly all men were boys once. Indeed, the very next day they were to have a grand boat-race on the Thames, attended doubtless by numbers of the nobility and gentry in their carriages, who would not have gone twenty rods to have witnessed a set-to of the best scholars among them in English, Latin or Greek composition. Occasionally, however, the official conservators of public instruction, with a good-natured gravity put on for admonition, shake their finger at the boys, half in fun and half in earnest, saying, "This will hardly do; you are carrying this a little too far; you are making it all play and no work." But then, as the public and even their relatives and personal friends make more talk of their play than of their work, no wonder that they too put it first. Still, the disposition to look more seriously into the working of this and similar institutions begins to be more general. Indeed, a Royal Commission was appointed in 1861 to examine them and report upon the habits of conduct into which they had drifted. They appear to have performed this duty in down-

right earnestness and gravity of intention. They "sent for persons and papers," and instituted really a searching investigation. Lord Clarendon, an able and accomplished scholar, was chairman, and they examined masters, tutors, pupils, and persons more remotely connected with the institution. Some of the facts brought to light are remarkable, as illustrating the *vis inertiæ* of "vested interests," and qualities of their regime worse still. A writer in the *Cornhill Magazine* thus tabulates some of the statistics given in the report of the Commissioners, showing the income and expenditure of the head-master for 1860:—

Annual payments of six guineas each from 723½ boys	£4,558	1	0
Entrance and leaving money (say)	1,974	0	0
Stipend and allowance from college	225	0	0
House-rent, rate, repairs, and tax free (say)	350	0	0
	£7,107	1	0

From this gross sum the following deductions must be made:—

Payment to senior classical assistants	£50	0	0
To 14 other assistants at £44 2s. each	617	8	0
,, Senior mathematical assistant	44	2	0
Other assistance	40	0	0
Books	350	0	0
Examinations	15	0	0
	£1,116	10	0

This makes the net income of the head-master of Eton about £5,990, or $28,770, which is nearly $4,000 more per annum than the President of the United States receives for the duties he performs and the expenses he incurs as the chief magistrate of a great nation. An American educationist will be struck also with one of the perquisites which must have crept into the "vested interests" of the head-master, along with that everlasting and ever-expanding habit of feeing and hat-tipping which seems to have ridden into power in this country under the old stage-coach dispensation. The "leaving money," which makes such a considerable item in the head-master's income, means nothing more nor less than a kind of *pour boire* gratuity which he receives at the end of the journey from each pupil for coaching him through Virgil and Homer and other studies, for which he has been paid in full by the regular fees. These parting presents from the boys on leaving vary from £10 to £25 each, probably averaging £15. It would be interesting to know by what precedents these gratuities are measured or graduated. Supposing that they average £15 to each scholar, for an average of four years' instruction, then, counting out the holidays, he pays the head-master 6d. for his service on every day's educational meal. This is the exact sum that every head-waiter

at a first-class English hotel expects as his fee for serving you with a dinner of roast-beef and plum-pudding. So, I am inclined to think that all the gratuities that have made hat-tipping such a widespread and graceful habit in England, find their origin and measure in the old hotel and coaching custom of feeing waiters, drivers, guards, &c. The sums dropped half-covertly into hands half-covertly extended of pew-openers, railway conductors, pony-men and coachers on the highroad to learning, and of all higher officials willing to pay a smile for such a gift, seem to have their unit and inception in the sixpence given to the "boots" or chamber-maid of the inn.

The Report of the Royal Commissioners speaks very plainly of the lax system of education that prevails at this celebrated institution; showing that its wheels move heavily, if at all, in the deep ruts of routine. The great majority of the Eton boys are stated "to lead, easy, pleasant lives, spending their time chiefly in the playing-fields and on the river, and not a little of it in the public-houses and taps of the neighborhood—and, if they are so minded, but not otherwise, acquiring a faint smattering of the classics in the intervals of play." One of the witnesses examined testifies naively to this fact: "A boy at Eton, if studious, is not thought the worse of on

that account." Still, it is affirmed that real influence and distinction in the school can only be won by the most determined and successful wranglers at the bat or oar. It is very fortunate for the classical reputation of the school, however, that it has a kind of *corps de reserve* busy at their books while the great majority are busy at their bats. This small body of actual and *bona fide* students is composed of seventy "collegers," boys who, excluded by the fashionable circles of the school, are described by the head-master as the "*elite* of Eton." The application and attainments of this half-ostracised band of scholars make a reputation which spreads a mantle of credit over the whole establishment, covering a multitude of indolences and ignorances on the part of the young bloods who eschew laborious study. A little bit of evidence came out in course of the investigation, illustrating the free-and-easy habits of the boys which are winked at by the authorities. It was stated by some of the assistant-masters that about one hundred a day resorted to either the "Christopher" or the "Tap," the former being "a loosely-conducted public-house," and the latter a mere beer-shop, where they have their roystering frolics over all sorts of liquors that can intoxicate. It is said the captain of the boats, the highest dignitary among them all, presides at the "Tap," and makes strict

laws of order and decorum, any infraction of which is punished by a fine of "more beer" for the company; —a very astute policy, which, doubtless, makes the majority regard the statute as "more honored in the breach than in the observance," as every breach brings to them additional mugs of malt liquor. Mr. Walter, proprietor of the *London Times*, an *elevé* of Eton, in the evidence and opinions he submitted, deprecated this frequenting of public-houses, and thought the practice would be arrested if the tutors and dames or landladies would supply the young men with a better quality of beer. The views and suggestions of this very influential gentleman are interesting, if not correct on all points. He energetically denounced the "leaving-money" custom, as savoring too much of the days of stage-coaches, and not creditable to such a school as Eton. He came out strong against the study of French. "In England," he says, "an English gentleman of course speaks English; he is scarcely ever called upon to speak five words of French, save in diplomatic circles. If he goes to Switzerland for a few weeks and commences a conversation in French, he is answered in English, and immediately desists from continuing the conversation in a foreign language. Englishmen do not travel much in France; they go to Paris and stay there. Even in Germany

a good deal of English is spoken by the masters of the hotels; in Switzerland more and more every year, and certainly in Rome English is spoken." Mr. Walter states that French and German literature is little read by English members of Parliament and country gentlemen, who, he believes, after a certain age, read but little of anything.

The annual expense of a well-behaved boy at Eton varies according to his accommodation. The "dames" or boarding-house keepers, charge him £63 a year for board and lodging, and five guineas extra, if he has a room all to himself; which, put together, make about a dollar a day. The mathematical masters charge £84, and the tutors £120 for board, lodging and tuition; the latter item being put at £21, or about $100 a year.

I had a strong desire to see the Queen's Dairy and Prince Albert's Farms; but a permit and note of introduction not having reached me in season, and the weather being also unfavorable, I concluded to postpone my visit to these interesting places until I had finished my Walk to Land's End. Towards evening, therefore, I resumed my way westward and reached Maidenhead at about dark. Passed the little village of Clewer, nestling in the valley of the Thames, at a short distance from Windsor. Its little church

is said to be the oldest but one in England; but I found that all the wrinkles of age in its face had been ironed smooth by the hand of modern improvement. Its walls had been re-faced with flint; its windows and door-ways done up with free stone, so that the whole building looked smart and new, and nothing but the unique form of its candle-extinguisher of a spire indicated that it was not a new structure throughout. I have not yet seen a church-yard so beautifully embellished and kept as this. Many of the graves, even those of great age, were literally flower-beds, blooming with the brightest tints and breathing with the sweetest odors. Several monuments were festooned with regular French *immortelles*. One erected to the memory of a Spanish lady, founder of an Order of Sisters of Mercy near by, was of peculiar and happy design, and exceedingly well executed. It represented a full-size marble coffin, with the lid burst open, revealing the place where the body had lain. A bible and a cross lay in the vacant place upon the grave-clothes, and on the inside of the half-raised lid these words were graven: "*Non est hic, sed resurrexit.*" Evidently this little church-yard was intended to be made the common ornamental ground of the village, to symbol the blossomings of immortality on the other side of the river, wreathing the door-way of Time's

Tomorrow with sweet-breathing flowers, emblems of a love, hope and faith worn by the departing spirit "through the gate into the city." It is a pretty idea and worth a better place in the mind of a Christian age.

Saturday, June 4th. Walked from Maidenhead to Reading, passing through a lovely region most of the way. The day was bright and beautiful. Cloud, sky, tree, field, and stream were full of June—the honey-moon of Spring and Summer. Everything visible and audible was full of it, and breathed and sung of it. All things green and growing smiled with the same light and joy of youth. Nothing had reached the full meridian of its life. Some of the earlier flowers had had their brief blooming and retired. But nothing else had come to summer size and ripeness. Everything was glowing and glistening in the dewy maidenhood of the season. The very cloudlets that swam in fleecy coteries above, in proportion to their August size, seemed to measure their own by the elm-leaf's growth. The leaves of the hedge-row trees, the grasses and grains they looked down upon, all fluttered and waved toward each other on the same even level of life. The scenery, especially between Maidenhead and Twyford, was rich and delightful. A sabbath stillness rested

upon homes that ought to be earthly Edens from their surroundings. A brick-rimmed nest of trees and shrubbery of every stature, leaf and color would show an aperture through which you might catch a glimpse of one of these sequestered mansions mirroring its face and eyes in a soft, dewy lawn, belted and ribboned with flowers. Some of them were surrounded with such high walls, with closed gateways, that you could only get a partial view of them on ascending a rising in the road at a considerable distance.

Still, these beautiful sceneries were interspersed with large spaces of waste land, looking all the more strange and desolate for the contrast. Passed over a common quite near Maidenhead, which must have been three miles in circumference, all covered with gorse. A gardener, who gave me a short ride in his cart, told me that there were 18000 acres in the vicinity of that town in this very condition. This probably was an exaggeration; but the extent of waste, uncultivated land within forty miles of London, would astonish an American. There is a larger space of it in one block, within that distance of the great Metropolis, than you would find unenclosed and unutilised in the whole State of Connecticut. This seems a striking and unaccountable incongruity in face of the thrifty economics that characterise the

country. Nowhere else is the produce of the earth turned to more account than here. Every animal is made the most of, even to hide, hair, horns and hoof. Every tree is turned to the extremest use, bark, root and twig. But vast tracts of land, the available source of these productions, are still left in the rudest state of nature, even in the very heart of the country. There must be a million of acres of land in England that do not yield fifty cents' worth of pasturage a year per acre.

I spent the Sabbath in Reading, attending service at different places of worship. In the afternoon my friend and host took me out to a unique old church in the parish of Sonning, planted as usual in a garden of graves, and surrounded and embowered by trees. All the crooked lanes in the village seem to converge to this "God's Acre," and the silvery music of the old bells in the ivy-netted tower flooded the thatched cottages and the rustic pathways of the people with a pleasant and cheery greeting. With the exception of a few elegantly dressed families, the congregation was made up of the laboring classes, who listened to the service with much seeming attention. On coming out, I stepped over a slab in the aisle bearing the name of Lord Stowell. In this quiet sequestered resting-place, lie the remains of a man whose words

of weighty wisdom have given such a shaping to the relationships of great nations.

Reading is a vigorous town, distinguished for an energetic individuality during a consecutive history a thousand years long. It bears its antiquities with great elasticity, and in the matter of progress will never do discredit to its dozen namesakes in America. It is situated on a bright, busy, little river called the Kennet, a mile or two above its junction with the Thames. It now numbers about 20,000 inhabitants, and may see that number doubled, and even trebled, before it ceases to grow. It has been the mother of men who have made their mark in history; some of them, unfortunately, a rather black mark. Archbishop Laud was born here, and so was Justice Talfourd; and the two represent "the extremest ends of parallels," in thought, word, deed and disposition. What a moral space in the mind and character of different ages do their lives measure! Other men of mark were born here, of more local celebrity, but still holding a respectable place in the national registry of notabilities. John Bunyan was often here in times when sharp-eyed persecution dogged him closely in his outgoings. Here he sometimes passed up and down the crowded streets in the smock-frock, hobnailed shoes, and round-crowned hat of a carter, with a

cart-whip in his hand, to avoid detection. Here it is said he took the disease which ended a life which in itself made an epoch in the moral history of the world. The great monument of antiquity which constitutes the particular "lion" of Reading is the ruin of one of the richest and most celebrated abbeys founded in England. It is a huge, rough skeleton of a structure once marking high in the scale of magnitude and magnificence. It may possibly have worn a clean, smooth face to the outside world and looked like Westminster or Tintern Abbey. But now the black, broken, scraggy walls present only thick masses of concrete, flint and cement. Huge heaps of this material lie here and there utterly without form, and void of all architectural dimensions, and one wonders how they were incorporated in a building on which a mason's line was ever drawn. It was the theatre of several important transactions in English history. Here its founder, Henry I., held a Parliament in 1184, and here he received in the year following the patriarch of Jerusalem, who presented to him the Keys of the Holy Sepulchre, and other sacred relics. It is said that his wife Queen Molde, and his daughter Matilda, wife of the Emperor Henry IV., and the largest portion of his own body were buried in this Abbey.

The Reading of to-day is, as I have already said, a live town, full of healthful activities. It is distinguished for four establishments which have given it an honorable status and reputation at home and abroad. The three first have to do with the staff of life, and they do a great work in that field of enterprize. The fourth is a very extensive institution for repairing the breaches of society, by punishing criminals and turning them out safer men and women. Although so unlike the other three, this last has much connection with them. Barrett & Exall's manufactory of agricultural implements produces an immense amount of diversified machinery for cultivating the soil, and growing all kinds of grain and roots for man and beast. Huntley & Palmer's Biscuit Manufactory can work up into its world of cakes all the wheat that their neighbors ploughs, drills, and threshing-machines can produce when well-manned on the best soil. Sutton & Sons, the great seedsmen, can furnish seeds of every earthly description enough for a small continent. And the Reading Gaol can house and discipline all the idle and vicious people of a county who are not content to earn and eat their bread in the sweat of an honest brow, but go poaching upon the peace of society with their evil passions and habits. I will not undertake to say

that if Huntley & Palmer's biscuits were more widely and evenly dispensed among the neediest of the working-classes, there would be less crime and fewer tenants of this and other gaols. This is a moot question, still under popular discussion. It is a pity so many eat prison-bread who could earn and have honest loaves of their own at home. Is it because the prison-loaf is the largest and cheapest, that so many sin themselves into the gaol for it? It ought not so to be in any land warmed, moistened, and softened by the light, rain, and dews of heaven.

Huntley & Palmer's biscuit factory is a representative institution of its kind, worthy, as such, of special notice. It illustrates the capacity of growth and expansion which manufacturing establishments in England possess over those of other countries. "For home and exportation" are words of great meaning here and now. The *rayon* of trade sweeping around an English factory touches either pole and the outward rim of either hemisphere, and that without going off British dominion. One fourth of the whole population of the globe is embraced in that dominion, including all kinds of races, climates, wants, tastes, appetites, and fancies. All these diversities diversify articles of trade *ad infinitum*. If Birmingham makes brass beads and nose-jewels for African belles, Sheffield makes sheep-

shears for Australian wool-growers. Thus, without counting the civilised world outside the sway of British rule, every English manufacturer who can make a good thing, be it a lucifer match, a hat-band, or a doll's eye, has what might be called a *home market* of prodigious range. Three great fields measure and indicate the circumference of this domestic commerce,—India, Australia, and North America. All the spaces between contain smaller "dependencies," or centres of colonial trade. Doubtless this dominion numbers a larger population than inhabited the entire globe in Cæsar's day. These two hundred and fifty millions, their wants, tastes and fancies the English manufacturer has in his eye when he sets his mind, hand and capital to the production of articles of human necessity and comfort. He counts upon them as making his home market, nearly as much as if they all lived, with their climates and wants, on the island of Great Britain. Then he has as free access as any other outsider to the markets of all foreign countries, and he can run neck and neck, and generally better too, in the competition for their trade. Then the geographical position of England, and a hundred other favorable circumstances, combine to give him a large advantage over the manufacturers of other countries. With all these peculiar surroundings and capacities,

no wonder that he can push his operations to such prodigious expansion, in producing articles for "home and exportation."

Still, to build up so large and successful a business under these conditions, in face of the eager and crowded competition which they encourage and produce, implies a genius, perseverance, good faith and good hope which are pleasant and instructive to contemplate. All these qualities seem to have distinguished the origin and growth of Huntley & Palmer's Biscuit Factory in a remarkable degree. Nothing is more interesting and encouraging in the chronicles of wealth and prosperity than the "small beginnings" of great ends. It is when the boy's hand can girth the trunk of the oak sapling, that he sees and feels what a tree he may plant and rear for his afternoon years, and for the noon-tide hours of another generation. The child is the father of the man; the beginning is the father of the end; therefore, nothing could be more useful than a Book of Beginnings, compiled from the experiences of men who have come to good and great ends.

In the year 1822, Thomas Huntley, a young "Friend," commenced the making of biscuits in a very limited way in Reading. It was truly one of the small beginnings from which many an exemplar-

man has gone up to a great ending. One sack of flour kept his little oven a-going for six months, or met all the demand his biscuits could create. One quart of milk a day was the regular ration of that element of them. His market was confined to the town, and it was supplied from a hand-basket by the first boy he employed, who has come down with the establishment through all the stages of its expansion to its present magnitude. He was a "Friend" indeed, in whom there was no guile; and he made good biscuits. The number who thought this of him and them increased gradually and steadily. And this made his oven grow; and his hand-basket grew to a cart; then it came to a sack of flour a month, then to a sack a week; on a little farther, to a sack a day. At this stage of progression, he took in as partner Mr. George Palmer, then a young man full of inventive mind and executive energy, who believed the little enterprize could be built up into a great business. He brought a small steam-engine and some other machinery to bear upon the work. This inaugurated the mechanical age of the establishment. His taste was eclectic, and the combination of forces now applied to the elaboration of dough is truly wonderful. The great bakery is really and truly a museum of machinery in the busiest occupation.

Machinery does nearly everything but the thinking part of the process. Everything "goes with a crank," and the crank, or its equivalent, is turned or moved by steam. Even the iron bottoms of the ovens rotate like revolving shutters, each strip or slat carrying with it a row of biscuits, taking them on in dough at one side and dropping them down at the other side of the oven baked with perfect evenness. I believe nearly every kind of machinery used in the manufacture of iron is employed here except the trip-hammer. Some of it, though very little, is original, invented for the express purpose of performing one of the surprising operations. But if you have made the tour of different mills and manufacturing establishments, you meet here many old mechanical acquaintances, slightly modified and trained to rather effeminate uses. You will see a good deal of the old fashioned cider-mill in the hopper and trough for mixing the flour, milk, eggs, &c. Then you have the latest improvements of brick-making machinery in working these ingredients into an even mixture. Then comes the iron-rolling mill for kneading the dough. The end of a great elongated mass is thrust in between two rollers, regulated by a screw, and you have the same force and action as in the making of sheet-iron. After passing between the rollers several times, until

it is reduced to a broad, even sheet of dough that already savors pleasantly of the relish of its sweet elements, it goes literally "to press," like sheets of blank paper. The machine that performs this last operation between the mixing trough and the oven, is a rotary printing press. The *types* or dies of the biscuits, of every shape and size, are set in a large revolving cylinder. The broad, white and savory sheet is passed between this and a highly-polished roller under a pressure that cuts and stamps the biscuits, which are laid in regular rows upon the baking-tins as the cylinder revolves, ready for the oven. Here, too, everything goes by clock-work. The moving oven-bottoms are timed, according to the size of the cakes they carry across the heated surface. For ordinary biscuits, about a quarter of an hour is allowed for the passage from one side of the bread-kiln to the other.

The machinery for making the fancy biscuits is exceedingly ingenious, and its operations amusing. An instrument which American boys would call a squirt-gun is employed in making the *macaroons*. The tin barrel is filled with paste, instead of water, and the operator holds it with his left hand, with the ram-rod or piston against his breast, and, with a sharp knife in his right, he cuts off in even bits

the jet of dough he forces through the muzzle of his "shooting-iron." The precision and rapidity with which he manages both piston and knife, and drops the little fluted bits of highly-flavored dough in regular rows on the iron baking-plates before him, are really wonderful. There was one engine, of recent introduction, which I thought at first was too warlike and unquakerly in its aspect and operation, to suit an establishment carried on by Friends. It looked, at first sight, like a mortar all mounted, loaded and primed for the bombardment of a neighboring town. But it soon revealed its peaceful ends. The cylinder resembled a medium-sized cannon, and was loaded at the breech, the charge being propelled by a piston worked by steam. In the muzzle-end of the cylinder were several orifices through which fluted tubes of dough were forced, on the hollow-tile principle. In a word, it was a great steam squirt-gun, shooting out half a dozen hollow streams of the pleasant stuff which many a hungry boy would have thought delicious before it went to the oven. The patterns, devices, shapes, sizes and savors of the biscuits and cakes produced in this great manufactory, are almost of endless and inconceivable variety. Whoever has explored a can of Huntley & Palmer's "assorted," will testify to this fact. They go to all countries

and climates, from Greenland to Cochin China, and from Nova Zembla to New Zealand inclusive. Arctic explorers, Australian shepherds and African lion-hunters know all about them, and it is not certain they are not beginning to give a better taste and habit to cannibal pagans. They constitute the *vade mecum* of railway travellers, pic-nickers, sportsmen of the rod and gun, and tourists innumerable. Nor does the establishment confine its ministry to the common and daily wants of the million, stationary and locomotive. It serves a lunch to the smock-frocked ploughman by the hedge, and a bridal loaf for the wedding of Kings and Queens. It has really grown to this consummation. I was taken into the wedding-cake room, and was surprised to find that it had such affiliations with domestic happiness in high places. Here they had a French artist employed in getting up designs for bridal loaves of every size, description and price known to the wedding feast, from the cottage to the palace. These they send to order, all embellished for the table. Here were drawers full of all the ornaments that French genius has devised for dressing up a cake fit for a crowned bride; or for a sempstress' wedding. Thus, at the shortest notice, here is provision both for the humblest and the grandest set-out. *Nunquam non paratus* might

be written over the door of that sweet-flavored apartment more appropriately than on the restaurant sign which bears the motto. Perhaps the firm has a heart to benevolence as well as an eye to business, intending to smoothe the way to matrimonial happiness by a kind of Gretna Green facilitation. It certainly looks like keeping pace with the age to supply to order, at the shortest notice, wedding cakes all mounted with cupids, doves, trumpets, bows and arrows, and the whole outfit of allegorical embellishments.

A few figures will convey some approximate idea of what this great bakery is and does. Its ovens have a heating surface of 4,180 square feet, and this is covered about twenty times a day. This would give about two acres of biscuits touching each other on every side; or, put in round numbers, a million daily. They consume weekly, besides an incredible amount of flour, 30,000 eggs and 3,000 gallons of milk. The number of hands employed is about 500. Twenty carpenters and four coopers are required to make and repair boxes and casks for the transportation of the biscuits; while the manufacture of the tins makes a large and iudependent business of itself. A large and elegant building was in process of erection, to serve principally as a warehouse, and other improvements

were on foot to increase the capacities of the establishment. It was pleasant to notice the liberal and thoughtful provision for the social enjoyment and moral elevation of the hands employed. A large reading-room, well supplied with London and local papers, is opened for them, where for only a penny a week, they have access to all the news and the periodical literature of the day, and also to the books of a well-stocked library; besides the entertainment of occasional concerts and lectures. In passing from one department to the other, one could fancy that all the men, women, and boys wore at their work an aspect of the intelligence thus acquired or quickened in the reading-room of the establishment. It was to me a pleasant and instructive visit; all the more from the proof and illustration it supplied of what steady hope, faith, industry, skill and unswerving probity may accomplish when all concentrated upon a business of the smallest beginning. The moral worth of such an example cannot be appreciated too highly. As Corporal Trim would say, "It is worth a regiment of horse" to a young man setting out in the world with little other capital than a pair of willing hands and an honest and hopeful heart.

I had intended to make a sharp angle at Reading and turn southward towards Basingstroke. But hear-

ing that the largest sheep-farmer in England resided at Buscot Park, near Faringdon, I resolved to make an extra walk of forty miles to see his establishment. I therefore continued up the valley of the Thames in a north-westerly direction. The country was beautiful. Parks and mansions of the gentry lined both sides of the river, interspersed with quiet, picturesque hamlets half-hidden among the trees. Passed through Pangbourne, the very *beau ideal* of a clean, cosy, comfortable English village. I felt inclined to shorten my afternoon's walk, in order to stop for the night in this pleasant little town. The chief hotel was a very picture of neatness, and would be worth photographing, as a model of a cheery-faced inn.

Passed Purley Hall, a stately mansion, parked and gated in the grand, old English style of baronial life. Here resided Warren Hastings at the time of his celebrated trial, which raised him to the very apex of *causes célébres*, and made his case the grandest ever brought before the tribunal of human justice. Here he may have slept the very night when the nation was still tremulous with the Olympian word-bolts of Burke and Sheridan.

Stopped at a blacksmith's shop to inquire the way, and had a few minutes' conversation with the man at the forge. He was carrying on the business for

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his old master's widow, and received 18s. 6d. per week for management and labor, filling the position of foreman and servant. He said he had got on very comfortably with that sum since he became a teetotaller. He had been a desperate drinker; he wondered he was still alive. He had been "drunk for four solid weeks together;" not having been in bed for nineteen days and nights. He was conscious all the while of the despotism and degradation of the habit; he prayed against it; he wrestled with it; but it threw him into the ditch of shame and misery. He could not drown his conscience or appetite with drink. Both grew more and more tormenting under it. One evening, after drinking largely at a public-house, the publican asked him, by way of banter, how much he really could drink at a time and walk away with it. He replied that he would engage to drink sixteen pints. The landlord said, by way of challenge, that he would furnish that quantity without charge if he would drink it; but if he fell short of it, he should pay the score himself. He began on this wager and swallowed fifteen pints, when the publican repudiated the agreement, and the poor fellow had to pay the whole bill for making himself worse than a beast. He walked home the same night, a wretched, self-debased creature. As he came out of the stupor

of his miserable condition, reason and conscience righted from this riot of appetite. He resolved to make one more effort to break its bondage. He kept away from the public-house the next Saturday night, and, to his wife's surprise, ordered no beer for his Sunday dinner. He went to church, and came back with the determination to abstain for a whole month from all intoxicating drinks. All his old beerhood fraternity warned him against such a resolution. The publican, who had drained away his wages for years, was especially concerned and compassionate, and predicted all kinds of evils upon him. He would become a walking shadow; his heart would drown itself in a puddle of cold water; in short, he would sink into the grave a forsaken scamp and skeleton. But he held fast to his resolution under the pitiless beating of these jeers and taunts. A new man now began to grow up within him. He was surprised to see how his home changed from day to day; how bright, comfortable, and happy it became; how many luxuries he never thought of before he could add to the necessaries of life from his weekly wages. His brother-in-law offered him a sovereign if he would stick to total abstinence to midsummer, or a few months longer. He resolved to do it. He got strength from month to month, and now he never intended to drink another

drop of the perilous stuff as long as he lived. I said a few words of encouragement to him, and bade him good-bye, much pleased with the conversation over the half-door of a wayside smithy.

Stopped an hour at Basilden Park, the seat of the late James Morrison, probably the richest man in the world at his death, measured by wealth all acquired in one life-time. He came to London a poor boy, and took a situation as porter in a wholesale establishment. From this humble position he worked his way upward to a wealth which enabled him to purchase large estates yearly from the surplus of his income. This great park and mansion were only one of the number he had acquired in this way. This estate contains about 3,000 acres. When Mr. Morrison died, the furniture of the house, including pictures, was appraised at £80,000. His gardener, who took me over the grounds, estimates that he died worth £7,000,000, or over $33,000,000. A story is in circulation that his mind fell into the weakness of second childhood in his last days, and that he fancied himself a poor day-laborer; and that, to humor this conceit, they were wont to pay him 14s. a week, the wages he received at the outset of his business life. Considerable moralising has been based upon this statement, and sermons preached upon it as a text for admonition

as to the vanity of riches. But I was told it had no foundation in fact, but that it came from this incident:—He was accustomed to be drawn out daily in a bath chair by two servants, who were directed never to expose him to being caught in the rain, but to hasten back with him on the appearance of a shower. These attendants consequently took a large advantage of this direction, and always began to look at the clouds when they became a little tired. Thus his rides grew shorter; so that one day he remonstrated with them, and insisted to be drawn farther, saying that he had still a sovereign or two left, and could pay them for the service.

After a pleasant afternoon walk, I found a comfortable inn at Streatly, a quiet little village sleeping sweetly among the trees that shade the Thames about ten miles from Reading.

Tuesday, June 7th. Made a walk of about twenty miles, lodging at a little inn thatched with straw, and half buried in creepers and ivy, in a straggling village called Stanford. Passed around a spur of the chalk downs, which presented a remarkable appearance. We have nothing in America resembling these downs. The rolling prairies of the West approach them slightly in some features, but hardly near enough to help one to any correct idea of these

remarkable formations. Naturally they are as treeless as the waves of the ocean. Indeed, they look like huge waves hardened to lime just as they were beginning to round down to the surface from which they were raised. Their very name suggests this action and result, for it is doubtless the derivative or equivalent of *dun* or *dune*, and retains the sense in which that term is applied to the sand-hills formed by the sea on the coast of Holland and France. In fact, the English downs will always affect an American somewhat as ocean scenery does in a heavy ground-swell. They wear a marine aspect which common hills never present. They seem here to be all chalk, covered with a very thin soil, yielding a short, crisp beard of herbage which sheep alone can crop to any advantage. By a long course of cultivation this soil deepens and darkens and frequently produces good crops of grain, grass and roots. I walked this day nearly twenty miles around these chalk hills, sometimes ascending half way to their summits, then skirting along their base, where they declined into the valley of the Thames. Here were thousands of acres without hedging or fence of any kind; and from every point of view they presented a singular aspect. Here would be a strip of perhaps twenty acres running up from bottom to top of the well-rounded eminence, just ploughed and harrowed smooth

for turnips. The plough had turned up the chalk, and the whole space looked as if it had been sown several inches thick with lime. As the sun poured a hot flood of light upon it, it almost made you snow-blind to look at it. Adjoining this strip of blinking white was another of equal size covered with a heavy growth of *cinque foil* all in its deep-red blossom, looking like a little peony sea. On the other side you saw a strip of wheat so filled and overtopped with charlock in full blossom that it had all the seeming of a field sown to butter-cups. Strips of beans in dark blue and oats in vivid green, vetches, clover, and a coarse red-top grass alternated with the other crops of vegetation, giving you a picture, varying at every mile, done in as "fast" and showy colors as ever you saw Nature don in any part of the world. An African belle could not have coveted more vivid or stronger contrasts. Nestling between the feet of these hills, or, Ruth-like, in the green folds of their garments, you come upon a village here and there, quaint and old and very quiet. Wantage was the only one of any size that I saw on the day's walk. There it was, apparently fast asleep, in the lap of these old downs. There it is, snug and shady, as you look over the tree-tops upon it from the surrounding eminences, lying upon a bed of stratified history

a dozen centuries deep. Here,—and it is a mystery —the great Saxon Alfred was born about a thousand years ago. What brought his mother here, or why this should have been selected for a royal residence, is a marvel, considering the character of the country around. Here, too, was born the celebrated Bishop Butler, who was a kind of Alfred the Great in a certain domain of thought. Wantage has another distinction, which has popularised its name among multitudes who never heard or cared where these two great personages were born. For the best part of a century it has been mentioned reverently in hundreds of towns and villages in New England as the name of a good old psalm tune, sung with great comfort by our forefathers and foremothers on their thorny road to heaven. When you get into the town, you find it is wide awake, with institutions in its arms that would do credit to any community. Among these are several schools of liberal basis and catholic spirit. One is for training girls for house servants; imparting an education which must tell greatly upon the sum and centres of domestic happiness. Then there is St. Mary's Home for Penitents, under the charge of the Sisters of Mercy; a sea-boat womanned by a set of Grace Darlings, who push out into the breaking gulfs and surges of sin and shame, and

pluck from the eddy and the undertow poor unfortunates, and bring them to the shore of hope and salvation, and to the songs of a better life; giving them refuge and home and tender and loving care, and white, pure hands to lean upon in their new trial-walks in the paths of virtue. The blessings of hundreds ready to perish, and scores lifted out of the whirlpool of destruction, from half way down its stifling gorge, must be on such an institution. I saw the work of their fingers in the fine old church, recently renovated and embellished beyond any other I have seen in England. The altar was covered with a cloth most elaborately and exquisitely embroidered by these Magdalens. It symboled a beautiful idea. It seemed like what the woman in scripture did, in washing our Saviour's feet with her tears and wiping them with the hair of her head, for these poor penitents for a sin that made her weep, to spread His sacramental table with such a work of their hope, faith and love.

CHAPTER IV.

FARINGDON: BUSCOT PARK: LARGEST SHEEP-RAISER IN ENGLAND: COLESHILL: LORD RADNOR'S COTTAGES FOR THE POOR: WALKS AND TALKS WITH FARM-LABORERS; THEIR WAGES, CONDITION, AND PROSPECTS: MARLBOROUGH: PEWSEY VALE: ANTIQUE HAMLETS: SALISBURY PLAIN, AND STONEHENGE.

WEDNESDAY, June 8th. Passed through Faringdon, a considerable town in the north-west corner of Berkshire. In the nomenclature of English town, *don* is a very frequent termination; occurring as often as *ton* or *town* in America. It is doubtless a contraction of *down;* thus showing that the first settlement or village took, as a suffix to its designation, the name and character of the locality. Like every other town and village in the country, this has its special history of distinguished personages and events that marked its records. Any hamlet a thousand years old must have had some one born or buried in it who made a name and a stir in the world. To say nothing of the usual quota of castles, abbeys and royal residences in the Saxon times,

there is in the old Faringdon church the tomb of a gallant knight who was a most chivalrous defender of the faith in "Queen Bess;" and would not tolerate any slurring inuendo or witticism on her purity and honor. When acting as her ambassador in France, he resented a skit of this nature from the Duke of Guise, and sent that nobleman a challenge to mortal combat for a libel upon his mistress, in which he "had most shamefully and wickedly lied." There is also a little bit of unique and interesting history attached to the Faringdon House, a noble old mansion near the church. This was the scene of an event which shows how a house was divided against itself in the great struggle between Charles I. and his Parliament. Sir R. Pye at that time owned this mansion, and his wife was the daughter of John Hampden, then colonel in the Parliamentarian army. But family division and antagonism were brought to a severer issue in this case. The English Roman himself led the assault upon his daughter's house. It is a wonder that some artist, of Cromwellian inspiration, has not painted this scene. The stern, old patriot armed cap-a-pie, charging up the gate-way at the head of his Ironsides, while his fair daughter, in the inward conflict of contrary emotions, was showing her frightened face and dishevelled hair at one of the tower windows, would make a picture

for a skilled pencil which would show well in the Royal Academy.

An hour's walk from Faringdon brought me to Buscot Park, the residence of Mr. Robert Campbell, who, I think it safe to say, is the largest sheep-raiser in England. He distinguished himself in the same business in Australia, where he acquired a large fortune, which he has now invested in this estate, on which he is carrying on the largest operations not only in the keeping and culture of sheep but of cattle of various breeds.

It is interesting to notice how these colonial feeders, feelers and creepers are making young blood and vigorous nerve for England, keeping her up to a quick-step march of progress. America, republican and colonial, Australia, a continental edition of America and its activities in another hemisphere, are the two lobes of one great heart and beating with the same youthful impulses, and propelling them through all the veins of the Mother-country, keeping her young and active with mental life and business speculation, even to exuberance in some cases. Witness, for example, the mania for Joint-Stock enterprises, Limited Liability Companies, Metropolitan Railroads, which, to use an American term, they are almost certain in England to "run into the ground" in the reckless

race of credit and credulity. I am inclined to think much of this go-aheadity without brakes comes from periodical excesses of the young-man power poured in upon England from America and Australia.

How remarkable that the Continent of New Holland, that great mysterious blank in the maps that middle-aged men studied in boyhood, should stand in such relationship to England! That blank is now peopled with the youngest England in the world, a vigorous, ambitious, self-multiplying nation, touched with the feeling of "manifest destiny," irrepressibly and excusably boastful, after American similies; and boastful of this, withal, that she can teach the Mother-country a thing or two. This has always been the way with smart boys from the beginning, to boast that they can teach their mothers; and probably they do it oftener than is generally admitted. You will be surprised, in travelling up and down England, to find how many Australians stand in the first rank of commercial and industrial enterprise. They never seem to think even of beginning business on a small scale, just as if they measured every undertaking by the dimensions of the continent on which they have lived.

Mr. Campbell appears to be one of these Australian men of business. About five years ago he purchased

Buscot Park and an estate of about 5,000 acres lying in one block. Within this period he has expended what some men would esteem a fortune in drainage, especially in the park proper, which was as sour, water-soaked and humpy as any portion of Richmond Park at the present time. The result of this costly operation proved its utility and ready profit. The space that once pastured three sheep now yields feed for ten. Three hundred per cent. increase in pasture grass proves pretty clearly that drainage "pays" its way. I found, what I did not expect, that Mr. Campbell is doing as large business in cattle as in sheep. He keeps over 1000 bullocks; frequently hiring farmers in different parts of the country to feed and tend them through the winter. He generally keeps between 9,000 and 10,000 sheep, mostly of the Lincolnshire breed. These yield about eight lbs. of wool per head, or 72,000 lbs. for the whole flock, worth, say £7,000. With these great herds and flocks, he cuts no grass for hay and raises no grain. Thus the extent of these agricultural operations makes him a merchant and shipper on his own account. He purchases Indian corn, oats, beans, &c. by the cargo, and all his other transactions are on a similar scale. We have heard much of merchant-princes, but this Australian agriculturist may as appropriately be called

a farmer-prince, for the fortune he has accumulated and is expending in these large operations, and for surroundings which few peers of the realm exceed in luxury, taste and beauty. The mansion and out-buildings are on a scale commensurate with the landed estate, and the park is beautifully wooded, variegated picturesquely in surface, and of great extent. In going through the gardens and conservatories, I saw a single grape vine which covered a surface fifty-three feet in length and fifteen in breadth. It is a Black Hamburg, and yields from 300 to 400 lbs. of grapes yearly.

Mr. Campbell is now in the prime of manhood, and with the experience, energy, science, taste and wealth that he is bringing to bear upon cattle and sheep culture, must soon become known as one of the most eminent and successful leaders of the agricultural interest in England. He gave me a cordial reception, and I spent several very pleasant and profitable hours at Buscot Park.

Having made an extra walk of more than forty miles to see this remarkable establishment, of which I never heard until I reached Reading, I turned a sharp angle, and headed south-easterly, with the view of passing down through the middle of Wiltshire to Salisbury. Passed Coleshill, the seat of the venera-

ble Earl Radnor. The mansion is one of the *Inigo Jones'* school, a most rectangular genius, who has left many heavy and half-stately monuments to his rigid and frigid architecture in England. The park and appurtenant grounds are tastefully laid out and kept in beautiful condition. I went in and introduced myself to the head gardener as an American traveller, which seemed to insure me a very genial and pleasant reception. He took me over the grounds and through conservatories and stables and showed me many horticultural operations and results which were very interesting. The graperies presented a display of Black Hamburgs and Alexandria Muscats captivating to all the senses. Here, by the way, I may remark that all the grapes I have yet seen in England are either grown under glass or trained up against the sunniest side of a high garden wall. You see no standard vines as with us, or none grown in the vineyard way, or trailed up on a slat fence in an open field. Still, even against an unfavorable climate for open-field exposure, the English make a temperature out of glass and coal which produces probably the largest and most luscious grapes in the world. The science, taste, labor and money they give to the cultivation and perfection of this delicious and classical fruit are unbounded and perfectly wonderful.

Lord Radnor has erected a village of cottages near his mansion which exceed in size, comfort, elegance and in every other requisite for a dwelling, anything I have yet seen for an annual rent of £5. Indeed, I doubt if they cost him less on an average than £300 or $1,500 each; so that a rental of $25 a year would be a small rate of interest on his money. I regretted that I could not ascertain the real cost of the buildings, as the dwellings of laboring men are now making a stir in this country. With all the improvements proposed, they must be erected on a self-sustaining basis; or their rent must equal the regular rate of interest. The question to be decided is, how much of a house can you build for £5 or £3 rent per annum, as a strictly business operation? Some fifteen years ago, I saw several rows of double cottages built at Woburn by the Duke of Bedford, for £6 a year, such as would rent in our New England manufacturing villages at from $50 to $60. But these of Lord Radnor's at Coleshill are larger and more elegant still, with large garden-patches for £5. Lord Overstone has produced some on his estates in Northamptonshire for £3 rental, and it is said they are really commodious and comfortable for a common-sized family. Still it is a remarkable fact, that the same class of building costs much more in England

than with us, notwithstanding that bricks and lime can be made here from almost every other field, and labor is so cheap and abundant. A brick house, which costs $1,000 in New England, costs full $1,500 here. The journeymen masons and carpenters, though apparently busy and industrious, do not seem to get off half the work per day that ours do. Perhaps much of this may be ascribed to the fact, that the joiners in England still make doors and window-sashes by hand in their own shops, and even plane flooring and ceiling and siding in the same way. Of course, this old slow-coach system greatly increases the expense of even building a cottage for a farm-laborer.

Continuing my walk southward, I stopped for tea at Highworth, a goodly village situated on an eminence that commanded a grand view of the valley of the Thames. After an hour's rest, resumed my staff and reached Swindon a little after dark. On my way, overtook a laborer carrying an empty chest across his shoulders, which bent his face downward so that I could not see it. Had a long talk with him, for two or three miles, on his situation and prospects. His ordinary wages were eight shillings a week, and an additional shilling in haying time. By milking cows as an extra job, he was earning about eleven shillings, working from sun to sun. His wife received eight-

pence per day, making up fifteen shillings per week. He paid 1s. 6d. weekly for house-rent; had a garden-patch on which he had grown from twenty to twenty-five bushels of potatoes. His food was entirely bread and cheese on week-days for breakfast, dinner and supper. On Sunday he had a piece of bacon for dinner. He never spent anything for beer at the public-house, and drank only what his master allowed him, which was three half-pints a day. He could not lay by any of his wages for old age or sickness, do the best he might. When he came to be too old to work, he should depend upon the parish for out-door relief. A large proportion of the farm-laborers had to be helped in this way when old or infirm. His head was bent towards the ground under his load as he thus spoke of his earthly lot and expectations. He had fought all the forenoon battles of life, and spoke of the last tug of the war with want and poverty with a cheerful voice, uttering no complaint nor a word against landlord or parish authorities. Indeed, he seemed to have realised all the enjoyment he expected when he looked forward from the threshold of the life to which he was born. And who could have the heart to break the even spell or darken the dream of this content in such a man's heart!

There are two Swindons, one centuries old, looking

off upon the surrounding world from a hill, and holding in its history many records of local interest. The other is Vulcanic, rectangular and rigidly uniform—a tremendous smithy for the Great Western Railway and its branches. Here several hundred "iron horses" are shod, their harnesses and carriages made and repaired. These multifarious operations employ a large population of men and boys who have the personal seeming of an ambiguous race, wearing almost an African aspect on week-days, but coming out on the sabbath in good and fair Caucasian. They have made a reading, thinking, vigorous community, marked for locomotive mind and well-graded morals.

Thursday, June 8th. When about two hours on the road, it began to rain; a most timely and grateful dispensation, as the chalk-dust had become as volatile as ashes, whitening the hedges and the fields by the road-side. Took refuge in a way-side inn for several hours; and, as the rain increased, a considerable number of persons dropped in, forming a pretty large company, mostly agricultural laborers, small farmers, including two or three young servant girls. As the beer-pot began to circulate, conversation became quite animated and varied. It required an active effort of the ear and intellect to follow the thread of their discourse through a kind of dialect I had not heard

before. But it ran upon crops, wages, beef, bacon and politics, according to the ruling bias of the moment. About the middle of the afternoon, it cleared away, with a bright sun, and I set out again on my walk. A little way from the inn one of the men who had come in for shelter was at work trimming a hedge by the road-side; and I stopped and had a talk with him on the condition of the farm-laborers generally in that part of the county. He was about fifty years of age, a respectable and intelligent-looking man, who felt himself rather favored in his circumstances. His children were all grown up and able to earn their own living. He had eight shillings a week, which was the ordinary wages all the year round, except in haying, when another shilling was added. The farmers of that section generally did not like to give piece-work, by which the laborers might earn so much as to make them discontented with their regular wages. He had been working on the same estate for thirty years, under three different holders. He had been married thirty years, and in all that time had never had a piece of fresh beef or mutton cooked under his roof. His family being small, he had a bit of bacon two or three times a week; had never received any parish help, although he had buried one wife, and

had had considerable sickness in the house. It was impossible for him to lay by anything for old age. Were it not for their extra earnings in harvesting, they could not pay their rent. His son-in-law had six children, all too young to earn anything in the field; and he had to feed, clothe and house the whole family out of eight shillings a week. They were obliged to live entirely on bread, for they could not afford to have cheese with it. Take out eighteenpence a week for rent, and as much for fuel, candles, clothes and a little tea, sugar or treacle, and there were only five shillings left for food for eight mouths. They must eat three times a day, which made twenty-four meals to be got out of about eightpence, which was only a *third* of a penny for each. How could a man buy bacon or cheese at that rate?

It does really seem a short-sighted policy, to say nothing of moral principle and sentiment, on the part of the farmers who constitute the majority in these rural districts, to keep down the price of labor to this low level. They are sure in the end to pay for it dearly in the rates for the poor, when the men are too old and infirm to work. For my part, I cannot understand this policy, considered from the narrowest point of self-interest. It seems like "robbing Peter to pay Paul" without even a pecuniary motive to

the theft. Or, in other words, like paying back to an invalid pauper what was robbed from him at the plough and sickle in his middle manhood. I am persuaded that every able-bodied field-hand in England is able to perform a daily amount of labor for which his employer could afford to pay him four shillings, or ninety-six cents. What he does now is no measure of what he could perform under the stimulus of a compensation proportioned to his work. Unless all the fundamental notions of equity and justice are turned upside down in his mind, for a half-crown he will do a half-crown's worth of work, and a crown's worth for a crown; and if he can perform this last amount of labor in a day without detriment to his physical constitution, it is a great and equal advantage to both parties that he should labor and earn at this rate. For many years past many slave-holders in the United States have recognised and adopted this principle. They found it necessary to a right issue of their balance-sheets, to get out of their slave-laborers all the work they could safely and continuously perform. The driver's lash could not bring into action the latent capacities of their strength. The dull, dumb drudgery of unrequited toil did not "pay" in field or factory, especially in the latter. So, many a planter, and two manufacturers to one planter, resorted

to the piece-work policy. They put the slaves they owned or hired under the stimulus of proportionate or graduated compensation, the most sure, safe and vigorous impulse that can be applied to human sinews. And no planter had on his estate, and no manufacturer had in his factory a slave, man, woman or child, who did not feel and obey the impulse of a new motive to increased exertion. Ten years ago, I saw the working of this principle in different phases of its influence in the Southern States. The first experiment I witnessed was in the large tobacco factories in Richmond, Virginia; establishments conducted on a very extensive scale, involving the outlay of a great amount of capital. In the first factory I visited, there were employed over hundred men and boys, all slaves. It was about six p.m., in June, an hour at which even in free-labor establishments the hands would be on the point of leaving off work. But every man and boy of these colored laborers was working as at a wager; and they were performing all the operations, even those requiring the nicest judgment of the eye and skilful manipulation, by themselves, without apparent supervision or suggestion on the part of any white foreman. I was surprised at this industrial phenomenon. I had expected to see the dullest, the most stupid and stolid labor ever

performed by human hands; and could not withhold an expression of wonder at what I witnessed. The manager let me into the secret of this extraordinary activity in a few words. All these men and boys were working under an inspiration that thrilled and filled every sinew. For the hour they were free men. The stimulus of free labor was upon them, doubled by proportionate compensation. I wish every farmer in England could have seen that sight. The proprietors of the factory did not *own* these slaves. They were all hired of planters and other owners residing in distant parts of the state, some several hundred miles from Richmond; who received on an average per head as much per week as the wages of the agricultural laborers in England. Nor was this all. The employers not only paid the owners from £20 to £30 a year for the slave hands, but also had to house, feed and clothe them, and pay the expense of their conveyance to and fro. Here then were a hundred slaves, hired to perform mere slave-labor at a cost of from £40 to £50 a year, including keep, &c. Here was a great factory, with costly machinery, with a vast amount of capital invested in raw tobacco. Now what? This, most clearly and inevitably;—that factory, machinery, and capital could not be worked to a profit on sheer, hopeless, spiritless slave-labor.

Some influence must be brought to bear upon those hands that should make them produce fifty per cent. more work daily than could be forced out of them under the lash. The ledger unfortunately was the Bible that preached the doctrine, but it urged the policy with irresistible arguments. So the firm set every man and boy a daily task, and allowed a stipulated sum for all the over-work he performed. This policy took effect upon every one of them; and, to a certain extent, made free men of them all. For they bent to their slave-tasks with as much energy and ambition as if they were paid for their performance, although they did not receive a farthing for it. The sooner these tasks were done, the sooner and longer would they be able to work for wages. Thus they earned from four shillings to sixteen shillings a week for themselves. The manager told me that they would labor as long as he would let the gas burn for them of a night. With these extra earnings they clothed themselves well, and had most of the comforts of the better class of free white laborers; while at the same time the employers got out of them full fifty per cent. more work daily than they could have been made to perform under forced and unrequited toil. I attended service at three African chapels on the following Sabbath, conducted and supported by

slaves, and was greatly struck at the appearance of the congregation, male and female. Scores of both sexes were fashionably and elegantly dressed; many of the young men in broad cloth frock-coats; with gold and silver guard chains to their watches, and the young women in the latest fashions of bonnet, shawl and gown. Now all that made them to differ from the low level of slave-life in these respects they owed to their earnings at piece-work, or to the stimulus of requited toil. On travelling farther south into the Cotton States, I saw the same principle at work on the plantation, where it is more difficult to apply it than in the factory. I saw slaves scattered over a large field, at wide spaces apart, each striking out with great vigor in his own allotment. I met a planter in South Carolina who was quite enthusiastic on the subject. If he had discovered the principle of perpetual motion he could not have dilated upon it with more self-complacency and satisfaction. I could hardly keep my gravity, as a New Englandman, when in the glow of his enthusiasm, he took me by the button-hole and revealed to me a secret he had recently discovered. And it was nothing more nor less than this, put in his own words: "I tell you, sir, there's nothing like paying a man according to his work to get it out of him." The principle

worked to a charm on his plantation. He never saw the like. It saved him an immense amount of bother and trouble. He had no overseer on his estate; no flogging; no jawing; no bell-ringing to call up his hands in the morning. He could just get on to his horse after breakfast and ride into town on business or pleasure until night, and feel sure all was going on right at home. All he did was to apportion out to every man, woman and boy a daily allotment or task, according to their age or strength; and this they would perform by noon or 1 or 2 p.m. So far from any necessity of ringing them up in the morning, some of his men would go out to the cotton field with their hoes on their shoulders while it was yet dark, and wait there for light enough to enable them to distinguish cotton from weeds, then set to work might and main to perform their tasks. He grew animated as he dwelt upon the action of this stimulus upon his men, and saw the interest with which I listened to the details of his wonderful discovery. "And when they have finished their tasks at one p.m., how do they spend the rest of the day? in lounging about, fishing, or hunting?" I asked. "No, not at all," he replied, as if piqued for their credit. He allowed every one of them a good patch of land to grow whatever they

pleased, and he himself purchased of them all they raised. Some of his men would grow from three to six bales of cotton a year on their allotments; "and," said he, "I buy it all and pay them half a cent a pound more for it than I get in the market; but," he added apologetically, as if overstepping the rigid letter and law of industrial economy, "it pays in the long run to encourage them in this way." When we parted I wished our journey together had been longer. He was so full of the matter that he filled his last words to me with it: "I tell you, sir, there is nothing like paying a man according to his work to get it out of him." If I may say it without irreverent parody, "This was the planter's last good-night," and I would commend it to English farmers in general, and to the eight-shilling employers especially. Nearly all of them apply the stimulus of piece-work to their laborers in haying and harvest, because it is very essential to get an extra amount of work out of them at that important season. Every farmer then would be glad to pay his men six or eight shillings a day if they could earn that sum at the stipulated price per acre for mowing or reaping. With this chance of extra earnings, a single month in the year, these men of the scythe and sickle labor assiduously from sun to sun and longer too. Not-

withstanding their unfortunate addiction to the most brain-soddening beverage ever invented to tempt and pervert a human appetite, they seem quickened to new life and ambition and even mental vivacity by the influence of this short opportunity to make up the arrears of the year, to pay off rent, which would be like a mill-stone to their necks with only their ordinary wages; and also to get possession of some comforts for their homes which else would be wholly beyond their reach. Thus piece-work is the strongest stimulus that can be applied to the sinews of human labor. We see how it operates even upon thousands of negro slaves in America, and how it tells upon the agricultural laborers in England for a month or six weeks in summer. If then its moral and economical results are so good to both parties, for this short season, why not extend it through the year, and bring all the operations on a farm under the same impulse and direction? It may seem inconvenient at first to piece out all or most of the work to be done, but when a farmer has once adopted the policy, he will soon and easily find standards of allotment by which he may profitably apportion compensation to labor in a way to call into continuous action all the latent energies of his men. He can certainly do this as conveniently

through all the processes of ploughing, hoeing, reaping, mowing, draining and hedge-trimming as the southern planter can adopt it in the cultivation of cotton, rice or tobacco. When he comes to apply it to different operations on his farm, one by one, and sees the success of the economy, he will be able and induced to extend it so as to stimulate extra care or labor in every branch of service by a proportionate premium. He will contrive in-door or sheltered employment for his men in stormy weather, and for winter nights, which will develope and reward a mechanical skill, and quicken thought and judgment, in making hurdles and other things necessary for the farm. I read some years ago with great interest, the speech of a celebrated Suffolk pig-breeder, who said he gave his swineherd a sixpence for every pig he should rear to the age of a week. He found this premium on extra care and watch paid him well. This instance shows in how many directions a farmer may extend the quickening influence of proportionate compensation.

Pursuing my way, I came suddenly down upon Marlborough, which lies hidden in the gorge of these down-hills until you are upon it. It is a solid, quaint, old town, mostly built of black-glazed bricks, many of the outside walls of the houses being tiled

as well as the roofs, giving them a very rough and scaly appearance. The whole town, I learned, is owned almost entirely by the Marquis of Ailesbury; I mean the houses and lands, not the tenants. It has a goodly history-roll of events of considerable national and local interest, but I should think the best thing that ever happened in it was the temporary residence of the poet Thomson, who here wrote his "Spring" in the mansion of the Earl of Hertford, dedicating it to the Countess, to whom he has given a kind of classical memory in the opening lines of the poem:

> O, Hertford, fitted or to shine in courts
> With unaffected grace, or walk the plain
> With innocence and meditation joined
> In soft assemblage, listen to my song
> Which thy own Season paints; when Nature all
> Is blooming and benevolent, like thee.

That was a pretty and graceful thing to say of his fair and noble hostess and patroness. Doubtless she valued the compliment as highly as her coronet. It attached her name to the poet's memory by a silken thread which will never wear asunder. He puts it delicately in the words "Which thy own Season paints;" as if her youthful bloom and beauty tinted the maiden cheek of Nature as he pencilled its features.

The mansion in which he, Pope and Dr. Watts were received as welcome and honored guests, has been turned into a college for the education of the sons of the clergy, of whom about 500 are educated here.

After tea, I made a walk of seven miles to Pewsey. On the way came suddenly to a precipitous break in the elevated downland, or to the edge of a range of precipitous hills looking off upon the grand valley called the Vale of Pewsey. It was truly a magnificent sight, almost equal to Belvoir Vale. I clambered up the high bank that walled the road and ascended to an eminence which commanded the most extensive view. The deepening shadows of the evening were contracting the vista, but it was truly grand and glorious. Descending to the road, I passed through several queer little villages and hamlets which looked as if the cottages were built by the immediate followers of Hengis or Horsa. Indeed, they were of the same pattern as those you will find in Jutland and Schleswig-Holstein, whence our Saxon progenitors brought their models for houses and barns. The gables were all "dubbed" off in the same way at both ends. Here were the longest haired cottages I ever saw. The windows all looked like a glass face in a great straw hood, of the old gipsey order,

tied closely under the chin. The doors wore cowls of straw, and the thatching of many houses must have been a century old at the bottom. I was told by one occupant that it was *six feet* thick on his tenement. Everything new or old was thatched, not only dwellings, barns, and out-houses great and small, but barn-yard and garden walls. I saw a new two-story inn of red brick with a roof of straw which had not yet been rusted by a single rain, but was as fresh as if just from the flail.

Friday, June 11th. Continued my walk across the broad bottom land of the Pewsey Vale, and saw some most excellent and highly cultivated fields with heavy crops of grain and grass. One of the Avons runs through this valley to Salisbury, dividing the chalk downs by a very picturesque interval, now expanding to a dale, now narrowing to a meandering glen. An American travelling extensively in Great Britain will learn a curious fact in the nomenclature of rivers which he will have passed over in his geographical studies at home. That is, the number of rivers bearing the same name. Unless he has made special inquiry, he may travel backward and forward through the three adjoining counties of Worcestershire, Gloucestershire and Somersetshire for a year, and not discover that Shakespeare's Avon is not the Bristol

Avon. Indeed they both run virtually into the Severn not a very long way apart. The same ambiguity in regard to the two *Ouses* will leave him in doubt whether they are not one and the same stream. Other rivers more widely sundered have their nominal dualism, as the English Dee and the Scotch Dee.

The little Avon I followed to Salisbury through Pewsey Vale runs by the side of the road, which now descends to the very edge of the stream, then ascends half way to the summit of the treeless hills. I diverged once and followed a cart-path to the very top of this bald but well-cultivated region. It was a rolling ocean of white land, divided into farms, not by walls or hedges, but by white paths, by which the crops of the adjoining occupants were carted to the rick or barn. Here and there, separated by large distances, were farm-houses surrounded by trees of small stature or a thin cordon of short shrubbery, looking like fishing-smacks at anchor. The grain promised well, and fields interspersed with luxuriant cinque-foil in the full of its purply-red blossom, variegate the scenery with a pleasant and striking feature.

As I descended again to the turnpike road, found a middle-aged man on a wooden leg at work in a turnip field. Stopped and had a long talk with him on the condition of farm-laborers in that section of

the country. He also said that their wages were only eight shillings a week, except in haying and harvest, and that they had no perquisites, such as cottage or garden ground rent free. But he described a system adopted by them which is worthy of all admiration, and proves an intelligence, prudence and ingenuity on the part of these humble and poorly-paid men which might teach wisdom and virtue to those in higher life who are apt to complain of the improvident habits of farm-laborers. He said he belonged to a Mutual Aid Society, formed a great many years ago in the little village on the river below. It now numbered 200 members, all resident in the parish. They paid into the treasury twopence-halfpenny, or five cents, a week. At the end of two years, after making the weekly payment, a member was entitled to draw out seven shillings a week for twelve weeks in case of sickness; and when he became too old or infirm for labor, he could draw three shillings a week to the end of his life. In addition to this weekly payment to meet cases of sickness and death, once a year every member paid 2s. 6d. for doctor's money. If a member died, a direct rate of sixpence was levied upon every member as a special fund for the funeral expenses, and £2 were drawn out of the treasury for the widow. If the wife died, the husband

had only the sixpenny rate for his expenses. The club had now £200 out at interest, under the guarrantee of a rich and benevolent gentleman of the parish. They paid thirty shillings a year to a young man who kept the books of the club.

Thus these humble, patient, hopeful, brave-hearted toilers, with a spirit of self-reliance and self-respect worthy of all praise, had banded themselves together against the pinching and the poverty of a cold and rainy day of age and infirmity. This was their league and covenant to hold one another up from sinking down into the repulsive charity of parish relief. It showed a quiet and steady heroism of heart and hope, a faith, self-control and self-respect that were truly noble and beautiful. Here were 200 men and women, whose average weekly wages, for both sexes, would not exceed seven shillings to each person, with families to feed, house and clothe, still able and willing and proud to abstract a mite or two from every meal to deposit in the general fund of the society, as a provision for the coming day when sickness or age should unnerve those hard and horny hands for labor in the field.

A few miles north of Amesbury, I diverged from the main road, and ascended the great chalk wall that seems to surround and uplift Salisbury Plain.

The ascent was a full mile to the summit, from which this wild, mysterious region unfolds itself to view, in all its still, sombre amplitude and grandeur. Doubtless ninety-nine in a hundred Americans who have read of Salisbury Plain from their youth, imagine it to be a great dead level, like here and there a vast sandy expanse with us. But in surface, it is as unlike a plain as is the ocean in a heavy ground swell. You seem to walk the waves almost in motion. As the sweeping shadows of the clouds chase each other up these thinly grassed swellings, they appear to make the earth-waves they mount. It was like climbing up to a little, strange, sequestered world by itself, when I reached the summit, and ascended a long, high *barrow*, or mound of mysterious history and purpose, and looked off upon the undulating ocean spread out before me. In some directions, its shadowy rim melted and mingled in the misty light of the distant horizon; in others it was bounded with sharp definitions by ranges of blue hills, arising like dark-browed sea-walls to the swelling flood of pale green verdure. It was too sea-like to apply to its surface the terms *hills* and *valleys*. Its roundings and swellings were like the bosoms of the great deep stilled at their full beating. The depressions between were too soft and gentle to be

called valleys. The first feature that struck me as a contrast in the scene was the handiwork of cultivation, dotting the dull expanse here and there, like prairie-flowers on the rolling wilds of the Western World. That great Blind Painter, human labor, had sat down to paint his pictures of plenty and beauty over the half desert. He had made already a lodgment here, and was beginning to drive the grim genius of Druid paganism from its oldest and mightiest stronghold. Here and there whole farms, with their grain fields and enshrubbed lawns, show like brooches of green and golden glory set in the dull bosom of the plain. They are gaining acre by acre, year by year, upon the treeless wilderness. In another decade its whole reach and compass may be recovered and peopled by a human population. The uncultivated extent is covered with a fine, frizzly grass that feels elastic and moss-like under your feet. I cut the turf with my knife in several places, and found the soil about four inches thick on a bed of chalk. On crossing a piece of rape, I stabbed my staff full six inches deep into a very mellow and fertile-looking earth.

Having thus glanced at the physical or natural character of the Plain, I passed my eye around slowly, but with eager interest, to get my first sight of

Stonehenge, that famous monument of a mysterious and unfathomed antiquity. I discerned at the second round a group of objects at first resembling hay-cocks, but assuming other semblances as I looked at them more steadily. They seemed far too low to be the objects I anticipated. But I had not measured aright the intervening space with my eye. I soon recognised the *cross-stones* and the leaning columns of that wonderful pile, so familiar in pictures seen in childhood. Just over their shoulders I could see, in the blue haze of the remote distance, the spire of Salisbury Cathedral pricking the horizon like a needle. Here, then, I had the range of the ages in a direct line; but who could number the centuries that divided them! I stood on the largest barrow on the Plain—a long mound or ridge scooped up out of a ditch surrounding it, which was as distinct and as well defined as if dug only fifty years ago. What was the use of this barrow? Was it built over the bodies of men slain in battle? If so, of what men, of what age? Were they Britons or Romans, Saxons or Danes? There were the huge, rude pillars grouped in temple-form on the plain a mile away. How and when where they brought up this high-walled plateau? —by whom, for what object, in what age? The mystery lies heavy and dank upon them. No ray

A VIEW OF STONEHENGE.

(From a Photograph by S. Marshman, Devizes.)

of light has pierced it. The beam of [illegible]o collateral fact has revealed the finger-prints of a credible history in one of those rough and ponderous columns. For a century long and more, sharp-eyed explorers of antiquity, history-miners, philosophers skilled in the Attic architecture of astute theories, have been at work on that group of stones, and have made nothing of them that a dozen men, of only common sense, can believe in unanimously. Beyond, like a long, delicately-tapering finger, ringed at the middle joint, the spire of Salisbury Cathedral points upward, pushing its silver nail into the lower clouds. For six times the life-length of the American Republic that finger has been uplifted in sky, cloud and storm. In the most tempestuous years of English history, in John's day, and Stephen's, and Cromwell's, it towered with steady poise into the still, blue bosom of the sky, like a petrified human prayer, lifting the cross nearer heaven than it was ever raised by other shaft on this proud island. This is a stand-point on which a thoughtful American must feel the youth of his own nation and the age of its mother.

As I descended from the barrow and crossed the intervening valley, those stones grew upon the eye like giants. And here I am at last and first, measuring my height against their colossal statures. It is

truly a wonder, grand and mysterious. There cannot be anything elsewhere in Europe to compare with it. Pictures often exaggerate. Foregoing conceptions often dwarf the reality, and make the first sight, touch or sound disappoint the eager and dilated imagination. Even Niagara, at the first glance, produces this impression on thousands. The Mammoth Cave in Kentucky does not at once and in the first moment burst upon one with all the startling wonders imagination had fabricated. But mount the outer wall of Salisbury Plain, and sit upon one of the prostrate columns of Stonehenge, and see what manner of stones stand or lie in pairs around that temple area, and your original conception lags behind the real fact. The stupendous skeleton grows upon you every moment, and looks like the work of superhuman beings. You can hardly believe that any enginery of modern science could bring such quarried rocks up these surrounding heights, and make them stand on end in such huge pairs, coupled at the top by cross stones of greater size and weight than you will find in any modern edifice even as a foundation. One of the prostrate columns has been estimated at the weight of forty-five tons. A rough, round tenon was formed at the top of each of the upright blocks, which fitted into a corresponding mortise-hole in the under side of the

horizontal stone. Most of these columns and cross stones are squared and hewn with a good deal of regularity; showing that tools harder than common iron must have wrought upon them. For many of them are granite, supposed to have been brought from Devonshire, a distance of more than 100 miles. The descriptions of this pagan structure are so numerous and detailed, that it would be serving up stale information to repeat the particulars so well known in America as well as in this country. A few facts and features of the outline may be recalled to enable the reader to revive the picture in his mind's eye.

The columns were arranged in two concentric circles, and two ellipses. The outer circle consisted of thirty stones, about sixteen feet in height, placed upright at intervals of three-and-a-half feet, and connected at the top by cross stones of nearly equal thickness. The inner circle was formed of rough granite about five feet in height. Within this was the great ellipsis formed of vast columns, coupled in pairs by a huge transverse. These uprights were graduated progressively in height from E. to W.; the largest and loftiest attaining an elevation of twenty-five feet. Within this ellipsis of lofty triplets, there was a smaller one consisting of nineteen rough

granite posts, like those of the inner circle; and in the little enclosure or cell thus formed was what has been supposed to be the altar-stone. The whole pile or group is surrounded by a fosse or ditch, made with great regularity at about a hundred feet from the outside circle. About an equal distance from this ditch to the east, there stands by itself in a leaning position a a large block, sixteen feet in height, called the *Friars' Heel.* This strange skeleton temple is partly surrounded at some distance by barrows or mounds, clothed with a deep blue-green verdure, which, contrasting with the pale, sorrel-tinted herbage of the plain, makes them very prominent and striking objects. One is at a loss to account for this strong and decided contrast. It would almost justify the conclusion that these *tumuli* not only contained bones, but that these permeated the whole superincumbent mass with fertilising gasses which made for it a covering of deeper green than that worn by the general surface. The surrounding ditch, from which the earth for the barrow was taken, is perfectly well-defined. So, to the most incredulous and exacting, the proof is present and clear that these mounds were made by human hands. They deepen as well as vary the mystery that broods over the sombre arena of these strange structures. There seems to

be a method in the arrangement between these mounds and the temple, a kind of proportion and social relationship. At first glance, and with half the poetical license of imagination that many writers have exercised in reference to their origin and object, one might fancy that it was the cemetery of some pre-historic race of giants, the mounds being their graves, and the temple, the chapel in which the funeral rites were performed. Still, half a dozen or a dozen centuries may have come between the rearing of these huge columns and the rising of the barrows that surround them. Whose bones do or did the latter cover?—Briton, Roman, Saxon or Dane? The theories constructed upon these rude monuments of antiquity are legion. They afford the largest scope for the wildest rides of fancy, and some of the four-footed and four-winged hobbies have been ridden to the giddiest heights of conjecture.

In looking at the stupendous structures which extinguished and unknown races have left here and there in both hemispheres, a kind of humiliating thought must temper the spectator's admiration. He sees before him a work of gigantic human strength. Here is a mighty monument to the memory of the religious sentiment in the heart of a numerous people. Here is their united thought embodied in an edifice

that almost overawes our best civilisation in the dimensions and materials of the building. The men who reared it, and were as long, perhaps, in the building as the masons and carpenters on Solomon's Temple, were thinking, speaking men. They had a living, common language, of elaborate, complex grammatical construction; a language of nouns, adjectives, verbs, moods and tenses, with all the rules, incidents, intricacies and general and exceptional shapings of a regular syntax and prosody. They had public meetings and public orations. Their speeches would have read well as samples of rhetoric and logic, if taken at their utterance by some one gifted with the mightiness of an alphabet and the skill of a short-hand writer. What grave and stately parlaver of priests and patriots preceded the raising of these temples! What plans were sketched in the sand, or on the bark of trees; what discussion and comparison of projects foreran the decision as to the best of the competing architects! How much of mechanical science, as well as brute force of human sinews, was brought to bear upon the quarrying, transporting, hewing, sculpturing and raising of the vast blocks of stone? And when it was all complete, and the whole nation came together to celebrate the inauguration of the temple; when their acclamations

arose like the voice of many waters over a monument of their hand-might that should stand, through the ages—a marvel to them all, not one of their wisest men, nor all of them put together, could write the name of their race upon the frontlet of the structure. They could build a temple of the grandest proportions, but not an alphabet. They could not form the pen-beams and joists of the shortest word in their language, though they could quarry, hew, joint, and raise the huge blocks of this Stonehenge.

What contrasts with this baby weakness of pagan Titans our civilisation puts in presence! In the memory of a middle-aged man, one passed over this wild expanse with a pen in his hand. He paused at these pillars. He stood in the sombre shadow of their great mystery. He marvelled at them with all the wonder they have excited in the thoughts of successive generations. How were they lifted out of their beds in the sides of distant hills? What force of brute and human sinews brought them hither and raised and crowned them in such order? He was awe-struck at this monument of heathen mightiness. There were giants in those days, whenever those days were linked to the chain of time. Giants!—they were the merest babies to him and his pen. He went out, and in sight of that temple, in sight of those grave-mounds,

he erected a structure that will overtop and outlive all the pagan edifices standing now on earth. With that pen of his he built up a human life endowed with more energetic vitality than ever pulsed in all the aboriginal races of the British isle. He built up a human life with his pen, of such faculties and symmetries of truth, that the Spirit of God owned its divinity and breathed into it an ubiqitous immortality, working now and working ever upon the hearts and hopes and upon the inner life-shaping of millions of different race and tongue, scattered the wide world around. In nearly all the alphabetted languages of the earth the missionaries of the Gospel have, as it were, linked to the lids of the Holy Evangel the life of "THE SHEPHERD OF SALISBURY PLAIN." Millions speaking those multifarious tongues in central regions of remote continents, who never will hear of Stonehenge, will read of him as one of the permanent guide-lights to a better being.

CHAPTER V.

OLD SARUM; SALISBURY CATHEDRAL; WILTON; THE HERBERT FAMILY; AXMINSTER CARPETS; SHAFTESBURY; BLACKMOOR VALLEY; ENGLISH AND AMERICAN DAIRIES; WAGES OF FARM LABORERS IN DORSETSHIRE; FARM-HOUSES; BRIDPORT, ITS BUSINESS AND SCENERY; CHARMOUTH AND ITS HISTORICAL ASSOCIATIONS.

IT was about seven in the evening when I left Stonehenge and made for Salisbury, following the direction of the cathedral spire, visible in the distance. Had a long and late walk, of about ten miles, before I reached the city, having seldom seen in one day so many scenes and objects of interest and wonder.

Salisbury is a venerable city, with a very unique history, including that of famous Old Sarum in the immediate vicinity. Indeed the one is virtually the continuation of the other. When Old Sarum had burnt itself down to the socket, Salisbury was lighted at the expiring flame, by the wick of its cathedral candle. Still Sarum was no fiction in its time, though but little more is left on its site than

one finds on that of John O'Groat's House. Its name comes up so generally with the memory of political corruption before the passage of the Reform Bill; it has such a bad fame as the peopleless constituency of some peer's member of the House of Commons, that, doubtless, many reading Americans may have been tempted to believe that it was as much a nonentity in the society of English towns as ever was that standard authority and personage of Mrs. Gamp's creation, the famous "Mrs. Harris." But this impression is all wrong. It was a real, living city set upon a hill—and a very remarkable hill in the time of the Romans. At their evacuation of the island, they doubtless left their fortifications and buildings on this hill intact to the Britons, who would have every motive to preserve and occupy them. The fortress was captured about the middle of the sixth century, and held and strengthened by them. Toward the end of the ninth century it is supposed that Alfred added the outer entrenchment. Later, about the middle of the tenth century, Edgar convened here a council, or wittengemote, to devise measures for repelling the invasion of the Danes. A century later, in 1086, William the Conqueror assembled here all the barons of the kingdom. The city seems to have grown steadily in population,

and in military and ecclesiastical importance up to the middle of the thirteenth century, when, owing it is said to a difference between the castle and cathedral, the latter was removed to Salisbury. But a cause more serious than this difference contributed to the transplantation not only of the cathedral but of the whole town. It is a saying current and credited among the people of this part of the country that the petition for permission to make this change contained the grave statement that beer in Salisbury was cheaper than water in Sarum; which one may easily believe, considering the character of the hill on which the latter was built. Thus Old Sarum was really a living and growing city, on its own bottom, for 800 years, to say nothing of its Roman history. The worst for its reputation was the fact, that it had a name to live when it was dead as a stone. It traded on its shadow, and made it a political power in the country long after it had ceased to move and breathe as a living community. When there was not enough of it left to be called the skeleton of a town, it still clutched the political prerogative it had enjoyed for 500 years of sending two members to Parliament. And two it sent, many a year, when not a single house stood upon the site of the ancient city, and

when there was no other living constituency to represent than the sheep and cattle that grazed upon the hill. These creatures, bought but not bribed, honored the British Parliament with many a distinguished member. They sent up to its councils for the first time the elder Pitt, or the great Earl of Chatham, in 1735. Later, in 1801, they and the land they grazed were represented by the celebrated John Horne Tooke. These unfavorable associations of Old Sarum, attaching to the closing years of its history, have besmeared its name with a bad reputation, making it the synonym and measure of the "Rotten Borough" system of politics. That term of current coinage, so well known in America, "*Gerrymandering*," was never guilty of half the political obliquity that brands the memory of this ancient English city, which else would have been held in veneration.

Salisbury is a goodly and venerable city for its age and history, in its own right. Without its celebrated cathedral, and its ecclesiastical influence, it has played a brave part in the annals of England, if to suffer is to be brave as well as to dare and do. Seated on the trysting place of three or four little rivers in a fertile valley, and surrounded by the serene quietudes of Nature, one can hardly work

up his imagination to the stern and stormy realities that have swept over the city in ages gone. The Barons bruised it savagely in their wars. The Roses made many a red blossom by night in its burning buildings. All the subsequent Revolutions and Rebellions, with their fire-brands and hammers, made their marks upon it. Thus its own history, without including that of old Sarum, would make a small library of volumes, if all its doings and experiences were written out in consecutive narration.

But the cathedral is the great fact of the city, and as much overtops all its other celebrities as does its lofty spire the two-story houses sleeping on its shadow. It is an edifice probably better known to the American public than any other ecclesiastical structure in England except Westminster Abbey. Its famous spire makes it rank with Strasburg and the tower of Pisa in all the old pictures so familiar to our childhood. Internally it is not so grand and beautiful as Ely cathedral, nor externally as awe-inspiring as York Minster. Still it has its own salient individuality of design and structure, thanks to the better inspiration of a darker age than ours. When these magnificent cathedrals were built, architecture had not come to be a dry, scientific profession. The monks and ecclesiastics of that day put as

much religious fervor and sentiment into them as into their best prayers. They built at them with the same steady enthusiasm of genius as their fellow-artists painted at the form and face of the Virgin Mary. Books of models had not yet been published, and architectural plagiarisms were held as sacrilegious thefts. Thus you find no cathedral in England the copy of another. Even the features of resemblance in every particular seem to be fortuitous or accidental. Salisbury cathedral was commenced, according to well-authenticated history of the building, in 1220, and was completed in less than forty years, with the exception of the spire, which was erected two or three centuries later. Like nearly all the other English cathedrals, it is in process of renovation, or almost re-production literally. In addition to these improvements, many interesting pictures that took the white veil from the white-washer's swab in a past age are now being brought to view again. The delicate pillars and columns of Purbeck marble are being cleansed from the plebian wash, and the paintings on the lofty ceiling over the chancel re-covered from the white eclipse of lime. It is a peculiarity of this grand edifice that it was made to mark times and seasons in their minute and manifold subdivisions. Thus there are as many

windows as days and as many pillars as hours in the year, and "as many gates as moons," as an old rhyme has it. Two or three relics of the age in which it was built are especially interesting "if true." A round table is shown on which the laborers employed in the erection were paid at night, each receiving a penny a day; a fact which proves in itself how so small a population was able to build such edifices in the thirteenth century. Another interesting souvenir of those early times is an enormous clothes-chest or semicircular drawer of solid oak, with a lid so large and heavy that it was raised by machinery. In this the Roman Catholic priests kept their robes unfolded.

The Chapter House, in which the clerical parliament of the cathedral authorities transact their business, is an octagonal building with all its lofty roofage gathered up at the top and supported by a single, graceful column, arising from the centre of the mosaic floor, and spreading out a score delicate fingers to bear the gorgeous burden. This hall is a gem of the first water of architectural genius and taste, exceeding in beauty of design and finish anything I have yet seen of this order in England. It is a renovation which I was told faithfully reproduces, without innovation, all the

original features of this senate chamber of ecclesiastics. The sum expended upon this recent work was about £10,000, or nearly 50,000 dollars! The main window is a memorial to the late bishop, and cost £1,000; all raised by subscription among those who held him in great reverence and esteem for his virtues and labors.

The spire of the cathedral is to my mind the most perfect in *pose* and proportion ever raised in Christendom. Although not so lofty by seventy-four feet, it is more symmetrical than that of Strasburg, and towers up into the still, blue sky with more delicate and graceful stature. Its height, measured from the pavement, is 400 feet, or 30 feet above the cross of St. Paul's. Like most of the ecclesiastical buildings of the same age, this stands on low ground. Indeed the *nave* has been frequently flooded from the little valley rivers. If it had as high a footing as Lincoln or Durham, its lofty and unequalled spire would excite a wider admiration than it does on its present depressed foundation.

On entering the vestibule or porch of the cathedral, I was struck with the apparition of a monkish-looking young man, with a veritable cowl on his head and clad in the long, close, lank habiliments of his order. He was a foreigner, and had lodged at the same

hotel with myself; but no one could divine the object of his visit. He had just been shown over the building as I entered, and was now standing with a pale and meditative countenance in the porch, seemingly thinking of the transmutation of that and of all the other magnificent edifices in England which once belonged to the Roman Catholic dominion. Indeed, I could not but fancy him busy with such thoughts; for unless human nature has been emasculated out of them, or subdued to a dead calm, the antecedents of these buildings must frequently come up in fresh and unpleasant memory. He stood so silent, so pensive, pale, and so long and darkly draped in his monkish costume, that he looked the very ghost of the old monastic *regime*, allowed to "revisit the glimpses of the moon," and to see by its light the great changes wrought in the realm of human sentiment and opinion.

Having passed through the whole county of Wilts from north to south, I now faced westward to make a diagonal walk through Dorset. Stopped for a couple of hours in Wilton, the ancient capital of the Saxon kingdom of Wessex, and the scene of important events in English history. It gave the name of Wilts to the county of which it was once the most populous and important town. It is now distinguished for a

business which, in the reach of reputation, eclipses all its collateral and antecedent celebrities. It is the great seat of the Axminster carpet manufacture. About thirty years ago, Messrs. Blackmore and Lapworth bought out the Axminster establishment and removed it to Wilton, and here under their direction it has assumed dimensions and attained to a reputation well known to the world. There are two or three peculiarities that distinguish this carpet from all other kinds manufactured in different countries. In the first place, it is made whole, without stitch or seam. There are twenty Axminster looms in the factory, the longest of which is forty-five feet. That is, on this loom a carpet may be wrought forty-five feet in width, and in length *ad infinitum*. No private apartment in the world has ever been carpeted of a greater breadth than this without seam. I visited the factory a year previously, when they were at work upon a carpet for the Prince of Wales, twenty-four feet by fifty-eight. In every square inch of it there were sixty-four tufts or perfect knots. One hand could work only thirty-six square inches in a day, or one foot in length and three inches in width. Thus it would take one person eighteen years to make the 1392 square feet ordered for the great drawing-room of the Prince of Wales' city residence, the Marlborough

House. Including the charge for designing the pattern, it cost £3 10s. or about *seventeen dollars* per yard. They had now on the looms several carpets for wealthy nabobs in India, who are not only beginning to order mansions built by English architects, but to be fitted up with English furniture. The two largest were to cost £700, or $3,360 each. The thickness of the carpet on the loom is full three-fourths of an inch, it being reduced a little by dressing. As every tuft or knot is a perfect tie, each is plainly seen on the inside or bottom surface; and this is an infallible proof of the genuineness of the Axminster carpet, which will enable any one to detect an imitation. Every knot is made by hand. No machinery has been, or probably will ever be introduced to facilitate the operation. There are employed in the factory 420 hands, of which about three-fourths are girls; and all work for a specified sum per foot.

Here, then, in this quiet village on the confluence of two little rivers, is a manufactory which has not its equal or even competitor in the world in furnishing the palaces of princes of the blood and princes of money with the costliest article of household furniture. Seemingly with hardly noise and stir of general business enough to drown the chirrup of a cricket, the little town is known to the extremest Inde for the production of this luxurious fabric.

The manager of the establishment took me to see a small, one-story, thatched cottage in the centre of the town, in which the first carpet ever made in England was wrought. It is said that one of the earls of Pembroke smuggled the weaver into the country from the continent, somewhat after the manner in which "Box Brown" was *freighted* out of slavery, in a box, which was not always "kept right side up with care," but the reverse, so that his head was often downward. But the captured artisan, notwithstanding this terrible muddling of the brains on the way, did great and loyal service to his captor's country, introducing an article for which England had thitherto been dependent upon foreign manufacture. Few reading and thinking people can hardly realise the short distance backward one has to travel in this land of luxury to reach the time when the drawing-rooms of princes were carpeted with sand or rushes.

The other great lion of the town is the *Wilton House* and its architectural affiliations. This baronial mansion is one of the numerous monuments of the astute policy of Henry VIII., in making to his sway powerful supporters and "friends of the mammon of unrighteousness." Never did the Turks smite to ruin, huge and haggard, more magnificent edifices of Grecian architecture in the fiercest moments of their fanaticism,

than smote this English Cyrus grand abbeys and monasteries under the pretence that they bore the mark of Babylon. Never before in modern history did a sovereign come into such ready funds for buying the loyalty of his nobles and for binding them and their posterity to his throne and succession. After the abbeys and other religious houses had been unroofed and nearly destroyed, the lands attached to them were ample, fertile and highly cultivated, and one of these estates was a rich *assignat* to bestow upon a favorite of the crown, for service rendered and service promised. Henry VIII. gave this ecclesiastical holding to Sir William Herbert, the first Earl of Pembroke; and it has been the seat of that family ever since. Take them all in all, from the first to last head and representative, they have made a name and reputation which few noble families in England have equalled. The name of Herbert has a kind of classical sound, and is honorably associated with literature, fine arts and philanthropy; with brave men and fair women, and, what is better, with good and pure of both sexes. Men of brilliant chivalry and brighter genius married into the family, and all its personal affiliations, connections and predilections contributed to give it an hereditary character of high mental cultivation. They were generous,

appreciating and *unpatronising* patrons of poets, painters, sculptors and architects. A wife of one of the Herberts was the sister of Sir Philip Sidney, who, it is said, wrote part of his "Arcadia" here at her request. The late Lord Sidney Herbert seemed to embody in his life and character all the talents and virtues attaching to each of the names he bore. He stood, at his untimely death, in the front rank of English statesmen for these high qualities. With Sir Philip Sidney's refined taste and sentiment, he had the practical and solid erudition of a profound scholar, the power of an accomplished orator, and the purity and patriotism of a conscientious statesman. He had reached the height at which many ambitious legislators culminate, and was still ascending, when, at the meridian of common manhood, he was stricken down suddenly, to the sorrow of the nation. He had begun to follow closely after Lord Shaftesbury in the career of philanthropy, and, had he lived, would doubtless have become almost as distinguished as that noble man for deeds of beneficence. He left a monument to his religious sentiment, artistic taste and large-hearted munificence in Wilton, which has no equal in England as the thought and gift of one man. This is a church, erected at his own expense and costing £20,000. It is quite un-English

in its style, being of the Romanesque or Lombard order of architecture. But nothing in the west of Europe can exceed its interior scenery. Never, I should think, did high art have such a *carte blanche* for fitting up a house of worship with exquisite embellishments. Stone of as different grain and tint as Washington's Monument can show, has been wrought to every artistic device in this building. But I will not venture upon any detailed description of it. I would advise all American tourists visiting Stonehenge and Salisbury, to take in Wilton on their way, and be sure to spend a few minutes in this church, which will ever stand as a monument to the mind, heart and life of Lord Sidney Herbert, as well as a building erected by him to the service of religion.

The castle was not opened on the day I happened to be in Wilton, so that I had to forego the pleasure of seeing the treasures and trophies of art it contains. These, as described elaborately by different visitors, are very rare, numerous and valuable.

After dinner, made a walk of about twenty miles to Shaftesbury, one of the most remarkable towns in England for its position. It is truly a city set upon a hill, as upon a very tall candlestick, just large enough to hold it and the dripping of its

candle. Mounted upon such an elevated shaft of chalk, it was very properly called *Shaftesbury*. But, although there is no spiral railway to elevate men and beast by gently-diverging parallels to the summit, nor any hydraulic contrivance nor pulleyed *hoist* to facilitate the ascent, it pays well for the climbing to see the surrounding country from this remarkable burg-height. The fertile and picturesque vale of Blackmoor stretches out far and wide in every direction. After travelling in the treeless and hedgeless down country for several days, it was pleasant to look upon this rich scene of natural and artistic beauty. From the Castle Walk or boulevard, the deep valley extends twenty miles southward, presenting the most delightful variety and alternation of all the colors and tints belonging to the wardrobe of June. The young summer month sticks in its teens to the fancy of another ambitious maiden, that green suits her complexion best. So she dons no silver-edged ribbons nor girdle of harvest gold. But leaving out these sunny lights, I think I never saw Nature dressed out with more exquisite taste in the virgin moon of the year than from this remarkable stand-point of observation.

Shaftesbury has an eminent history of its own as well as an elevated position in the material world.

A city set upon such a hill could not have been hidden in the vicissitous experiences of a nation. One writer, with a Welch affectation of antiquity, gravely dates the founding of the town as far back as 1000 B.C. Though perhaps of the order of those minute chroniclers who give you the name of the man who sold Hanibal the vinegar with which he melted a pathway for his army through the Alpine rocks, this author makes the age of the town a round thousand years before Christ, not giving fractions or odd numbers. The founder, according to the tradition he consulted, was King Lud, contemporary with Joshua. Other historians have not ventured so far back in the primeval periods of creation for the day when Shaftesbury began to be. A couple of facts stand to its account pretty well authenticated. Canute, as he was called in England, but *Knut* in Denmark, fought a great battle in this neighborhood, and after having worn the crown four years in peace, died here in 1035, and was buried in Winchester, about two centuries before Salisbury Cathedral was built for the praying of the living for the dead The town is the joint "holding" of two English noblemen, by a rather singular division of the inheritance. One owns its name, the other its body corporate. The Shaftesburys have carried that name

through the world of literature, politics and philanthropy. He who wears it now has brought it to the brightest and most irradiant lustre it ever received or emitted. In a certain sense, it clings to the skirt of his reputation, and his good name bears it in the hollow of his hands through every region of either hemisphere peopled by readers of the English tongue. That is his ownership, for which the whole population pay him the tribute of their best esteem. The Marquis of Westminster, on the other hand, is a different proprietor. He owns the town itself, or enough of it to call it all his own. He makes a very good landlord, too, I understand, and if a whole town, churches and all, is to be owned by one man, perhaps such as he may as well as any one else put his private mark upon it. But here I must caution my American readers not to give our common meaning to *mark*, used in this connection. Far be it from me to say or suggest, that a nobleman, like the Marquis of Westminster, puts his private mark upon an old and venerable town, founded by King Lud in Joshua's day, as a farmer would put his upon a sheep, by a dab of tar, or by cutting a peculiar slit in its ear. Away with such a vulgar imagination! He hangs upon its gateways and public buildings his coat of arms,

and a very gorgeous embellishment it is, which few medium-sized towns in England are ashamed to wear. A very unique and interesting custom, honored for a great number of years in its observance, not only made a kind of annual holiday and a Lord Mayor's Show, but illustrated one quality of the condition of a town thus located. The difficulty that besieged Old Sarum and brought it down from its high perch to the well-watered valley, also assailed Shaftesbury. The hill on which it was built was a solid structure of chalk to a depth never fathomed. To look for a spring of fresh water in it, would be like digging into an ash-heap for one. The people had many privileges of an elevated nature. They could see the sun rise earlier and set later every day by several minutes than the valley folk. They had air as cheap and free as ever breathed, and scenery of the widest horizon, wrought in beautiful pictures out to the very rim on every side. But one of the prime elements of human necessity was wanting. They had no water. This was brought on horses' backs for a long time from the distant parish of Gillingham. As a kind of annual thanksgiving that such a source of supply was accessible, "the mayor," says the chronicle of the custom, "proceeded to Enmore Green on the Monday before Holy Thursday, with a large fanciful

broom, or *byzant* as it was called, which he presented as an acknowledgement for the water to the steward of the manor, together with a calf's head, a pair of gloves, a gallon of ale, and two penny loaves of wheaten bread. This ceremony being concluded, the *byzant*, which was usually hung with jewels and other costly ornaments, was returned to the mayor and carried back to the town in procession." There! how few imaginations of modern ingenuity could extemporise a more interesting ceremonial than that for an annual holiday? What a softly-meshed haze of mysteries envelopes the real, inner meaning of all these tribute offerings, except the beer!

The town itself, speaking only of the part made by man, is quite interesting, and when you have withdrawn your eyes from the broad and magnificent surrounding of valley scenery, you may treat them to the sight of several monuments of early history of great note in their day. I should think no building ever erected in England could have commanded such a view and such admiration as the Abbey of Shaftesbury, when it was in its glory. It stood on the southern battlement or butment of the bluff, which was walled up on that side to a great height. An edifice as large as Westminster Abbey erected on such a site, must have been a wonder in the ecclesi-

astical architecture of that time. The massive wall that made the precipitous declivity secure still remains; but hardly one stone upon another may be found of the abbey building itself. Lately several excavations have been made in the area it covered, and many relics of it have been discovered. It is said to have been the most richly endowed religious house in England. It was the resort of pilgrims who flocked hither to the shrine of Edward the Martyr, and at one time had twelve churches according to some doubtful historical records, which always seem to have a leaning to exaggeration in describing the magnitude of ancient cities. It now numbers four churches, of which St. Peter's is the most ancient and interesting for its position and external ornamentation.

Monday, June 13th. Having spent the sabbath with a friend at Shaftesbury, I set my face southward towards Bridport. From one to eight p.m. I walked in this grand valley without reaching its southern wall. Stopped frequently on the way to talk with farmers and laborers, especially on the condition of the latter. There is an impression abroad that the farm servants in Dorset are reduced to the lowest stage of depression, receiving the smallest wages and living on the hardest fare. Several conversations with different parties this day led me to believe that this

impression comes from a misapprehension, or rather exclusion of one important element in the estimate. The laboring men in this county, as in Wiltshire, receive generally only eight shillings per week; but there is this very considerable difference.—Here every man with a family not only has a cottage and garden rent free, but frequently an additional patch of land for growing potatoes; and sometimes he is gratuitously supplied with the fuel he needs, in the wood grubbed up in removing or trimming hedges; and sometimes in coal itself. There is also a very general agreement that the farm-laborers shall have the small or imperfect wheat, called grysons, at five shillings a bushel, whatever the market price of good wheat may be. Thus, by these little perquisites and gratuities, their condition seems to be equalised with that of the same class in the northern counties of England. A singular custom prevails in Dorset, which illustrates the universal *penchant* for fun and frolic which produces so many holidays in this country. Candlemas, or the 14th of February, is set apart as a grand hiring-day. It is celebrated in Dorchester, and is the occasion of a regular jollification and rollicking carnival of the yellow-top boots and the smock frocks. Thither all who wish to hire or be hired resort. Even if a farmer wishes to re-hire all his old hands, and if

they prefer to take service under him another year, both parties must go to Dorchester to make the bargain, instead of doing it quietly at home. There master and servant meet on the same footing of freedom, fun and merriment; inaugurating a new term of service with mugs of ale of prodigous tally, and with all the jollilities of the public-house and squad-dances in the public street.

This great Blackmoor Vale is a celebrated dairy region, and is almost entirely devoted to the production of milk, butter and cheese. I saw from thirty to forty cows in one field several times in my afternoon's walk. The landlord of the little wayside inn where I found lodgings for the night, gave me much interesting information on the subject. A few years previous he had taken the whole management of a dairy of fifty cows, doing all the work with the help of his wife, two children and a young hired man. His little daughter, when only nine years of age, had often milked ten cows at one sitting. The fifty averaged each four pounds of butter a week, and about 150 pounds of skimmed cheese in the season. Another dairy of forty cows, feeding on upland pasture, had produced six pounds of butter a week. In estimating the production of a dairy, the farmers of this section do not make much account of the

breed, size or color of the cows, but look entirely to the quality and extent of their pasturage.

I spent a very pleasant evening with this simple, honest, kind-hearted and worthy family. They gave me an insight into the life and customs of these rural communities which was very interesting. The little daughter, who had performed such feats on the milking-stool, now, with all her eleven happy and hopeful years upon her, after instructing me in the minute details of butter and cheese-making, undertook the more difficult task of initiating me into the mysteries of a game she called, I think, *dominoes*, and which I never before essayed to explore. For a full hour long, she labored to overcome my ignorance of the play, correcting all my blunders and darkened understanding of the matter with a patience, a persevering sweetness of face and voice and kindliness of disposition which would make a model schoolmistress. At last she succeeded in beating into my head some faint notion of the first principles of the game, and she concluded her elaborate instructions with a look which seemed to say, "You were rather dull to begin with, but if I had you a week, I think I could make something of you."

In the meantime, there was a little side-play going on in the tap-room, which I overheard with rich

amusement. On relieving my pockets of a load of miscellaneous matters, I had taken out a small Hebrew psalter. This opened itself as I laid it down on the table, so that the little girl, standing near me, had noticed the strange-looking letters with an exclamation of wonder. So I let her take it to gratify her curiosity, and she had run to her father with it; to whom it was a greater wonder still. Later in the evening, while his daughter and myself were seated at the dominoes, he came in to ask for the strange book to show some neighbors and customers in the tap-room. A regular discussion ensued, which I partly overheard, as to what the book was, which was the beginning and which the end; which was the right side up of the letters, what they looked like, and other questions put and discussed in the richest Dorset dialect. If that unique conversation could have been taken down in short-hand, and given to Tennyson, with all its minute peculiarities of pronunciation, wording and accent, he could have made something of it as rich as the soliloquy of his "North-Country Farmer." On the whole, I have seldom spent a more enjoyable evening at any country inn than at this little wayside house in Blackmoor Vale.

Bidding my host and his family good-bye, and receiving their best wishes for a prosperous journey,

I resumed my staff, and walked on in a south-westerly direction. Made only seven miles this day, on account of the rain. Stopped for shelter at two or three little inns within this distance. One of these was peculiarly unique and interesting for its capacity of entertainment. It was an old, thatched, cottage building with a fire-place nearly ten feet wide at the back. And there was a regular, old-fashioned, wood fire on the hearth, made of hedge-trimmings. In each corner there was a seat, entirely within the jambs, and in front, a circular bench with a back to it reaching almost to the ceiling, called the *settle*, a good, old Saxon institution of old English homes that our New England forefathers used to speak of with fond remembrance in their traditions of the old country. Several small farmers and farm-laborers with the landlord formed the circle; and while the "raindrops from eves of reeds" fell fast outside, we had a long and pleasant talk about the leading interests and questions of that section of country. The landlord gave me a full and detailed account of a system or division of labor and capital which I had not heard of before. That is, the letting of dairies, which is quite common in this district. He himself hired a dairy of fifty-six cows, paying £11 5s., or $54, per head. The owner finds pasturage

for them in summer, housing and fodder for them in winter, and has all the manure they make. This is all. He does not supply a dairy-house, or tenements for the dairymen. What must be a wonder to a New England farmer, the feed of these milch cows through the winter is almost entirely *straw*. The dairyman has to attend them through the year. He has all the produce of the milk, and makes the most of it. The first item here is cheese, and the best quality of this is generally made of the night and morning milkings. The first is the largest, and is set for cream for full twelve hours, then skimmed and mixed with the new milk of the morning. Thus the largest part is laid under contribution to butter on its way to the cheese-tub. The best article produced in this celebrated section is the result of this half-and-half mixture. I have heard of none made of entirely new milk. Then there is a certain quantity of the genuine, old-fashioned, skimmed cheese, made of milk which has given up to the butter-churn every iota of cream in it, before it goes to the press. This is an article well known in New England, and is generally called in my own neighborhood *white-oak cheese*, owing to its solidity. Softer missiles have been fired with great effect from cannon, when iron

balls were exhausted. The third and last source of revenue is the feed which the sour milk and whey make for pigs. A man with fifty cows will raise and feed from sixty to a hundred pigs in the milking season. A gentleman in the same parish lets 110 cows in this way for about ten guineas, or fifty dollars, each. This certainly must be a profitable and easy source of revenue for a farmer. In this great valley I should think that every acre of pasturage would feed one cow through the season, and another would yield fodder, in grain or grass, sufficient to keep her well through the winter. Thus 250 of such acres would probably furnish sufficient rations for a dairy of 110 cows, provided the whole production were given to them. At a long lease, the occupant must pay for such land at least £1 per acre annual rent; making in all £250. All he has to do is to provide fodder enough of some sort to carry the cows through the winter; to grow, cut, cure and rick it for the dairyman, who feeds it out and takes the whole charge of the herd. For this hay and straw, for the pasturage, or virtually for the whole production of his farm, and for the annual rent of his 110 cows he receives £1,110; or $5,328. Then he has probably a hundred calves yearly, which will doubtless average £2 a head,

adding £200 to the income of his herd; making in all £1,310. Deduct £250 for rent of his farm, and £1,060 remain against the interest of the money invested in his cows and the cost of providing fodder for them in the winter. This shows a very large balance of profit. I have assumed the least land admissible for the feed of such a dairy, provided every spire of grass and grain were given to it. But as the owner or occupant feeds the herd with straw instead of hay, he must, of course, have more than 250 acres. He must put down to grain or roots a space which shall yield, in straw and turnips, an amount of fodder equal to 200 tons of good hay, which would be a prime crop for 150 acres of excellent meadow land. Thus, probably, a letter of a hundred cows will farm an estate of five or six hundred acres, with ample pasturage for such a herd, and land enough to furnish straw and roots to keep them well through the winter, and have three or four thousand bushels of wheat to sell in course of the year. Thus his dairy will only be one source of his revenue, and one branch of his business.

I have dwelt upon this subject thus minutely, as it shows strikingly the difference between English and American dairies in cost and production. I

believe that the annual product of the dairies in the Black River country, and in other cheese-making sections of New York State, is put down at the average of forty dollars, or eight guineas, for each cow. The owner performs all the labor involved in pasturing her in summer, foddering and attending her in winter, milking, making and marketing the cheese, &c. Besides, he cannot keep her on straw or roots, or both. He must at least have a ton of good hay to each cow, whatever quantity of straw, corn-stalks and turnips he may rick or house for winter. Thus the English dairy farmer gets ten guineas annual rent for each cow, while the American only gets eight, as the whole return from the pasture bars to the market; for feeding her summer and winter, for milking, for making the cheese, and carting it to the railway or to some distant town. Then, if he fattens her calf, allowing it all the milk she gives for five or six weeks, he gets only from twenty to twenty-five English shillings for it; while the English farmer sells his of the same age for three times that amount. There is a compensation for this difference however in the fact, that the American farmer owns the estate he occupies, and pastures, mows and cultivates land that does not, at the outside, pay or demand more than the interest

of £10 per acre. Whereas, the English farmer occupies a holding that would fetch any day from £60 to £100 an acre.

Thus far, in travelling up and down this country, and noticing the different and improved systems of agriculture, I have seen nothing which our American agriculturists could more profitably imitate than the great care given here to pasture lands. I have heard of many an acre lying near a large town, renting at from twenty-five to thirty dollars for the season. As a general thing, in well-farmed sections in England, the pastures are as fertile and productive as the meadows or mowing lands; indeed, they are both alternately, being fed this year and mowed the next. Now with us, especially in New England, it is a matter of great satisfaction and even pride with a farmer to cut two tons of hay to the acre on his choicest field. This quantity will keep a cow through the winter. To raise this amount, he top-dresses his meadow heavily, and bestows much extra labor upon it. It is a large yield, and his neighbors congratulate him upon it. But what is the net result, after all? Why, it fodders one cow from grass to grass, or from the middle of November to the middle of May. But he pastures her through the other months of the year on swamp, or stony upland,

which yields such poor, thin grazing that it takes three or four acres of it to feed her passably well. I am more and more persuaded that this is the greatest improvement that remains for us in New England to adopt. We can and do cut as much hay per acre on our best meadows as English mowing lands yield. But, on an average, we do not get more than one third of the feed per acre from ours that English pastures produce.

Wednesday, June 15th. I had a long walk this day over a wild, grand country to one with an eye for bold scenery. For twenty miles it was a succession of lofty, treeless hills, and deep, dark valleys, resembling the counties of Wyoming and Alleghany in New York, with exception of woods and forests. Through this section, I noticed the ill-construction and arrangement of the farm-houses. They need as much radical reformation as the oldest cottages of the poorest farm-laborers. In some cases, the barn-yard fronts the house broadside on, but more frequently flanks the door-yard with only a low hedge or wall between. I saw occasionally a long, low building thatched with damp and mouldy straw, one half of which was the dwelling of the family, the other, the stabling for cattle and horses. The landlady of the inn where I lodged the night preceding,

complained of this annoyance, saying that some of them were always ill from the odors of the cow-yard under their bed-room windows. Many of the best farm-houses are built on low ground, even when a desirable elevation, with good natural drainage, is just behind them. An American will be struck with this singular custom, even in reference to the best mansions of the gentry, especially of the olden school. They are often erected at the very foot of a rising ground, as if following the fashion of the old abbeys built in sequestered vales or on the banks of streams.

Reached Bridport about the middle of the afternoon. This is a very comfortable and good-looking town, planted near the sea on one side, and on the other walled with a semicircle of grand hills of remarkable aspect and construction. They look like Nature's *barrows*, in which she buried the skeletons of some small, experimental creations of her "'prentice hand" before Adam's day. They are to the mounds of Salisbury Plain what Gulliver was to the pigmies, the same in form, but enlarged mountainously; rounded up to a lofty height, each wearing a skull-cap of gorse. Two or three of the highest, about a mile west of the town, will pay the climbing though it may take an hour. From their summits you look off upon the blue plain of the sea, like a horizontal sky basking

in the sun, then inland upon a basin full of hills of wonderful diversity of shape and stature, with intervening valleys seemingly 200 feet below the level of the ocean. It was really a grand and beautiful scenery, both landward and seaward, which I hardly saw equalled on the Highland coast of Scotland. It was worth the long ascent to the top of one of these great cones called Colmers Hill, to see what Nature could do with the tints or shades, distilled from only two colors, blue and green. The first, with every *nuance* it could emit, was given to the sea; the other, to the verdure of the hill and valley, fields, hedges and trees. Such was the exquisite alternation and grouping of the tints that smile out of green upon the sun-lit landscape of June, that you hardly missed a shade in the scenery; you hardly noticed that Nature had painted it by dipping her pencil into only one color of the rainbow—that great semi-annular easel hung in the heavens for her artistry in the morning of creation. Nothing was ripening; nothing turning yellow, silvery or red. There were scarcely any daisies or buttercups, or even the vermin-footed charlock, or the cinque-foil or clover, white or red, in blossom to diversify the scene. From the sole to the crown of the high-rounded hills all was green, but of so many changing

shades of wheat, oats, barley, beans, lowland grass and upland grass, of hawthorn hedge, and fir plantation, and elm copse, and all these arranged in alterations varying at every furlong, that you did not miss any of the absent Pleiads of color from the scenery.

A word or two about Bridport itself before leaving it. It is noted now, but to especial distinction in earlier times, for the manufacture of hempen cord and twine of every size and use; for the necks of murderous criminals at Newgate and for raising cod and halibut on the coasts of Newfoundland. It has turned out a prodigious quantity of fishing-line for the anglers of both hemispheres. A large amount of sail-cloth is also made here. I went through an establishment that produced weekly 160 pieces of this article, each containing forty yards, or over 1,000 yards a day. The navy gets the best quality, which is made of pure flax and looks very dark and as hard as sheet iron. The sail cloth for merchant vessels is made of flax tow, and is nearly as white as cotton. I was surprised to learn that this heavy cloth was all woven by hand in the weaver's own cottage until within a few years. It was truly hard work, and a man could only turn off from his hand-loom three yards a day, whereas a small girl measures off ten yards now from her machine.

Went on to Charmouth, a long, tidy, white-faced village which is slowly climbing a very high hill by a single street. It is close to Lyme Regis, a sea-port which has played a pretty stirring part in English annals. But this small, one-story village also has made or witnessed much important and interesting history. In the everlasting wars between the Saxons and Danes, they fought two sanguinary battles here. Then, in a later century, Charles II. came within an ace of being caught here. It was arranged that he should escape to France from this point. He rode hither with a small company of trusty friends and waited at the inn for the arrival of the vessel at the beach. But it did not make its appearance; so he was obliged to pass the night in the village. His horse had cast a shoe, and it was taken to the blacksmith to be re-shod. The man of the forge, who seems to have had some of the traits of Longfellow's hero of the hammer, eyed the make of the remaining shoes, the heads of the nails, and their fitting to the hoof with something more than a professional curiosity. They aroused his suspicion. Something extraordinary was in the wind. They came from the north of England. He knew their mark. With the hoof of the overridden horse in his lap, he "linked fancy to fancy"

as he struck the nail-heads. That horse had run a race of life and death to the sea—to the sea facing France. He clinched that conclusion with every nail he drove through the shoe. And when the conclusion was firmly clinched in his mind, he revealed it to the hostler of the inn, who brought the horse to the smithy. The hostler was a man like the smith, full of thought and full of the stirring opinion and sentiment of the times, though there was no daily newspaper known to that day and generation. He was a Republican soldier with a touch of Cromwell in his will. He told the blacksmith's thought to the Puritan minister of the village, and he to the magistrate, who passed it to the captain of a band of troopers in the neighborhood; and they were in the saddle in a moment, and came swooping down the deep-cut road toward the village, They got into a divergent lane, and missed the direct way, so that the king just escaped by the skin of his teeth. That is something for a small village to tell of, and it is told as if it were no mean record in the annals of the country. The "King's Bedroom," which he occupied on that night of peril, is still pointed out in a small cottage house next to the chapel.

CHAPTER VI.

DEVONSHIRE SOIL AND SCENERY; HONITON AND ITS LACE-MAKERS; OTTERY CHURCH; BICTON AND ITS ARBORETUM; LADY ROLLE, HER TASTE AND ACHIEVMENTS; EXETER, ITS CATHEDRAL AND MEN OF MARK.

JUNE 16th. From Charmouth I diverged from the sea-coast and continued my walk in a north-westerly direction. A fog lay heavy and thick upon hill and valley, obscuring both, though allowing short and sudden glimpses of beautiful scenery by the way. Soon I crossed the boundary of Dorset into rich and picturesque Devonshire, the most remarkable county in England for several salient characteristics. Not the least of these is the circumstance of its having a northern, eastern, southern and western sea-coast, without being an island. Passed through Axminster, famous for giving an everlasting name to the carpets of royal palaces and mansions of nobility and gentry. The first specimen of this luxurious fabric was made here in 1755, by a Mr. Whitty, who received the medal of the Society

of Arts for his taste and skill in the production of an article which has come to such wide celebrity. It was manufactured here for eighty years, when, in 1835, the establishment was closed, and the business transferred to Wilton. Axminster is a little, sedate, but not sleepy town, though it looks like one pensioned off and living on the annuity of an ancient reputation. It is pleasantly situated on a rising ground overlooking the valley of the Axe, a quiet little river sauntering leisurely through a rich and meandering savannah, with its green vest well studded with butter-cup buttons.

About half way to Honiton I passed along the rim of a vale of wonderful beauty, presenting the peculiar characteristics of Devonshire in bold relief. And these are many and strikingly variegated. In the first place, the soil itself is a vivid peculiarity of the county. It might be called the *precipitate* of red sandstone held in solution by the Flood. Nothing could contrast more vividly with the soil and scenery of Wiltshire. There white fields, interspersed with crops red and green, were the striking feature. In Devon, fields as red as brick-dust, alternate with the green mosaic that covers hill and valley. When a strip of this soil is ploughed, harrowed, rolled and moistened by dew or rain, it

takes a deeper red, like varnished mahogany. Put a dozen strips of this background among fifty patches of wheat, oats, barley, beans and white clover, and you have a picture spread out before you which you will see nowhere else in England. Then in no other county do you see such unique figures in the great Axminster carpet of verdure. Euclid himself, with square and compass, could not parcel out such queer allotments. They baffle geometry altogether. It affords no measurements nor dimensions applicable to these odd morsels of land. In some sections you will not find a rectangular field in a mile; neither square, nor parallelogram, nor triangle, nor any shape belonging to circles or their segments. If the hedge had followed the path of a snake bewildered with excitement, it could hardly be more irregular. Now when you look off diagonally from the rim of one of these grand, green amphitheatres, you see a mosaic work of extraordinary variety and vividness. The valley you look down upon, as you descend into Honiton from the north, is one of the most beautiful in England. Right in the centre of it apparently arises *Dumpdon*, a remarkable hill panelled to the crown with these infinitely-varied patches of verdure and red soil. The name seems to suggest a *down* "dumped" bolt upright in the middle of the great valley.

I had diverged a dozen miles from my direct course to see Honiton, where the fine and costly lace which bears its name is manufactured. It is a pleasant and comfortable town, mostly built on one long street. A note of introduction admitted me to the oldest and largest lace establishment, which has supplied royalty, nobility, gentry and the rich and fashionable world generally with these fine white blossoms of the needle for half a century. It is indeed an exquisite fabric, perhaps the finest ever wrought for the adornment of human grace and beauty. Queens have worn it with pride at the bridal altar, and on the coronation days of their grandeur and glory. Still, it is the handiwork of "fingers weary and worn," of women hungry, lean and thinly clad; of women working on the clay floors of low, damp cottages, whose coarse, patched garments show their poverty all the more vividly against the slowly-wrought tissues of the beautiful fabric they bend over from day to day. How little do the brides of princes and nobles and the *prima donnas* of fashion and luxury think of the domestic history of the delicate foliage and vine-work of their flounces, mantelets, collars, cuffs and caps!

To begin with, the thread is a marvel for fineness and strength. The finest costs about £4 or nearly

$20 a pound; the next quality, £3. The lace flounces of Queen Victoria cost about £40, measuring about eight yards. A flounce of six-and-a-half yards had just been completed for a titled lady at the cost of £20. The venerable proprietress of the establishment showed me a great number of specimens of the art in different articles, all wrought with the greatest delicacy of design and execution. As some of my fair American readers, who appreciate as highly as any other ladies in the world "loves" of lace veils and caps, may be curious to know the prices of such articles at the factory, before they are loaded with duties, the following rates may give them a little information:—

	£	s.	d.		$	c.
A Vandyke,	4	5	0	=	20	40
A Veil,	2	5	0	„	10	80
A Pair of Sleeves,	1	7	0	„	6	48
A Collar,	0	10	6	„	2	52

I do not give the factory prices of these articles to stir up any discontent in the minds of American ladies at the difference they have to pay for the elegancies at Stewart's or Lord's. If the profits and duties charged upon them bring them up to nearly double the figures given here, the additional cost, doubtless, enhances their intrinsic value in the estimation of the fair purchasers.

I wished much to see how this delicate fabric was wrought, and by what kind of fingers and in what kind of houses. So the proprietress of the warehouse sent one of her assistants with me to a small cottage on a back street, where three women were at work on a floor of cement spread upon the natural earth. It was a small apartment, hardly high enough for a man to stand upright with his hat on, which he never ought to do in such a presence. I felt impelled to lower mine with unusual reverence at the sight. Two of the women, the occupants of the cottage, were sisters between sixty and seventy years of age. The third was a neighbor who had dropped in with her working pillow, and was plying her needle with her bonnet on; just as is in the olden time neighbors in New England would make a morning call, taking their spinning-wheels with them. I sat down on a stool and had a long talk with them on their art and occupation. The eldest of the sisters wore spectacles and a long, still, solemn face, which seldom took on the sunshine of a smile in the course of the conversation. She had worked on lace for more than fifty years. She had wrought on the wedding-dresses of three generations of queens,—Adelaide, Victoria and Alice. She worked the royal arms, with the lion and the unicorn and the motto, put up before

the window of the sales' depôt—an exquisite specimen of taste and art. The business was now very much depressed. She could hardly earn *a penny an hour*. Many of the young women had been obliged to abandon it altogether, and seek service as common house servants, scrubbing floors, and handling pots and kettles with fingers that had worked white tissues of flowers and foliage which queens were proud to wear on their coronation days. She had heard of some of the causes that made the trade so low; but she had understood them dimly. She did not read the newspapers; but she had heard of the war in America. They had told her it was something about *exchange* that hindered the sale of lace. Poor woman! I looked into her still and solemn face, at her worn, lean fingers, as she spoke of these things in such a subdued and unmurmuring tone. She little knew the long-reaching and ruinous sweep of war, the infinite ramification of its destructive issues. She had not vigor of mental vision to see, though she felt it to the core of her hungry wants, how the invisible sirocco of war blows with unbated breath over the widest oceans and continents, and blights the humble industries of the poor in distant lands.

The process of lace-working is exceedingly interesting, requiring the nicest judgment of the eye and

a finger-skill of the greatest felicity. Although it is wrought in clay-floored cottages, and in the one room that serves as parlor, kitchen, cellar and sometimes sleeping apartment, the lace, worked in the most elaborate and varied patterns, is delivered at the sale-room as pure and unsullied as the thread at its giving out. It is wrought on round, plump cushions or pillows, and as fast as the figure progresses, it is covered with a thin belt, or veil of oiled silk, so that only a very narrow slip or space is exposed at one time to any subtile dust, or accidental touch of the finger. Of course, the Honiton lace is all wrought by hand, and has to compete with a very elegant article made by machinery in Nottingham, and other towns that manufacture it in vast quantities for the markets of the world. In face of such almost overpowering competition, this slowly-worked fabric of the fingers struggles to hold its own. It still "rules" as the most perfect and durable, as well as the most elegant embroidery of bridal dresses of princesses and ladies of high nobility and fashion. It is a pity, when they are so proud to wear it, that the *artistes* who clothe them with such flower-work should be so poorly paid. Somehow or other, this inequality between the wearer and the maker is the widest and worst in articles

of luxury. Diamond-diggers and pearl-divers and ermine-hunters have always had a harder time of it than even the Honiton lace-workers. The blunt-fingered men who follow the plough and wield the sickle fare better.

After a long talk with the lace workers, I left them with a little more sunny expression on their faces than they showed at the beginning. Whether a shilling an hour dropped into their hands for the information they gave me, or the words of cheer I dropped into their ears at parting, or both together, produced the change, it was doubtless as pleasant to one party as the other.

I now faced directly southward, and walked down a beautiful valley to Ottery St. Mary, a most unique and acute-angular town. Indeed, the streets make a very maze of angles, if that term may be applied to any other lines than circles. Here is one of the most beautified churches in the kingdom, internally. It is really a *bijou* of a cathedral, worth a long journey to see. Still it is better to see it without expectation; to come upon it accidentally, as I did, without knowing before-hand of such an edifice in an out-of-the-way village like Ottery. The interior embellishment is as full an illustration of what modern taste, art and wealth can effect, as anything you will find in England

outside the Temple Church in London. It has a long and interesting history, including a century or two when it was the *appanage* of the hierarchy of Normandy, and belonged to the Church of Rouen. Oliver, the Cathedral-bruiser, smote its monumental statuary and interior sculpture with some bad blows in his day, and it has run the gauntlet of five hundred years of peril and difficulty. But it has come up out of the ashes of its former self, a very phœnix of broad and beautiful plumage. In this quiet, antique little town the poet Coleridge was born; and thanks to the spirit of his verse, as well as to the large means and munificence of the Coleridge family, the church in which he was baptised has been renovated and embellished to such admiration.

Friday, June 17th. Went on to Bicton, the celebrated residence of Lady Rolle. This lady is a remarkable woman, without equal or like in England, in one vigorous, well-developed individuality of will and genius. She is a female rival of Alexander the Great. If Virgil had lived in her day, he might have been tempted to substitute "Arbores dominamque cano" for his famous introductory line, "Arma virumque cano." The world that the Grecian conqueror subjugated was a small affair in space compared with the two hemispheres which this English lady has

taken by the hair of the head and bound to her chair of state. It seems to have been her ambition for nearly half a century to do what was never done before by man or woman, in filling her great park and gardens with a collection of trees and shrubs that should be to them what the British Museum is to the relics of antiquity and the literature of all ages. And whoever has travelled in different countries and climates and visits her *arboretum*, will admit that she has realised that ambition to the full. Let the most scientific and enthusiastic of American arboriculturists travel from the Rio Grande to the St. Lawrence, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific sea-board, and he will find here at Bicton more varieties of American trees and shrubs than he named and noted on the Western Continent. When he has seen the pines of California, of the Rocky Mountains, of Michigan, Canada and Maine, and heard the solemn sough and murmur of their branches in the forest breeze, he will indulge the self-complacent sentiment that no one can tell or show him anything new in the race of *conifers*. He may boast that he has seen twenty, perhaps even fifty kinds of that tree in his explorations. Let such a man visit Bicton and run down its tree-roll and read its record after this rate:—

Pine	*Two hundred varieties.*
Oak	Two hundred nearly.
Willow	Three hundred.
Elm	One hundred and twenty.
Ash	Sixty
Poplar	Thirty
Maple	Twenty
Hickory	Fifteen
Thorn	One hundred and sixty
Bramble	Forty-six
Holly	Twenty-six

The whole number of varieties of trees and shrubs in this wonderful collection is nearly *three thousand.* Now take any one country or continent, and select a specimen of every distinct variety of tree and shrub to be found within its area, and then place the whole side by side with the Bicton *arboretum*, and the disparity will indicate the unparalleled assiduity, effort, taste, genius and pecuniary means brought to bear upon this British Museum of nearly every wooded trunk, branch and bush that fans its foliage in the breath of heaven. To make climates, and soils and genial surroundings for these productions of all the zones, so that they shall be at home and thrive as in their native lands, requires an insight into their habits and wants, and a genius to cater to them, which must rank with the inspiration of the artist as well as the science of the savant. This genius, science, and devotion in the gardener of Lady Rolle,

Mr. James Barnes, work out her taste, mind and will to their best conceptions and conclusions. He gave me a most cordial reception, and took me through all the glass-roofed conservatories, and plant and flower houses, then over the park grounds, and showed me all the striking features of the establishment.

The park is very extensive, most pleasantly undulated and presenting the happiest variety of surface for picturesque embellishments and views. It is well studded with fine old English oak, beech, elm, chestnut, sycamore and thorn. One striking feature is a long avenue of *auricaria imbricata*, to use the ugly Latin name given to a South American pine, which would lose all its comeliness and value if it were as common as white birch with us. Here it is esteemed among the rarest of the pine tribe, so that an avenue lined with it for a long distance is a sight peculiar to Bicton. It is a very porcupine among trees; the trunk and branches being tiled with ear-shaped scales, pushing out their outer ends, as a hen ruffles her feathers, and looking very rough and shabby. There is an artificial lake with its blue bosom brooched with islets studded with trees and shrubbery, which flower and breath and blush at their faces in the water. Aquatic birds of every form and plumage

swim about on their shadows, mingling these with the reflections of the blossoms drooping to the silvery mirror from overhead. This lake is not a wide and shallow pool, but deep enough to float the Great Eastern at the lower end, if it does not draw more than 40 feet without its ballast. There is another pond forty feet above the level of this lake, beautifully formed and ornamented, and mirroring another group of interesting features. Of these, nothing I ever saw in the same department of art and ingenuity equals a Swiss cottage, designed and made by a rustic, unlettered artist among the common laborers employed at the establishment. I doubt if anything of the kind ever produced in Switzerland could approach this unique specimen of architecture. It is an infinitessimal cathedral in shape, wrought in the most graceful gothic, out of trunks, branches and leaf-stems of young trees of every species known to this country. The rural architect embroidered and painted the interior and external walls of the little edifice with these little split segments of green wood with the bark on them, with a delicacy of design and execution truly wonderful. If the small bits had been globules of various colors on an artist's easel, and he had taken them up with an artist's pencil, he could have hardly painted more pleasant and

perfect pictures, inside and out. What is very remarkable, he could not read nor write his own name. He signed the receipt, on being paid for his work, with a cross as his mark. Yet, among other pictures he embroidered with barked bits of wood, were the arms of the Rolles family, with the usual show of wild animals and scrolls and allegories and hieroglyphics that characterise a Norman heraldry. The most delicate lines and tints were drawn by the artist with the ligneous colors on the point of his penknife. Then, unlettered as he was, and unable to write his own name, he wrote on the scroll of the arms, in beautifully-formed letters, the motto of the family—NEC POPULO, NEC REGI, SED UTROQUE—a most excellent motto, by the way, the best I ever saw interpreting devices of British heraldry: "Not for People, not for King, but for both." The flooring of this miniature palace was more unique and extraordinary still. To say that the apartments were paved with ivory would not come up to the actual fact, in the eccentricity of the achievment. The whole space is paved with the knee-bones of sheep, with the half joints uppermost, making a delicately-sculptured surface of great beauty. They are fitted together so compactly that 400 of them only make a square foot. Now as there are 190 square feet

of flooring to the cottage, it required 76,000 sheep-shanks to pave it with these fluted and scrolled joints of ovine ivory.

North of the park is a great pine plantation, with carriage drives diverging in different directions, and lined and overarched with foliage and flowers that were never seen in England when Thomson wrote his "Seasons." I mean the aerial blossoms and the leaves of glistening green which the American rhododendron gives to the shrubberies of this country. I doubt if Thomson ever saw this garden queen of beauty, or dreamed of such tinting as suffuses the cheek of its summer glory. *Nine miles* of this Juno-shrub among flowering plants line the drives through this great plantation; and, when in bloom, they both perfume and illumine the quiet pathways among the tall pines, whose protecting shade and shield prolong the blossoming, holding out their broad palms against the unfriendly winds.

Bicton House is almost as distinguished for its *aviary* as for its *arboretum*. Birds of every imaginable feather and family are housed here in kingly and queenly state, and watched and tended with the greatest care. A drawing-room orangery, designed entirely by Lady Rolle herself, is the most characteristic feature of the mansion. It is far more grace-

ful and picturesque than the one at Chatsworth. The trees do not stand in tubs or pots, but in squares of soil, enclosed with marble slabs, and divided by aisles beautifully paved with mosaic work. On festive occasions, this parlor orange-grove is hung with colored lamps at night, which light up the scenery with a glory all its own, making the yellow and luscious fruit look like "apples of gold in pictures of silver."

Having taken me over the grounds and showed me the most interesting features of Bicton, Mr. Barnes set me on the road to Exeter, and I continued my walk toward that city, well pleased with my short visit at an establishment well worth a long journey to see. I think it must be but little known, even by reputation, to American travellers, as I know of none of them who have alluded to it in their descriptions of English localities and sceneries. For many miles, my way passed over one of those wide, cold, waste lands which occupy, in their aggregate, such remarkable spaces of this otherwise highly-cultivated country. It is called *Blackheath Hill*, and its abandoned barren looks all the more poverty-stricken and desolate from its fertile and picturesque surroundings. But then these surroundings are brought out in more vivid grace and beauty to the eye by the contrast. Indeed, these heaths and waste places in England

seem to stand as way-marks by which to measure the improvements which centuries of art, industry and wealth have made upon all the rest of the country.

Exeter, taking it all in all—location, scenery and history—is hardly surpassed by any city in England. In all these attributes or accidents it is unique and very interesting. In age it is quite venerable. The first centuries of its townhood, like the narrow upper waters of a river hidden among the blue-vested hills pillowing the sky at the extremest limit of vision, mellow off under the horizon of the past and lose themselves and their records among obscure and fanciful legends and traditions which counterfeit history. The very name, which is but moderately long, comes down to us with the sediment of half a dozen languages sticking to its letters and syllables, showing the impress of as many races upon it. It is situated at the head of navigation on a pleasant little river now called the *Exe*, at the end of many modifications. This evidently comes out of the Celtic word *Isc*, or the Gaelic *Uisge*, meaning *water*. Thus the aboriginal Britons called the town *Caer Isc*, the "city on the river." The Romans came and gave the British name a twist in the Latin direction, and called it *Isca Dannoniorum*, thus retaining the Celtic word

for the river almost intact. Next came the Saxons and added a little in their peculiar way, after building a fort or castle, and called it *Exanceaster*, or fortified town on the Exe. The Danes changed it but little; and soon after the Norman Conquest, it assumed its present appellation; following pretty much the same course of mutation as Manchester, Lancaster, Doncaster, &c.

The city is very picturesquely situated on a hill surrounded by hills, presenting a very interesting aspect on the river side. It is in the way of churches what Oxford is in the show of colleges and temples of learning. Indeed the ecclesiastical features not only predominate over all other aspects when seen from a distance, but when you walk the streets in different directions. A churchy atmosphere pervades its busiest walks with a quieting influence, and you feel that you are moving in the midst of a conservative and sedate community, living pensively but not sleepily under the shadow of a sober and most respectable antiquity. The city contains twenty-one parish, or, what we should call in America, episcopal, churches, besides many other places of worship belonging to different denominations bearing the name of chapels in this country. In the midst of this large sisterhood of Sions arises the beautiful old cathedral with its

two massive towers, and all the statuary of its mutilated saints niched in its outer walls. It is truly a noble monument of the stone age of art and architecture; of that age of enthusiastic religious sentiment that produced the Crusades and other splendid fanaticisms, that read like the romance of human history. It is not one of the first class of English cathedrals in size, but in many exquisite touches of beauty, it rivals the best of them. The gracefulness of its roofage, the delicacy of its carved work in wood and stone, the sculptured records of by-gone ages, the histories it holds in the marble type and monuments centuries old, all inspire one with a kind of reverential admiration on walking down the lofty aisles. The most striking characteristic of the edifice is the conversion of the two massive towers that stand precisely opposite each other, with the main body of the cathedral between them, into transepts. The inner walls of each, to half its height from the ground, was removed some five centuries ago, and the whole "hollow square" of the tower was let into the nave as a part of its space. It must have been an extraordinary feat of skill and labor at that day, to cut away the whole side of a lofty, massive tower, half way to the top, and then arch the superincumbent wall so strongly that it has not deflected

an inch for several hundred years. The great bell in the north tower is also a wonder, considering the age in which it was made. Before America was discovered, it was brought from Llandaff, in Wales, and mounted in this massive and lofty belfry. It is said to weigh 12,500 lbs., measuring from lip to lip over six feet. It is never swung on its axis, the hours being struck on it by a—

* * * * Heavy sledge,
With measured beats and slow.

The old clock, too, is a curiosity, made before Galileo's telescope, under the old astronomical regime, which made the earth the fixed centre of the universe and the sun and planets its satellites. The old arrangement of that system is illustrated and preserved for coming ages of science on the dial plate or disk of this clock. The relationships and companionships of the heavenly bodies are placed on the same footing as they appeared to Adam, Noah, Solomon, all the prophets and the Popes up to the sixteenth century. The earth is the all in all of the system as well as the centre, and the sun and moon are made to walk around it, one with its blazing torch by day, the other with its one glass-faced lantern by night, as if nothing in the wide universe needed or received light but its own great solitary self.

There is one circumstance attaching to the latest history of this venerable edifice which must give it a special interest to all who visit it on the Sabbath. It is no longer, what most of the cathedrals of England have been for two or three centuries, a grand exhibition building for the show of lofty Gothic arches, painted windows, carved canopies, and sculptured monuments of the great celebrities of by-gone ages. It is the first English cathedral, so far as I know, restored to its primitive use as a place of popular worship. Up to within a very late date, the religious services performed in these grand buildings have been confined to the choir—the small, inner sanctum, fitted up with a few rows of carved stalls and common seats facing each other, and which will admit but a small company besides the clergy and men and boys in white surplices. Thus, generally, up to within a year or two, these vast buildings had not had half the congregations on the Sabbath that have assembled in the common parish churches in the same city. But the ecclesiastical authorities of Exeter cathedral have changed all this. The great nave has been matted and chaired from one end to the other, a reading desk, pulpit and singers' seat erected; and, what is more, every foot of the immense space is filled on the Sabbath by a worshipping congregation. It is an impressive spec-

tacle as well as service which I have twice witnessed and enjoyed. Here, twice on Sunday, a sea of serious faces, of every age and aspect, overspreads the pillared area. The voice of prayer, and hymns winged with the devout suspiration of human lips, soar up into the lofty arches, and the great organ thrills the groined and graven roofage, and the very statuary and monuments of the illustrious dead interspersed with the living congregation, with sympathetic vibrations of the holy melody. I understood that the chancellor of the cathedral did this great work at his own expense, and from the motion of his good-will. I hope it is true, and believe it so; and that others of like means and like heart will go and do likewise, until every cathedral in England shall present a like spectacle and perform a like service on the Sabbath. The Established Church could not do a better thing to begin with, than to *peopleise* these magnificent edifices committed to its trust. I cannot say *popularise*, because a kind of flashy significance attaches to that word. I mean, to open their widest doors and their widest spaces to the people, that they may sit on the freest seats, and listen gladly to the freest gospel, and to the most glorious earthly music of Christian faith on the Sabbath without money and without price. There are a great

stir and pressure in London and other large towns in favor of opening the British Museum, the National Gallery, and other public institutions on Sunday, and an equal stir against such a dangerous innovation. Let the Church open St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey as widely and freely as it has done Exeter Cathedral, and it may turn this current of the popular mind Zionward. Mat and seat the rotunda of St. Paul's, and the nave of Westminster, to every foot of their magnificent roomage; pulpit at the central column of the great buildings such men as her preaching-rolls may supply; let her grandest anthems swell forth with ascending sweep until the remotest and coldest column and arch shall palpitate to the pulse of the music, and few would be found to knock at the door of the British Museum in holy hours. The people should be made to feel that they have a vested interest in these great edifices—the heirlooms of past ages. No more of the like will probably ever be built on earth. The age is gone forever that could produce them. But the age is here and now that will preserve what remains with religious watch and ward. No Charles Martel nor Oliver Martel will ever arise again to lift the sledge-hammer of vindictive zeal against their sculptured frontals or marble statuary. It is interesting to notice the

widening sentiment, not only of admiration but ownership manifested in them by persons of all denominations in England, even by those most opposed to the Established Church. The people have, as it were, graven over their arched doorways, *Proprieté Nationale*, a property held in trust for the whole nation. I doubt if you would find a Plymouth Brother or a Primitive Methodist of the severest views, who would like to see one of these cathedrals go down to ruin. Nothing would so warm and expand this feeling as opening every one of them for public worship to its largest capacity. Few are the churches and chapels that can give free seats to the poor of the people. In many of them the poor are not expected to come in perceptible number or distinction. Nay, more, it is to be feared that in many cases their presence would be repugnant if it broke up the high level and even aspect of respectability in the aggregate attendance. But the Cathedral might and should be made a glorious free church for the poor. The revenues that reared the structure in centuries past, and that renovate its youth from age to age, and pay all the preaching men and singing men that fill it with their Sabbath voices, come mostly from lands that the labor of poor men through generations gone has made thus productive. It is meet that

poor men should congregate beneath their high-spanning and gilded arches and feel that they are half-way houses on the poor man's road to heaven, where he can weekly get gratuitously new grace and guidance for the rest of the journey.

Exeter has produced her share of distinguished men in church and state, but never of either class more eminent and marked than those still living in or near the city. It never had a bishop of higher intellectual stature than "Henry of Exeter," nor a commoner of more extensive learning, versatile genius and talent than Dr. Bowring, whose poetical and other literary productions have had their place in American school-books for a third of a century. Nor does the city lack philanthropists of the first spirit of benevolence. Their names stand in the highest places in her birth-roll, and they are the names of living men. Perhaps no community ever showed a higher appreciation of such qualities of heart and life. One testimonial of this regard is very striking. I never saw or heard the like. Great warriors frequently are honored with statues while living, but men leading only quiet lives, of evenly-shining goodness, generally lie in their graves many a year before marble monuments are erected to their memory. But on the picturesque *boulevard*, or beautifully-shaded promenade called the

Northernhay, running around the foot of the old castle, there stands a most benign and life-like man in marble, looking at you with a light and glow of good feeling which seem to warm the very stone with a pulse of breathing being. I never saw eyes before inspired with such vivid and pleasant speculation by the sculptor's chisel; nor so much speaking soul, so much kindly-moving heart shining out of a marble face. The form and *pose* and dress are equally expressive and happy. The cloven foot of classical paganism protrudes no incongruous point to the eye from sole to foot. The very costume of the statue is the dress of a living man, living to-day and living near Exeter, and hundreds of the city would know whom the statue meant by that dress, if they did not see the face. It means good Sir Thomas Acland, and the chisel of Stevens, a native of Exeter, gave it this significance. And this is the public motive of the monument. This expresses what the people think of the good baronet now, while he himself is still thinking of them in their midst and busy with good works for their benefit. The words are written deep and large in the brow of the pedestal:—

> Erected as a tribute of affectionate respect for private worth and public integrity, and in testimony of admiration for the generous heart and open hand which have been ever ready to protect the weak, to relieve the needy, and to succour the oppressed, of whatever party, race, or creed.

CHAPTER VII.

A WEEK-DAY HOUR IN EXETER CATHEDRAL—VEITCH'S NURSERY—DAWLISH AND ITS SCENERY—A SABBATH PICTURE—TEIGNMOUTH; NEWTON ABBOT, AND ASHBURTON—THE AMERICAN FLAG UNFURLED ACROSS THE STREET—WALK OVER DARTMOOR AND THOUGHTS BY THE WAY—TAVISTOCK; NORTH MILTON, AND BRENTOR—DUKE OF BEDFORD'S MODEL FARM.

ON my way out of the city southward, I entered once more the open door of the old cathedral, and, laying down my travelling bag at the foot of the first column, went forward to the screen of the choir and listened to the morning service performed daily. There is something indescribably interesting in the blending of human voices in prayer and hymn in the inner heart of a cathedral when the worshippers are all shut in from sight. You see no human lips moving with these sounds. They flood up heavenward in melting harmonies among the thickly-studded pillars, and flow in and out among the lofty arches, niches and alcoves; and it all seems the spontaneous music of the building itself, singing its own morning psalm of "Glory to

God in the highest—on earth, peace, goodwill to men!" Then anon the great organ, as if moved by the unexhausted thrill of the last Sabbath's pulse, speaks out its *Te Deum* to "the young-eyed cherubim," that seem to listen on the staying beat of tireless wings against the loftiest painted window, as if the songs of paradise were not perfect without the music of human lips, and they had come down to hear it in Heaven's New Jerusalem on earth. These be vagaries of fancy, doubtless; but I love at such times and places to give them play and let them run on to the farthest end of their will and way. The strongest pinions of faith are feathered with fancies, and they beat against the headwinds and tempests of trial and doubt not less steadily and stoutly for such aerial plumage.

A little way out of the city is Veitch's Nursery, a famous establishment, one of the oldest and most successful in England. Here I spent an hour very pleasantly, being shown over the grounds by one of the managers, who was very affable and ready to answer all kinds of questions in reference to the art of tree-culture. No enterprise nor occupation seems to keep more even pace with the times than this. As soon as a hitherto-sealed region of the globe is opened wide enough for a civilised man

to get into it, the tree-hunter is sent to penetrate its forests and thickets in search of anything new or odd that has root and leaf, whether it be palm, pine or bramble. The proprietors of this nursery keep such tree-hunters in Chili and Japan, and in nearly all the countries that lie between. While these are seeking and sending them such distant and diverse exotics, they themselves at home are making genial climates and soils in their conservatories and gardens for the strange trees, shrubs and plants. As specimens of the lineage and variety of these, two foreign families may be noticed. Two of the largest and oldest California pines to be found in England are growing most thriftily in these gardens. They were planted eight years ago. They were then two feet high; they now measure twenty-five. At this rate, next century England may show trees overtopping by fifty feet any ever grown on the island before. By the way, the English arboriculturists have made our California pine the hero as well as monarch of the forest, giving it the first name in their nomenclature of martial glory. They have called it *Wellingtonia Gigantica.* This may be a playful infringement of the "Munroe Doctrine," if it is not an anachronism. They must be looked to a little in this matter by our patriotic American

botanists. They are getting into the habit of writing British names on the bark and leaves of American trees and plants. See what they did to the grandest water-lily ever grown on the American continent. They gave it a royal christening in botanical Latin, and called it *Victoria Regina!* And they made no mention of the godmother of the flower at this christening—not even writing the initials of her name in a corner of one of the white flounces of the flower, or even a private mark on the broad, green coverlet of its cradle, to hint that it first saw the light of life under an American sun. There is no telling how far they may carry this propensity. Next they may transplant and acclimatise our shag-bark Walnut and give it a Latin name, signifying *The Prince of Wales' Own*, or they may Anglicise our Sugar Maple and christen it, with its own sweet fluid, *Alexandra Melliflua.*

Among the numerous families of foreign plants, the Cape of Good Hope was represented by three hundred varieties of heather common to that end of Africa. They presented a truly gorgeous show, all in full blossom, in every concievable tint and form of flower, though trumpet-shape predominated. Some of them were covered with a blossom that seemed newly vanished, so that it would stick to

the fingers when touched. There was a specimen of the *auricaria imbricata* of great size and reputed beauty. It was nearly a foot in diameter at the butt, with a spread, taper and top to its branches as symmetrical as the most enthusiastic connoisseur could desire. It has been considered such a peerless specimen of this scaly tribe of conifers, that a hundred guineas have been offered for it as it stands; the purchaser running all the risk of its transplantation. Such a price shows the value attached to rare exotics by the tree-fanciers in this country.

Continued my walk down the Exe, and crossed it by the Countess' Weir Bridge, built originally, according to tradition, not for accommodation but for vindictive obstruction. As the story goes, a fair, fiery Countess of Devon, many centuries ago, fell into an angry mood towards the people of Exeter, and to pay them off for some real or imagined affront, had the trees on her estate near the river cut down and thrown into it, so as to dam up the channel completely against the ascent of vessels from the sea to the city. One of her successors sought to utilise this act of her revenge to the benefit of his house, by building a quay, and opening up a commercial port and town at Topsham, in order to monopolise the trade that previously went up to

Exeter. After a long and arduous campaign at the law, the people of the city obtained permission to construct a ship canal to Topsham, and once more had free communication with the sea, after having been barricaded from it for the space of more than two hundred years. This canal, having been enlarged several times, is now about five miles in length, fifteen feet in depth, and thirty feet in width, affording space for two vessels of considerable size to pass each other. On the west side of the river I passed through Exminster and Starcross, pleasant little towns that look out with sunny faces upon the bay. Passed the Earl of Devon's seat, a grand old establishment with towers and turrets, showing nobly in a large, undulating park full of oaks descending to the very rim of the sea. Reached Dawlish early in the evening, and, for the third time, became the guest of a friend in that interesting town over the Sabbath.

Sabbath scenes in rural English villages have employed many a pencil and supplied many a picture as familiar as household words in America. The parish church, so unique and olden, with its gray walls peeping out in patchwork through the meshes of the green ivy; the converging walks through the church-yard, lined with white monuments, and walled

on either side by turfed graves of the dead, the processions of young and old, rich and poor, in every variety of dress, moving from different directions towards the gate of the little, sequestered Zion—all this has been painted, and said, and sung so often that it has become almost a hackneyed subject, which it would be somewhat pretentious in a tourist to touch with his pen. I am not going to make any elaborate essay in this direction now, but merely to say, that, taking every circumstance and aspect into account, the best original of this Sabbath picture that I have yet seen, may be found in Dawlish. It possesses all the elements that an artist could wish for such a piece, and all that is necessary to realise the beau ideal of an amateur when painted. The village is just large enough to be rural, cosy and romantic. It lies in the bosom of a beautiful valley meandering far back among the green and glorious hills of Devonshire in one direction. In the other, its high, red walls expand in a circular sweep and embrace a sea-view which can hardly be matched on the English coasts. The railroad crosses the mouth of this valley close to the water's edge, on a sea-wall of great strength, built to stand the beating of the billows when the ocean roars and rushes upon the land under the lash of the winds. Gigantic

bastions of red sand-stone, gnawed into all shapes by the biting storms of centuries, stand with their worn feet in the sea on either side. Through these the locomotive engine, with its long, twisting train, thunders and disappears through the aperture in the opposite wall which looks like the mouth of a mere burrow. A bright, broad, shallow stream comes down laughing and chattering and chirping over the white pebbles to the sea, right through the middle of this valley, which widens out into a level green or common at its debouchement. The village is built on each side of this brook-threaded common, ascending in parallel streets the high hills that wall it in on the north and south. Narrow roads and winding lanes run up the hills at uneven intervals, crossing these parallel streets. Both are frequently cut deep into the red sandstone. At some of the intersections the walls at the four corners are from ten to fifteen feet in height. It is not really stone when you come to examine it, though it looks at first strong enough to be quarried for door-posts. It is a kind of Devonshire *cobble*, like that of which the people build their barn and cottage walls. It is a composition of coarse sand and small pebbles stuck together by some clayey element which makes a conglomeration looking like red freestone of a coarse grain. But

it is still so porous that trees and shrubs can penetrate it with their roots, and grow to a full stature over it, with but a slight covering of soil. Thus all these high-walled lanes are crested with sweet-breathing hedges and over-arched with trees that let in the sun and sky in mellowed light through their leaf-thatched roofage. The old parish church is the very beau ideal of the familiar picture in itself and all its surroundings. It stands a good way up the valley with its gray tower half hidden among the branches of the great elms and oaks, that seem to be walking in sober and stately files to the house of God side by side with the human congregation. Through the white churchyard, studded with monuments of a dozen dead generations, the various pathways converge to the arched gate of the earthly Zion. There is a clear, deep, bubbling stream of water running on its way to a mill near by, but a few steps from the sanctuary, and this is crossed by a little foot-bridge opening into the churchyard through a stile. By night and day, through all the seasons of many a century, that stream has bubbled with the pulses of its laughing life along by the still graves of a thousand sleepers, some of whom went down to dust ere Columbus was born. What streams of human life lie congealed in that God's acre, while this flows

by its sacred dust through meadows brooched with golden daisy-stars rimmed with silver, and sung over all day long by happy larks and pattered and laughed over by happy children! And now, high up in the old tower, the bells with silver tongues break the sunny silence of the valley. Down, down to the sea and over its blue disk many a mile, pours the widening flood of their Sabbath voices. Up it ascends to the highest tree-tops on the lofty hills on either side, and into the blue skies above them all. Tide on tide, surge on surge, the thrilling, palpitating inundation overspreads and fills the green world around, running up and down the deep, steep lanes in rivulets of joyful music, and touching the primrose and the hawthorn's white blossom on either side, and the uppermost leaves on the tree-tops overhead with a sympathetic tremor of the general gladness of the Sabbath morning. And, winding down these lanes by twos, threes, and fours, by family groups and spontaneous companionships, come the fathers and mothers, the sisters and brothers, and all the walking ages of the village with the Sabbath light of heaven on their faces. The cross rivulets of the hill pour into the main avenues one by one their contributions of life, and the streams thicken as they approach the church into a continuous procession. My friend

was an artist, with an eye of quick perception, and as I walked by his side with his little family, in a long, winding, high-arched lane leading to the church, he thought it a sight allowed to the enjoyments of the hour, to notice the moving *tableaux vivants* formed by the variously-dressed groups under different lights, as the shade thickened or thinned overhead, or at different turnings of the walk. Every thing that could make the picture perfect contributed its element of interest; and I even felt that no artist had yet given to us in America a full idea of the Sabbath scene at an old parish church in an English country town.

Dawlish is becoming not a fashionable, but an enjoyable watering-place, where persons who love quiet and the gentle moods and sceneries of nature can spend the summer months in happy content and comfort. The sea-view is delightful and the country around a very picture of rural beauty. For bathing, riding and walking, and for every requisite for healthy recreation or rest, it is a highly-favored retreat. My third Sabbath in it impressed me more than ever with the pleasant features of interest which nature and a nature-loving community have imparted to it.

Monday, June 20th. Resumed my walk and passed

through Teignmouth, a pleasant town embosomed in a picturesque valley, opening upon the sea. The river is wide and shallow, overflowing at high tide a broad space extending a considerable way back into the country. At low water it becomes a great barren of sand, threaded by a narrow and winding channel. About two miles from the mouth of the river the scenery was beautiful in every aspect. The mountainous ridge or chain of hills on either side, was decked out in the best colors of June and presented a wonderful variety of tinting for the season. The deep red background of the vegetation gave the different shades of green a setting which made them all the more vivid and striking. Oat fields, which always seem to catch more sunlight than other crops, lying side by side with the bright purple-faced acres sown to turnips, presented the most salient contrasts of the landscape. I was glad to see the country in this peculiar aspect, when all the fields of grain were at their most vivid glow of growth, interspersed with corresponding spaces of the natural soil full of germinating seed, but not yet showing on its crimson surface a single leaf or spire of herbage.

Reached Newton Abbot and dined with a friend in that goodly and growing town, which is putting

in its claims as a pleasant and eligible residence by the sea for those who are seeking retirement in such localities. A kind of new town is growing up around a small park or common near the railway; so that the community will be divided into a triad of Newtons. One part is now called Newton Bushel another Newton Abbot, and it is not yet decided, I believe, what surname the new division shall bear. And here it may be proper to notice this peculiar characteristic in the nomenclature of English towns and villages. Scores, perhaps hundreds of them apparently have their Christian and surnames, just like individual men and women, given at as full length as Jack Robinson or Betsy Baker; and for the same reason, to distinguish them from a number of other Robinsons and Bakers. "Budleigh Salterton," "Ottery St. Mary," "Newton Abbot," "Newton Bushel," "Newton Poppleford," are Devonshire specimens of these town and parish names.

The scenery from the hills around Newton Abbot will well repay one for climbing them. Landward and seaward it presents a charming vista, embracing almost every feature that can interest the eye. The town has its history, and holds the record of an event of great moment enacted in its midst. Here William of Orange issued his first declaration after

landing at Torbay, and on the pivot of that "pronunciamento" civil and religious liberty in these realms swung out of the cold shadow of the system that was emasculating its life and power.

Ended my walk for the day at Ashburton, a rather large and goodly town situated on the skirts of that great, cold, granite Sahara of England, Dartmoor. I had put down the *trajet* of this wild desert in the programme of my tour; so that I was delighted to find on the following morning that the weather promised favorably for the enterprise. I set off in good season, furnished with all the verbal directions the inn porter could give me or that I could remember. Just before diverging from the long street on which the town is built, I was struck with the apparition of "the Stars and Stripes," as large as life, suspended over the road by a cord from a cottage window on one side and fastened to a tree on the other. All the stars of the old flag of the Union were swaying to and fro as the broad folds waved before the sweet breath of June. The Lucifer of rebellious pride had not plunged into the gulf of guilty secession, and dragged down with him one third of the lights of that blue firmament. Here, close upon the edge of this wild desert, it held out upon the air of heaven all the glorious astrals of our growth and greatness

as a nation, as if to show the passing world what a constellation the suicides of the South were seeking to disrupt, darken and destroy. It was a sudden, startling sight to flash before the eyes of an American at such a time and place. How came it there? Who hung it across the street from his outer wall? What were the motives stirring his inner heart to this manifestation? "What was Hecuba to him or he to Hecuba?" I would have given much and gone far to know; but I feared to ask the wrong person, so, after some hesitation, went on my way. I heard the old familiar click of a blacksmith's hammer behind the cottage whence issued the cord. Did he own the bunting? Had his strong heart of hope a vested interest in the bands of our American Orion—in the undimmed and indissoluble companionship of our thirty-three stars, that they might make but one lustre forever? Had he a son? had he a brother in the struggle to stay the red, mad hands lifted against the life and light of the Union? When I had gone on for a considerable distance, I was almost tempted to return to inquire out the author and cause of this expression of sympathy with the North in this tremendous conflict. A telegram had just reached the town announcing the sinking of the Confederate Alabama off the coast of France; and

doubtless that had called out this demonstration of the blacksmith's sentiment and opinion on the great question at issue in America.

I turned off in the direction of the moor with something of the feeling I once had on entering the mouth of the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky; especially as I was to cross it alone. I had heard that the roads or pathways were few and faint, and that travellers were liable to many serious mishaps; that storms came suddenly down upon the cold waste and that there was but little shelter on the best-beaten track. Indeed under the influence of these stories of hair-breadth escapes, of benighted or hail-pelted wanderers over trackless miles of wilderness, I really wished for a companion to make the crossing with me. But no one else was walking the same way, so I addressed myself to the journey, taking a road which I was told would bring me out at Tavistock, about twenty miles distant from Ashburton. It wound around lofty hills. The valleys were grand, deep and dark, and the premonitory symptoms of a wild region thickened as I proceeded. Still, on ascending a mounting billow from the dark trough of the sea, the great rolling ocean of the waste was patched with cultivated fields, looking like flashes of colored light upon the brow of night. The scene

from Pound Gate, as you turned your face eastward, was a grand picture. The great round waves of civilisation were beating up against the barbarous wilderness, lapping on and upward further and higher, cresting one rough, heather-bearded hill after another with the verdure of husbandry. Soon this green, bright-lighted world of beauty disappeared, like the shore of a fair and well-peopled land to one outward bound on the broad sea. The great wild closed in behind with its gray rocks and I was surrounded with its rude scenery. This embraced shapes and features which might well have set the imagination of the aborigines of this region at play in vivid vagaries. A better cultivated fancy could hardly be kept from running off into fantasies of almost equal extravagance.

Some one has described the moor as "a huge mountain squeezed down, and split asunder, till the whole was one hilly wilderness, showing ever and anon strange, half-buried shapes striving to uplift themselves towards the sky." Here and there a human habitation might be seen nestling in the steep side of a ravine, and you might detect the finger-prints of man's labor, faith and hope on some of these "half-buried shapes." Here, for example, was a corpulent bishop of the hills, wearing a mitre of

rocks called a *tor*, and a patch of oats full of charlock like a great daisy stuck in his button-hole. Here, a little further on and higher up, is Scotland, with its clouds and mist, ferns and heather. Here are colts with hair as rough as the moss upon the rocks, and sheep lacking the black faces and curly horns of the Scotch breed; otherwise you might fancy yourself in the Highlands. Slowly you make your way across this amphitheatre and reach the summit of its western wall, eager for the view the other side will command. Here a new landscape bursts upon the sight; one of the striking contrasts that human industry has wrought on the face of this expanse. Another amphitheatre stretches out to the blue rim of a distant horizon; enclosing a town with its churches and public buildings overlooking the whole undulating area. Cultivated fields of every shape and size are interspersed with nature's tillage. This little Tadmor of the desert is Prince's Town, though it might more properly be called Prisoner's Town. The wide-famed Dartmoor Prison is a name held in repulsive remembrance by thousands in America. It was built in 1809 for French prisoners of war, and occupies the space of thirty acres, encircled by a double line of lofty walls. At one time it is said 10,000 prisoners were confined within the

grim enclosure. Here, far away from sunny France, they looked out upon this wild, swollen sea of cold desolation, over which the sun's visits were chill and pale and rare. No home-stars nor hearth-lights of human dwellings, scattered here and there over the waste, glimmered "through the rain and the mist" to cheer them with a sense even of the invisible companionship of their kind. Many American prisoners taken in the "Last War," as it is called with us, shared the hard experience of this huge prison-house and left their bones in its churchyard. I looked through the railing and saw the green rows of their graves,—a forgotten contingent to the bloody sacrifices offered by Christian nations to War.

Since those dark days of evil this penal establishment has become one of the State Prisons of England for domestic criminals, of which there are sometimes a thousand and more confined within its walls. Many are employed in subduing these granite hills and rough valleys. Never was a conquest over Nature's worst spaces more striking and complete. They have, to a certain extent, created one hundred acres bodily and made them a garden of beauty and fertility. At least, they dug between the granite boulders for the soil, just as the excavators of Pompii dig through the superincumbent lava for Roman pavement.

The fields thus reclaimed are enclosed by walls full six feet high, which absorb most of the stone cleared away from their surface. These walls are made up with alternating layers of turf, after the Devonshire custom; and a hedge is planted on the top.

It is a beautiful idea, worth the working out the world over. It promises to become the idea of the age, and to distinguish it from all the ages past. Here are several hundred victims of the appetites and passions that flesh is heir to. Some rushed head-long into crime; some stood the brunt of several temptations, slipped, tried to rally, put out their hands for help, but finally fell over the precipice into deep sin. Every one had his own special experience on the down-hill road to guilt and shame. Here they are, on this wild, savage moor. If the parallel will hold, the nature within them and the nature without them are on an equal footing of waste and desolation. Both are weedy and stony. Both grievously need reclaiming. And here both these undertakings are set on foot at once, and go on hand in hand together. The religious teacher and the schoolmaster go to work upon those uncultured human natures, laboring upon them with great faith and patience—digging around and tugging out strong-rooted habits, clearing away the

briers and brambles of hard-hearted dispositions, softening and warming the thin, lean soil beneath with the dew and light of gracious thoughts and hopes sunned with faith, reaching upward and taking hold of the bright immortalities of the Hereafter, reaching outward and taking hold of new human sympathies and fellowships in the Here and To-day. And the men thus wrought upon by night, go out by day and put their sin-scarred hands to those rough places of nature, that look reprobate, hopeless and abandoned that the very sun as it passes glances coldly at them with averted face. Through all the working days of the year, they toil upon the stony waste. One by one they lift out the gray granite rocks and boulders, and belt with them the fields they are taken from in a wall that seems to crown as well as enclose the new-found land. What a picture frame is that! What a painting it holds against the black brow of the wilderness! It alone is worth a walk to the middle of Dartmoor to see, to him who will look at it with due appreciation of these aspects. But it is not alone. The artists of the prison-house work on, now as unconscious sculptors, now as painters. Next year, following the order of the Royal Academy of Artists, they hang up a new picture, on the sides of these cold hills; a picture

full of life and light and beauty. How it shows against its rude, shaggy, craggy surroundings! How silky-soft and fine the June verdure of its grain and grass, and roots of more deeply-tinted leafage, smiling in a surrounding sea of stinted, briery heather, roughened with black, weather-beaten rocks shocked up in *tors*, or lying broad-cast among the weeds and brambles! How glowingly the sun looks upon these deep-framed pictures! Each of them seems to catch more of his rays than he gives to any ten miles square of the natural moor.

Commend me to the artistry of the Royal Academy of Dartmoor. I wish the Lord Mayor of London and all the City Council would visit it in state. The sight of it revived an old hobby-thought that has had its run in my mind for nearly twenty years. Within this space I have walked much in the streets of London at all seasons of the year; looking into narrow and crowded courts and alleys that had but one entrance to them, and small circulation of air. I have seen what manner of poverty and wretchedness pinches thousands in a great city, even under the best laws and with the best dispositions to help them. No humane man could see all this without having his sympathy take the definite shape of thought on the great problem. What could be done? What

would you do, if you had the requisite ability, to drain the miry bog of this wretchedness; to lift out of these low, pent lanes and sewers of ignorance, sin and suffering the multitudes that sink and flounder in them? What would *you* do with these begging men and women and boys asking alms with such a woful tone, look and form? What would you do to stay the fall of those that stand see-sawing on the balance-rope of a most desperate chance, trying to reach the shore of a better condition over a quag-mire of crime strewn with flowers? The answer came to this query in my mind eighteen years ago; and it comes with new faith and proof in sight of this beautiful oasis in the desert of Dartmoor. I thought then and I think now what I would do to these ends, if I had the power. I would make every beggar that showed his face in London a member of the Royal Academy of Agricultural Art, and every year, when the British Canvas Artists opened their Exhibition in the National Gallery, this Academy should open its new show of pictures on some of the wide, wild, ragged heaths within an hour's ride of London. There are thousands and tens of thousands of acres of this waste lying in solid blocks, some of them lapping over upon the very skirts of the metropolis. The areas remaining

in this shabby condition are amazing to the mind of an American, though accustomed to cheap land at home. The sweepings of the streets of London to say nothing of the sewage that goes in floods to the sea, would supply the fertilising material to make all these acres garden-ground for luxuriant production. The beggars who walk those streets, and the men and boys who follow a worse occupation, and a larger number seeking employment to keep them out of both these pit-falls of poverty, would supply the labor necessary to work out this beautiful transformation.

Nations own and open picture galleries. Cities and corporations and clubs buy and hold, as corporate property, works of art. The City of London and its guilds have been famous for more than two centuries for owning estates and plantations in distant countries. See what a sweep of valuable territory is held by them still in the North of Ireland, with the whole city of Londonderry as its centre and capital? What money, what care, watch and ward the incorporated merchants of London gave to that plantation, and the town they called after their own great metropolis; especially in that ever-memorable year of siege when their Londonderry stood a battered, invincible bulwark for the civil and religious freedom of the

empire! The London merchants who now constitute the Irish Society still hold that "plantation" and the ground of that famous walled town of grand name and history on the northern shore of Ireland. Does the balance-sheet of the year bring to the individual members of the corporation any dividends to swell their personal income? Do they not profess and promise, and perform what they promise, to expend on that plantation all they receive in rentage?

Let us then put away this balance-sheet question altogether. Let us believe and say it, that the Lord Mayor of London and all the members of both houses of the city parliament are men of taste, and that they represent the largest municipal constituency in the world, and one that claims to be the most wealthy, business-like, educated and benevolent. Having said and fully believed all this, let us aver that the corporation, saying and believing the same, has a great eye and heart for paintings and other works of art, and that they have the mind and will and means to gratify this taste pretty largely without reference to the balance-sheet result. Not having room in Guild Hall for such new and large pictures, they have them painted on the great brown canvas of Wimbledon Common or of some other wide heathland in the neighborhood of

London. Then make a thorough inquisition through the metropolis for beggars, vagrants and the most dangerous and exposed candidates for crime and send them thither to work on these out-door pictures, paying them in wholesome food and comfortable raiment and housing and good schooling of heart and mind. Set at the head of them centurions of the John Howard band and of the Elizabeth Fry sisterhood—men and women of imperturbable patience, faith and hope, with kind voices and eyes, but firm and even will and judgment. On the first of May of every year let the Lord Mayor and the Corporation open the Exhibition of the Agricultural Academy and invite the public to see the new field pieces painted by these cheaply-extemporised artists from the lanes and courts of London. It would grace the dignity of their position as well as the annual barging up the Thames to mark the swans of the river. Doubtless it would please the Lord Mayor not a little, and do him not a little honor, to point out to the Prince of Wales a ten-acre piece painted and framed by the reclaimed thieves and beggars of the Seven Dials. Such a piece done in garden colors or in the May tints and shadings of wheat, oats, barley or ruta baga, when hung in its flower-dashed frame of hawthorn against a wall of brown,

brambly, humpy, bumpy heatherland, would show in a capital light. Seeing it in these self-contrasting perspectives and aspects, and seeing the men and women and children that worked the picture out of a barren waste, and looking at them, too, in the self-contrasting perspectives and aspects of their condition, past, present and future, I do not believe that the Prince of Wales, or the Lord Mayor, or the most rigid utilitarian of the Corporation, or of the general public looking on, would have room in his heart for a single thought on the balance-sheet question, any more than he would ask, with his rapt eyes on Raphael's best, "Will it pay?"

Will it pay! Open the London Academy of Misery in Bethnal Green or Spitalfields on the first day of the Happy New Year, and let the same spectators see what paintings the same artists make when left in their lairs of poverty! See the tinting, the lights and shades, the framework and the background of these pictures! Will they pay? Do they pay? Can they pay? Look at the *tableaux vivants* of these filthy and fetid lanes; at the involuntary and naked sculpture of humanity in these garret galleries of poverty! Apply the brass measure of the balance-sheet to them. Do they pay? Will they pay? Have they paid for half a century back?

But do not despond as to the verdict of the balance-sheet. A generous humanity pays in the long run. The balance-sheet would show against the expense a good if not equal *per contra* in favor of such an economy of "the vulgar forces of vigor." These field pieces thus painted on Wimbledon Common or Bagshot Heath are done in no transient nor sterile colors. They are the blended and changing tints of grain and grass and roots for man and beast; the shading of growing crops yellowing or ripening to large harvests of human food; of crops and harvests augmenting in production from year to year, until they shall not only feed all that work upon them, but leave a surplus for invalid indigents and young and sickly orphans left behind in London, who are incompetent to out-door toil. I will say nothing on the honor or duty of going into co-partnership with Divine Providence in the work of creation, by thus making these home wildernesses blossom as the rose. That in itself would present an honorable balance-sheet which posterity would thank the present generation for. But to turn these Mara streams of poverty and wretchedness out upon those great spaces of country equally poor and wretched, and, by "the providence of goodness," to make both good, happy, sunny and

useful,—this would be a beautiful and blessed work for the Corporation of London,—the best "plantation" they have as yet established in either hemisphere.

O, Lord Mayor of the Great City, and Aldermen and Councilmen all, on this gray boulder in the middle of Dartmoor, I pencil these thoughts on my knee to you. The waif breezes that blow over this high, mountainous plain will convey but a little way youward the breath of thyme they take up from these rough hills and valleys. These thoughts of mine may have a shorter flight; but there is some pleasure in thinking them out and putting them upon the chance breezes of benevolent speculation.

After stopping to dine at the one large inn of the town, I called at the great gate of the prison with the hope of being permitted to go over the establishment. But I found that an order from the Home Office in London was necessary to admit a visitor; so, after asking a few questions of the warder or porter, I continued my walk towards Tavistock. Passed the immense quarries which furnish huge blocks of granite for the public works at Plymouth and Devonport. Indeed the whole of Dartmoor seems to be a storage of this valuable stone laid up for the uses of the nation in all coming generations. Enough to make a small-sized mountain has already

been taken down to the sea-board for break-waters, bridges and docks. The scenery as I proceeded westward grew more and more magnificent. The *tors* looked liked rockbergs, once floating on the great revolving drift, until brought up suddenly against an anchored mountain, having some of their top layers toppled over head foremost at their feet by the concussion. They stand up under the horizon in every direction, mounted on high hills, like watch-towers from which the sentinel-spirits of the moor keep watch and ward over the inferior genii of the wold. Some might see in them a resemblance to the little black castles on the Rhine, and people them with graphic fancies of Druid priests and knights of old. There is an interesting mystery about the very name *tor;* not in reference to its derivation or meaning, for it evidently belongs to the genealogy of *turris*, *tor*, *tour*, tower. Thus it bears more of the Spanish cast of countenance as a word, and however and whenever it found its way into the Cornish or Celtic language, it was doubtless first introduced into Britain by the Spanish copper-diggers and tin-miners in Cornwall and Devonshire. These singular structures of nature have their names significant of different characteristics; such as *Mis Tor*, *Yes Tor*, *Fox Tor*, &c. The moor, desolate and barren as it seems to the

eye, is still a productive elaboratory of the elements. Here clouds are generated over the wet waste. Here more rain falls weekly than on any other equal space in England. Here rivers well out in every direction from granite-bottomed morasses. It has a copious lore of wild legends which would make many a stirring tale in prose or poetry, and much of it has been given to the public in this way; and, what is more, there are minds of such wide and easy grasp of faith as to take in these strange fancies with the greatest relish of enjoyment, and make them veritable fact and history.

About the middle of the afternoon, the curtain lifted upon a new vista of exceeding beauty. A vale of apparently twenty miles in diameter opened suddenly to view. It was a glorious little world of Devonshire scenery, carpeted to the rim with the picturesque patchwork of Devonshire verdure. Far away in the middle of the wide valley there was seemingly an acre of smoke-mist, pierced here and there by a tower or turret. It was Tavistock, lying in the bosom of the Tavy Vale. What a contrast with the scenery through which I had travelled for sixteen miles! A tall, copper-colored North American Indian standing with bare, brawny arms, and shaven head tufted with hawk's feathers before the Empress Eugenie in her coronation robes!

Tavistock is a thriving town living pleasantly on the banks of the Tavy, one of the score of rivers hatched up in the great moor. It all belongs to the Duke of Bedford, who owns vast estates besides in this section. It is the seat or *stead* of one of the very first and most famous abbeys founded in England, and built by the old Saxon Ordgar, Earl of Devonshire and father of the beautiful Elfrida, whose marriage with King Edgar makes one of the most romantic stories in English history. One of the abbots of the establishment laid his consecrating hands upon both Harold and William the Conqueror and set them apart for royal dignity. Of course, he did not sprinkle holy water upon them standing side and side before him, like twin princes; nor could he have divined when he performed the service upon them separately, that they would ever come to such fearful blows. Cromwell I. smote the abbey all the way to the fifth rib at the Dissolution, and this splendid heritage of the pretended saints was handed over to the first Lord John Russell that ever made any history in England. Tavistock Abbey and Woburn Abbey, I believe, were the principal gifts wherewith the Bedford-Russell family were rewarded for their loyalty to Henry VIII., at the great Confiscation of Church property in Britain. The Bedford

Hotel occupies part of the site of the old edifice, and presents an aspect of antiquity—like a full-sized castle arising phœnix-like out of the ruins of a cathedral. Detached portions of the abbey stand here and there, some of which are occupied for various purposes. The conservators of its history and fame claim for it the honor of having the second printing-press set up in England. At any rate, a copy of Boethius printed here in 1525, is to be found in the Exeter College, Oxford, which gives a very laudable date to Tavistock in the genealogy of English literature. It has turned out some remarkable men also, who have made a name and fame in the world. Among other infants brought to the font of the old parish church in ages past, was one who became Sir Francis Drake, who outsailed Columbus by two thirds of the earth's circumference, and performed other illustrious feats. Browne, the poet, who lived and sang in the days of Shakespeare and Spenser, is said to have been born here. Mrs. Bray is the latest celebrity produced by the town, and to her works I would commend all my American readers who would like to know something of the sceneries and romances of this romantic district of Devonshire.

It must ever strike an American traveller with a singular impression to walk up and down a large

English town, a thousand years old, with streets named before the Crusades, and churches holding the cross-legged effigies of Crusaders, to thread back its history to William the Conqueror, and thence backward into Saxon legends, and yet to be told and to know that it all belongs to one family; and that it is, after all, only one portion of their estate. Still if one person is to own it, perhaps no better could have been selected for the proprietorship than the late Duke of Bedford. Having the taste and means for improvements, he made many of great value to the town. The new market building is the best thing in that line that I have seen in England, in all its arrangements. The hall for public meetings, concerts, &c., and the reading-room and other apartments are of the happiest construction and aspect.

Copper-mining is the great distinctive industry of Tavistock and its vicinity. The works near the town are perhaps the most productive in Europe, and even rival those on Lake Superior. I was told that they were first opened in December, 1844, at the cost of only about £500 to the discoverers. In January of 1845 the ore on sale was valued at £20,000, and the mine at £450,000. At the latter end of the same year the 1024th part of one share was worth £700, which would make the value of a whole share

nearly £720,000. It is doubtful if the records of mining can furnish a parallel to this ratio of valuation.

Having heard much of the Duke of Bedford's Model Farm at North Milton, about seven miles from Tavistock, I made a special walk that distance to see it. It was made up of several contiguous farms and contains in all about 1,600 acres, and is said to be the largest holding in Devonshire. It is occupied and conducted by Mr. James Horswell, one of the most thorough and successful agriculturists in England. He received me with great cordiality and took me through all the farm buildings and showed me his live stock both housed and pastured. These buildings are excellent, constructed on the most scientific and economical principles. The piggery itself must have cost at least £400. The manure house is a long, stone building with a basement story in the rear into which all the manure of the stables is deposited and kept away from the sun and the out-door atmosphere, until it is carried out upon the land. The drainage of the uplands in one direction supplies the water-power for grinding all the grain used in fatting cattle, sheep and swine. Every arrangement is seemingly as perfect as possible; the Duke himself having supervised even the details of the construction, that it might serve as a model establishment. A large number

of little holdings belonging to him were thrown into one farm, and a multitude of small, irregular fields into large, rectangular enclosures. The land has been well drained up to the summit of a range of quite elevated hills. Mr. Horswell, I believe, is the largest breeder of Shorthorns in Devonshire, or in the West of England. He winters 270 head, mostly of this breed, including sixty milking cows. He prefers Shorthorns both for beef and milk; and they eat no more and thrive on coarser fodder, such as long straw, &c. He keeps from 1300 to 1400 sheep, bu few swine, as American pork and bacon are now imported at such a cheap rate that he prefers to make beef and mutton of his corn. He has not yet had annual or public sales of his Shorthorns, as he has not cleared out of his herd other breeds introduced to assist in rearing that stock. He has some of the best families of it in the kingdom. He showed me two or three calves, only three weeks old, which he valued at £50 each. Several yearlings were of the very finest quality and would probably bring from £100 to £200 each at auction. He is decidedly opposed to the public exhibition of stock, unless it be of animals on the way to the butcher; being persuaded that the present system of *feeding* for Shows is most hurtful and unwise for the farming interest.

The animals are destroyed for use by this cruel practice. He is determined to set his face against it; and on several occasions has sent beasts for exhibition in their everyday form and dress, which have been highly commended by practical farmers, but laughed at and rejected by amateurs and judges who measure the merits of an animal by the load of tallow or lard it can carry and still live and move a rod or two at a time. He showed me the grandest stallion I have yet seen in England—a mighty Bucephalus, fully realising the ideal of the war-horse described in the Book of Job.

Having spent a few hours very pleasantly and profitably in going over this model farming establishment, and partaken of the genuine English hospitalities of the family, I set off on my return to Tavistock, as I had to pass through that town again on my way to Plymouth. Mr. Horswell accompanied me for a couple of miles on horseback, and gave me much additional information in reference to the district. I passed by *Brentor*, an eminence with a crowning worth many miles of walking to see; and indeed you may see it for a long distance in any direction. It is one of the natural rock towers that lift up their hands on high in this section of the country. They seem to be constructed by the reverse process imagined

in the formation of Dartmoor. If that is a vast mountain squeezed out or razed, with its summit surface undisturbed, a regular Devonshire *tor* may be likened to a single granite hill squeezed upward with a force that pressed out at the top the pith of the mass in the form of long stones that stand or lie upon each other at different angles of inclination. Brent is a head taller than all the other tors in this section; and on the very top of the cone stands a gray church centuries old, with its tower tall and full of silvery bells. It is the most remarkable sight in its way that you will meet in England. It would be worth a sojourn in the hamlet near by for a week or two, to get the different aspects and impressions of this little Zion perched, like an angel with folded wings, on the topmost pinnacle of one of nature's temples. When the low mists from the moor veil all the steep slopes of the pedestal-hill from the door-step down, it would be a sight unique, grand and beautiful, a very epic of silent eloquence, to see that church from some commanding point, standing on the clouds, with all its Sabbath bells flooding the upper air and calling to the people below to "Come up higher!" There is a delightful mist of history enveloping this structure, which enhances and varies its interest. The best account is this legend:—

A long time ago, which no one hereabouts pretends to guess within a century, a certain wealthy merchant returning to England with his argosie from Inde, was overtaken by a terrible storm when approaching the coast, and his heavily-laden vessel threatened to go down with him and his treasures in its desperate struggle with the wind and waves. In the midst of the tempest, he made a vow that if he were brought safe to land, he would erect a church for praise and thanksgiving to God on the first hill top he should descry. Brentor was the first to lift its head above the lowering billows of the sea; and on its highest pinnacle he built this church. And here for several ages its bells have sent down upon the cottagers who dwell at the base and in the valley its Sabbath music, calling them up to prayer and praise in that almost cloud-capt house of God. It was a good and beautiful thought, to build such a Bethel and set a congregation, for so many centuries, singing their psalms of thanksgiving on the first hill-top of his native land seen by the sea-tost man as a perpetual thank-offering for his escape from shipwreck.

The Duke of Bedford, who owns all the country hereabout, has endowed the church, so that provision is made for public worship in it once a day on the Sabbath for generations to come. In the morning,

the people old and young climb the steep eminence, which at a distance looks as if it could only be ascended by a ladder, or by steps cut in the rock. In the evening the same congregation assemble in a small church in the valley.

Reached Tavistock at early tea-time, and then hastened on to Plymouth, where I arrived at about ten at night, having made a long and interesting walk during the day, and feeling well repaid for my digression from Tavistock to see North Milton.

CHAPTER VIII.

PLYMOUTH; ITS POSITION, SCENERY AND HISTORY—ALBERT BRIDGE—ST. GERMANS: ITS BARONIAL MANSION, PARK, DAIRY, CLOTTED CREAM —LOOE, POLPERO AND FOWEY AND THEIR CHARACTERISTICS—ST. AUSTELL—CHINA-CLAY WORKS AND THEIR VALUE—TRURO, AND ITS BIRTH-ROLL—THE STORY OF A DOG AND HIS AFFECTION.

PLYMOUTH! Old Plymouth! Mother of full forty Plymouths up and down the wide world, that wear her memory in their names, write it in baptismal records of all their children, and before the date of every outward letter! This is the Mother Plymouth sitting by the sea. Not two centuries and a half ago, the Mayflower lay on its shadow blossom out there among the small fishing smacks of the bay. The people then living in these low, checker-windowed houses in the Old Town went down to the water-side to see the strange little vessel outward-bound for the unexplored Western World,—a far-off dream-land to their imagination, lying somewhere in their thought between time and eternity. England then was small for her years as a nation; and this little vessel had scanty roomage

including the hold; but it carried between and above decks, more than "Cæsar and his fortunes," the parent stock of a mightily-peopled hemisphere. As Noah took in with him all that was worth preserving of the old world before the Flood, not only of animal but of mental and moral life, so that little ruddered ark, with its sky-lights looking upward to the face of God by night and day, and filled with the ascending voice of prayer by those who trusted in His guidance, bore across the wide wild of waters the life-germs of all that was worth planting in the New World or that could grow in its soil. What a growth! Compare it with the French and Spanish scions planted at the same time in the Western Hemisphere. Look at this yellow-faced house, with the very casement through which it peered out upon the Mayflower. It is a good and comfortable home still, and full of young and happy children who play the same plays and have the same ways as the children of the Pilgrim Fathers who looked over the sides of that vessel from their parents' arms. Now, full forty millions, speaking the same language, gone or going up through the same childhood's sports, and questioned at the outset, "*Who killed Cock Robin?*" people the continent of North America and its adjacent islands. Already the balance of population, in commercial phrase, is against

the Mother Country. The English-speaking race bid fair to shift their numerical centre to the Western World. The American branch of it now exceeds by full five millions the other division of the family in Europe, Asia, Africa and Australia.

With these thoughts uppermost and busy in my mind, I was struck and taken down a peg in my speculations by a dry remark of a friend who was taking me to the first Plymouth Rock in the world, called *The Hoe*, or, as the Danes, who gave the name, spelt it—*Hœi*, or *Height*. I was dilating upon the sailing of the Mayflower and its mission to the New World, and asked him if he thought the people of Plymouth generally realised the importance of that event to mankind, and put it in the first rank of occurrences recorded in the history of the town. He replied with the utmost non-chalance, as if the question referred only to the small distinction between a hundred transactions of nearly even significance, and almost confounded with each other: "No; we have been sending out so many expeditions to all parts of the world, that no particular one of them makes a special impression. Why, I myself," he continued with the greatest coolness, "sent out the first English woman to Australia to settle there as a voluntary resident." I turned and looked at him full in the

face. He was not forty-five years of age, and yet he was older than the young Anglo-Saxon nation planted on the "continent of New Holland" and neighboring islands, already numbering nearly as large a population as the Thirteen United Colonies of North America when they set up for themselves as an independent Power. So little have the incidents of this nation-planting impressed themselves upon the mind of the Plymouth people, that it is doubtful if one of a thousand of them could tell you the name of the vessel that conveyed the first English wife and mother to Australia, who went out to make a voluntary and permanent home in that antipodean region. It might have been the *Primrose*, or *Hawthorn*, or *Robin Redbreast*, or some name belonging to the Mayflower genus. It is quite possible my friend has forgotten it in the multitude of business transactions.

He took me to Devonport, then across the bay to Mount Edgcombe, a baronial park and residence which, for varied and vivid scenery, can hardly be surpassed by any other nobleman's establishment in England. It is an elevated ridge with its steep butments rounding out into the sea in one direction and extending far back with every variety of surface, and wooded beautifully in the most artistic and interesting manner. Here are some of the grandest cedars

in the kingdom and trees of every order of architecture and leafage. The house is a veritable palace, of several centuries' growth and adornment. The site and the mansion and all their embellishments were so delightful as far back as Elizabeth's day, that it is said the admiral of the Spanish Armada, on coming in sight of the place, selected it in advance as his share of the spoil of England, after the conquest he anticipated. If it was such a seeming elysium to his eye at that early date, it may be conceived what it is now, beautified with all that the taste and genius and wealth which a dozen generations of a noble family have expended upon it. There are zig-zag and spiral walks up and down the densely-wooded slopes, with arbors, seats, temples, cottages, lodges and towers counterfeiting ruins of ancient date, all arranged to command for each a peep or *coup d'œil* of special interest. And, what speaks generously for the baronial proprietor, this little world of beauty is thrown open to the public every Monday in summer, as a people's park, where all classes and ages may luxuriate in the freest enjoyment of these delightful shades, walks and views.

But it was not to see Mount Edgcombe first but Plymouth that we crossed over to that baronial height. In the front view from the facade of the house, you

see Plymouth, Stonehouse and Devonport spread out before you in one continuous city, divided into three blocks by arms of the sea called rivers. Here you see England's strength, noiseless from this point of view, though near at hand. On the left, looking northward, is Devonport, the great naval arsenal, where the mighty men-of-sea are put to cradle and reared for service. In the winding river that divides it from Cornwall, or the Tamar, lie the mastless hulks of giant ships that will walk the waves no more, superannuated men-of-war that have poured out of those black holes in their sides the thunder of fiery battle, and have wrestled with wind and wave on many an angry sea. Some of the men who stood at the wheel and manned the yards when the battle or the tempest was on, are in the naval hospital yonder, garrulous over those feats and fields; more of them are silent in their last sleep in the earth or sea. On the right are huge forts and batteries, high and low, on island, cliff and beach; with broadsides pointed in every direction, to rain a thousand cross-streams of shot and shell upon an advancing foe; just as if any foe would be foolish enough to run his head into such a furnace of fire, when there are a thousand points on the coast where he could land with no other batteries to oppose him than a

farmer's cow-barracks, thus putting invasion and defence on the same footing—the open field.

It is estimated that the government has £100,000,000 worth of public property, including the ships of war, under the protection of these guns. Vast fortifications are in process of construction which will cost half that sum when completed. Their building will probably occupy a score or two of years, with the expectation of their being continued and finished by the next generation. In this spectacle you have one of the incongruities of the age—a government planting forts and arsenals for centuries to come, as if war was as natural and normal an industry as seed-time and harvest, and preparations for it must increase just in proportion to the spread of Christian civilisation, free-trade and the social intercourse of nations.

As you raise your eyes gradually from these busy and solid towns, they rest upon the slopes of Dartmoor, with its tors standing like giant sentinels of nature to keep watch and ward over its solitudes. Then at every rod you have a sea-view of peculiar interest. From this window cutting through the deep green foliage, you have it blue and boundless; from another, you see an arm of it folded around a small island, with the cultivated hills beyond. Along the walks

or drives, such windows and openings are made in the trees to command particular vistas, and you look through them as if they were so many dioramic glasses put up for the purpose of delighting the eye each with its own picture. Sometimes a broad, softened aspect is caught through the thinner lace-work of the leaves, and you see town, sea, moorland, ship masts, fort, flag-staff, foliage and cordage, as through a fluttering veil. It is the blending of all these contrasts in one view, that gives the picture of this triad of towns, as seen from Mount Edgcombe, an interest which, perhaps, no other view of equal sweep in England can command. Thomson, the great poet of out-door nature, appreciated this picture, and traced its beautiful lineaments with his pen. One of the arbors overlooking the scene is dedicated to his memory and called *Thomson's Seat.*

Towards the close of the fourteenth century, Plymouth was the fourth town in England in population and importance, London, York and Bristol only standing before it in these respects. It was at first called *South Town,* which was soon compressed into *Sutton;* and sometime in .the fifteenth century it assumed the name of the river on which it is situated, and was called Plymouth. The French made a descent upon it about this time and left the scars.

of their depredations on what is still called the Briton or Breton Side. From the beginning of the sixteenth century its importance as a harbor increased rapidly. The brave sea-captains it produced made a glorious history for England in the reign of Elizabeth,—a history which is the common heritage of the English-speaking race the world over; for when it was made not a man who spoke that tongue had built a cabin in the Western World. Drake, first of England's *vikings* as a sailor, went out with his little fleet of schooners from this port on the 15th of November, 1577, to plough with their small keels a track through all the seas that surround the globe. The pluck and daring, faith and will of the dauntless seaman and his crews seem astonishing when measured against modern expeditions. Who would now venture around the world with such a squadron?—with half a dozen Erie Canal boats in masts and sails! Here are the names and tonnage of his fleet: "The Pelican," a hundred tons; "Elizabeth," eighty tons; "Marygold," thirty tons; "Swan," fifty tons, and the "Christopher," of fifteen tons. Thus the whole put together made up a total of 275 tons, which would hardly equal the girth and burthen of a single brig of modern dimensions. To think of setting a sea-lapdog like the "Christopher," of fifteen tons, to run the race

of all the stormy oceans of the world! It was just like Drake and his men, and the men of that day. The "Marygold," too—it may have been the twin vessel of the "Mayflower," reared in the same cradle, and christened by the same master's daughter, who delighted in the idea of sending these meek-eyed stars of England's garden homes across the sea to the wide, silent solitudes of the Western World whereon no human hands had ever nursed or fondled a flower. The birth-roll of Plymouth is rich and illustrious with names of seamen who wrote them on the far-off islands and rough capes of continents they discovered. Drake, Hawkins, Raleigh, Oxenham and Cook sailed on their memorable expeditions from this port. Among the artists born here, are Sir Joshua Reynolds, Haydon, Eastlake, Prout and Mitchell, whose productions have become almost classical in the modern literature of the pencil.

The growth of the Plymouth triplet of towns has been quite American in its expansion. Already the population of the three and their village adjuncts numbers 300,000. The naval works at Devonport are on a prodigous scale. The Dockyard alone covers a space of ninety-six acres, and in time of peace employs about 2,600 persons. The Victualling Yard itself cost £1,500,000, or over 7,000,000 dollars, covering

about fourteen acres. Doubtless this is the largest establishment in the world for the manufacture and storage of naval provisions. It proves that governments can "run the machine" of competitive industry neck and neck with private enterprise occasionally. The Bakehouse that makes wheaten loaves for all these ships and barracks is a Titanic power in itself. Of course, it goes by steam at a strong head. Two engines grind the wheat, knead the dough, "roll it, prick it and toss it up and down" ready for the oven at the rate of a sack of flour in two and a half minutes. Arrangements and machinery for watering ships supply them at the rate of three tons in two minutes. The New North Dock is the most remarkable work of the group. It was excavated out of the solid rock, to receive vessels with their masts standing. It is 234 feet in length, 64 feet in width and 20 feet in depth. The Breakwater is the great work of Plymouth proper. Before its construction, the harbor was at the mercy of the wildest waves and winds. This now wards them off with a massive wall, one mile in length, 120 yards in width at the base, and 16 at the top. It was commenced in 1812 and completed in 1840. It was a slow and difficult work. The sea smote it with its fiercest wrath on several occasions, as if spurning any control short of the natural shore.

Once it tore up 200 yards of the foundation, carrying away blocks of twelve and fourteen tons weight. A lighthouse 126 feet in height stands on the outer end of the breakwater, holding out its lantern by night to guide incoming ships to the gateway of a peaceful and commodious haven thus walled in from the sea. The total cost of the work has been estimated at £1,500,000.

After a couple of days in Plymouth, my friend accompanied me as far as St. Germans, the seat of the Earl of the same name. We crossed into Cornwall on the famous Albert Bridge, that spans the Thamar. This is as yet probably the most graceful structure of the kind in the world. Seen from a distance, it is really a beautiful work of mechanical art, with its great dimensions softened to almost delicate tracery against the sky and the blue scenery above and below. The view from it is full of every pictorial element of interest. The mastless two-deckers and three-deckers that lie basking below, and the Hudson-like bends and bays of the river above, winding and brightening among wooded hills and slopes overlooked by Dartmoor in the distance,—all these features and others that set them in bold relief, make up a vista from this magnificent bridge worth a special journey to see. And the structure itself is one of the most

extraordinary feats of mechanical science, genius and labor that the age has produced. Take all the difficulties encountered and overcome into consideration, it must be held as Brunel's master-work, exceeding that of the Britannia Bridge. And what is written in St. Paul's in memory of Sir Christopher Wren, might be engraven as a memorial of Mr. Brunel in the frontlet of this structure; and a noble monument it is. Its erection was distinguished by this peculiarity. As the space could not be spanned by one arch, like the Suspension Bridge below Niagara Falls, it was necessary to raise a vast central pier, on which the tubes or iron roadway might rest. And, what was a unique and extraordinary operation, the piers and tubes were made to grow up together at about the rate of sugar-cane stalks. When the granite pedestals of the piers had emerged above the surface of the river, one of the elliptical tubes was floated out at high water, and lodged upon them. Both structures now began to ascend as it were by the principle of vegetation. Twice a week the tube was raised by hydraulic presses three feet, and the piers built up to it. It was nearly six months growing to its full height. Each of these tubes weighs about 1,200 tons. The erection of the great central pier was a prodigious undertaking. The water was seventy feet

deep, and the river bed of mud and gravel twenty more, making ninety before they came down to the solid rock. The coffer-dam was made on the English principle. It was a cylinder of wrought iron 100 feet in height and 37 in diameter, weighing 300 tons. This was sunk on the place selected, and the water pumped out, the air forced in, and the poor, plucky fellows sent to the bottom of the iron well to grub, chisel and scrape for a firm and level foundation for the vast superstructure. Here, under a pressure of thirty-eight pounds to the inch upon their bended backs, they toiled from day to day, slowly ascending on the huge granite pillar growing beneath them, until it and they, one fine morning, lifted their heads above the blue surface of the river, and showed their work to the sun. The total length of the bridge is 2,240 feet, its greatest width 30 feet, and its height from the foundation to the top of the tubes, 200 feet.

My friend took me to the mansion of Earl St. Germans, which stands on the site of the old Priory, and includes some portions of that edifice. The Earl and his family were in London, a circumstance which allowed me a larger liberty in visiting the different apartments than I might otherwise have enjoyed. The lady in charge of the house took me through

the library, gallery and other rooms, and showed me the paintings and other works of art, which were very numerous and valuable. Among these there were portraits of two of the grandest moral heroes England ever produced. The name of one of them is as familiar as a household word in America—John Hampden. While he was still alive, New England christened some of her infant villages by that name, and gave it to counties after his death. But they know little of Sir John Eliot who stood shoulder to shoulder with Hampden in the great and memorable struggle for constitutional right and freedom. Indeed, I doubt if well-read people in England knew much of him until the recent appearance of Forster's history of the man. If I were a painter and wished to put on canvass the most thrilling passage in the history of England, or in the history of constitutional government, I would select that scene in the House of Commons when two members held the Speaker in his chair by main force, while Sir John Eliot uttered his stern and solemn remonstrance against the arbitrary usurpations of Charles I. Mr. Forster's magnificent biography of the old hero will of course be widely read in America, and then his memory will be raised to its place beside that of Hampden. He was the ancestor of the present Earl, whose family name is

Elliot; and his portrait hangs upon the wall, taken in his prison dress, and but a short time before he died in the Tower. There was the marble bust of another man, more familiar to the American public, young and old—Lord Cornwallis, whose capture at Yorktown closed the Revolutionary War. He was the father of the late Countess of St. Germans, a remarkable man in his day; although but little more than the American half of his history is known among us. It was a singular coincidence in the visit of the Prince of Wales to America, that he, a great-grandson of George III., stood side by side at the grave of Washington with the grandson of Cornwallis, who surrendered to Washington in Virginia. The brewer of the establishment showed me. the cellars and the beer cisterns or vats. About one hundred hogsheads are kept constantly on hand, and about one hogshead a week is drunk by the house and its guests. This would be called in America pretty large swigging for one family. The gardener drove me about the park and grounds, which are very extensive and picturesque, and well utilised withal. Instead of herds of deer and other ornamental or fancy animals, sheep and cattle of the best breeds feed on the luxuriant pasturage. In the stables I saw about forty bullocks stalled for beef, averaging £20 each in value.

The dairy is a very interesting establishment, a model of neatness and convenience. It is supplied with a fountain of pure, cold water, throwing up a beautiful spray and making the most congenial atmosphere for such a place. The tables on which the milk is set are broad stone slabs. The pans are nearly three times as large as those used in America, holding full twelve quarts, with iron handles to them. They resemble in size and shape those used with us for washing dishes and vegetables. Here I saw the procees of making that most delectable of luxuries, Devonshire or clotted cream. There is a good deal of discussion and difference of opinion between Devonshire and Cornwall on the point which of the two counties has the best claim to the honor of originating this delicious delicacy. But as St. Germans is a kind of border town between them, I will here notice for the first time the elaboration of this beautiful production of the dairy. Its history comes down from a very early date. Some antiquaries affirm that the Phoenicians introduced it when they came to Cornwall for tin; and quote the authority of modern travellers who say that the same kind of clotted cream is now very common in Syria. I remember meeting with an old musty volume many years ago, containing a learned disquisition in Latin on the question whether the

butter which Abraham placed before the angels was really butter or this very cream. He could not have set before them a greater delicacy; as all will attest who have ever tasted it. Up to the present time it has been almost entirely confined to these two counties, although it is known out of them only by the name of Devonshire Cream. Indeed, the impression seems to have prevailed generally that it cannot be made to perfection in any other part of England, for lack of the peculiar pasturage that produces it. But I am sure that the Orange County dairy-women of New York could rival those of Devonshire in the making of it; and that it would find a large and eager market in all our large towns and cities. The process of its elaboration is simply this: The night's milk is set in the ordinary way for cream; and the next morning the pan is placed over a fire or in boiling water and scalded. The whole secret of its perfection-ment lies in applying to it just the right degree of heat. The cream must not boil nor bubble, and must be watched with great care. Here, a cylinder or steam-chest passed the whole length of the cooking range, with several places for the pans to be set in the boiling water. This is the safest process, for if placed over a slow fire or on a hot plate of iron, the milk is liable to "burn," and give an unpleasant

flavor to the cream. But a simple, singular criterion is produced by the cream itself, which decides the point at which it should be removed from the fire. A ring arises distinctly above the surface, of precisely the circumference of the bottom of the pan. When this is fully developed all the way around, it proves that the process is perfect. I hope this brief description may suffice to enable some of our American housewives to try their hands upon the luxury with a success that shall reward their efforts.

The head gardener has fifteen men, four boys and three women in his department, as a regular force, and sometimes puts on additional hands. One of the labors belonging to his charge is to keep fifteen miles of carriage road in the park in good order; and another to keep it well replenished with trees. Once he planted 30,000 in four months, some for use and some for ornament; and all for the heirs and posterity of the family. In this way each occupant of the title and estate pays for what he possesses and enjoys, by doing for his successors what his predecessors have done for him—plant trees and add other improvements. The forester has five men with him, who are paid entirely from the gleanings, pickings and chippings of the wood. Every twig and root is turned to use in this way. The game-keeper has a

large force under him, busily employed in rearing birds for sport and watching over other game. Forty hens are kept for hatching and nursing pheasants. Nearly all these splendid birds are brought into the world here and up to a certain age by the common barn-yard fowl. The gamekeeper's men hunt up and down the preserves for pheasants' eggs to be put under hens. When little chicks they are fed with a kind of paste made of boiled eggs and barley or wheat meal. Until they reach a certain stage of growth, they are as tame as common chickens, when suddenly they assume the wild, untameable nature inherent in them, and before their "mother knows they are out," they are off in a tangent. In the shooting season, the pheasants and partridges are beaten up by a large squad of men and boys and shot as they arise by the privileged gunners; a sport which involves considerably more exercise and excitement than Americans would find in shooting common hens in a barn-yard. I visited the gardens and conservatories, and saw what genius and labor could do in reproducing all the climates, soils and productions of other zones and regions. It was pleasant to see trees heavily hung with large, luscious peaches in the middle of June, all fully ripe, and breathing out that peculiar savor so delicious to the sense. The gardener had

sent their peaches perfectly ripe to the family in London on the 24th of May. The old church, which seemingly is a part of the establishment, is a kind of half cathedral, having on its list nearly a dozen bishops before the Conquest.

About two p.m., took my leave of these kind people, and wended my way toward the sea, and reached Looe, a strange-looking, wild, scrawny village stuck in the throat of a high-walled glen, up which the sea thrusts an arm for several miles to pull in a little fresh water river. The houses were the most un-English in appearance that I had ever seen in England—looking like a Mediterranean fishing village broken off whole and transposed upon this Cornish coast. The steep and lofty bluffs on either side were hung a long way up with unique cottages shelved in seemingly shallow gains cut in the rock, looking like irregular rows of martin-boxes. Still this is now, and has been in the remote past, an important town. It was once a borough and sent a member to Parliament to represent and enforce its political dignity and power. Vast quantities of ore are exported from this little narrow bye-path to the sea. I crossed the bridge at the head of the harbor, and found myself on the wrong side for refreshment, which I felt quite prepared for by a walk of nine miles. I called at

two or three odd-looking houses with a show of hospitable entertainment on their signboards outside, but found inside they meant beer—"only that and nothing more." They could not get up tea and a few slices of bread and butter on short notice, or for uncertain guests. So I made a walk of four miles farther, up some such hills as Bunyan must have had in his mind when he described the one he called Difficulty in "Pilgrim's Progress." The peeps out upon the still blue sea through the glens dividing these green heights were delightful however, and well repaid me for these additional miles. Towards sunset, I descended one of these winding gorges to Polpero, another sea-port village, walled in by higher cliffs and full of the romance of wild nature. Here, happily, I found very comfortable quarters in apparently the only inn, which gave me the best bed that I had found in a hotel since I left London.

The next day I set off in good season, determined, if possible, to end my week's stage at Truro. Had a very enjoyable walk in and out, up and down high hills along the sea-coast, passing two or three hamlets with their old churches going to decay. In the course of a couple of hours, came down upon a little land-locked bay nearly surrounded by two of the most unique villages you will find in England. They were Palruan and Fowey. A photograph of them would be

a curiosity of the first water of wonder. They would show how grotesquely human habitations may be constructed and arranged without the thought of doing anything extraordinary. This little harbor, and the gray-bearded villages looking at their faces in it, have figured in English history very prominently. They have played an active part in all the wars since the Norman Conquest. Vessels were fitted out here for the Holy Land in the Crusades. In the time of Edward III., Fowey contributed 47 ships and 770 men to the fleet intended for the blockade of Calais, a larger contingent than that of any other port in the kingdom except Yarmouth. So says the local history, which must be taken *cum grano salis.* These vessels were called, by a large stretch of nautical courtesy, *ships;* but they were probably of the burthen of modern fishing smacks. Still the Fowey seamen made a remarkable reputation in their day with their little sea-terriers. They were called the *Fowey gallants,* and did a large business of plunder on their own bottoms and account. It was worse than unfortunate for their fame, however, that this steady business of their lives was called patriotism in war, and piracy in peace. From free-booting "on their own hook," on the coast of Normandy they became quite indiscriminate in the exercise of their trade, and began to

prey upon the vessels of their own country. Having brought upon the town several expeditions of the French to pay them out for their depredations, they were accused of piracy in the reign of Edward IV., and their vessels were taken away from them and given to their rivals of Dartmouth, who had evidently acquired a better reputation. It is said that the town never recovered from this punishment of its early propensities. Still it has a goodly history, barring these unfortunate chronicles. At the battle of Poitiers a Fowey squire, by name of Treffry, was knighted on the field by the Black Prince for capturing the royal standard of France. That feat is recorded on a tablet erected to the memory of the warrior in the old parish church, which holds the records of half a dozen centuries in monumental inscriptions portraying the virtues of knights and men and women of gentle blood. These are frequently put forth in the quaintest diction of grave-stone poetry. I copied this memorial of one of the early worthies of the place:

Here in this chancell I do ly,
Known by the name of John Treffry,
Being made and born for to dye,
So must thou, friend, as well as I,
Therefore Good works be sure to try,
But chiefly love and charity,
And still on them with faith rely,
So be happy Eternally.
Soli deo Gloria.

Here is a faint dawning glimmer of the genius for that peculiar rhyming which the author of "The Ingoldsby Legends" carried to such a wonderful development. Of course, the good knight, in pursuit of rhyme under difficulties, could not make the theological thread of his creed very distinct or satisfactory to many who read this posthumous essay, purporting to come from him out of the vault beneath, There is also a very large tablet of wood put up against the church wall, containing a long and touching address of Charles I., thanking the people of Cornwall for their loyalty to him and his cause at a time when both seemed lost, and when their faithful adhesion promised only hurt to them. It was a letter of thanks which he requested should thus be entabled and hung up in all the churches and chapels of Cornwall "in everlasting remembrance of a people's faithfulness and a sovereign's gratitude." It is done in language really pathetic, breathing a spirit which must touch the reader even to this day with an emotion of sympathy. The castle overlooking the church, called *Place House*, was rebuilt by the late John Treffry, who made a grand mansion of it. On his death, his successor assuming, like his immediate predecessor, the old family name, came into possession of the estate. He owns nearly every building in the town,

and is also the owner and vicar of the church, and takes upon himself the cure of all the souls in the parish with interests in their temporal and spiritual well-being seldom exceeded or blended in one man's mind.

After stopping a couple of hours in this interesting little sea-port, I continued my walk to St. Austell. This is one of the remarkable towns of Cornwall, with streets nearly as irregular as the cow-paths on a furzy common, and running into each other often with twists and angles rather perplexing to a stranger at his first essay to reach a given point. There are many substantial and elegant buildings here and there, especially on the outskirts; but those of the olden pattern are the offspring of an individuality of design and execution which could not be matched in these late days. The church is a large, rather imposing structure, in a commanding situation, and commanding much admiration for the statuary niched in its outside walls. All the apostles and some of the Cornish saints figure in this array. Implements and emblems of the Crucifixion are represented in rude sculpture, which, it is said, the miners generally take to refer to their tools and occupation.

St. Austell is the centre of a remarkable range and variety of mining operations. Granite, in all

stages and qualities of its composition, is quarried here in vast quantities. There is a kind of it that dissolves into a substance like mortar or paste, of nearly the consistency of the Bath-brick clay when taken from the river. This furnishes the China clay which is used in such vast quantities in England and France, not only in the manufacture of China and the best kinds of earthenware, but in bleaching paper and calico. It takes a long run for this matter to get rid of the mica and other particles which would render it worthless for the pottery. A mass of it is placed upon an inclined platform under a fall of water and stirred up until it is all carried down through a series of *catch-pits*, or tanks, each of which catches and retains some of the grosser particles. The stream, like a rivulet of dissolved chalk, runs over these reservoirs and falls into a large basin or pond at the end of the race. When these ponds are filled with the matter, the surface water is drained off, and the residuum is the China clay. It was first discovered in 1768, and has come into such large use that about 80,000 tons of it are exported annually, valued at £240,000.

These China Clay Works may be considered the great distinctive industry of St. Austell, though the tin and copper mines of the neighborhood are very

extensive. But these are common to nearly all other parts of Cornwall.

After tea I pushed on to Truro, where I had intended to spend the Sabbath. I had to make most of the way in the evening; so I saw the country rather indistinctly. Passed through one of the famous "rotten boroughs" of olden time, called Grampound, which once returned two members to Parliament. It had the reputation of being the rottenest of them all, for it was razed for its corruptibility to an unrepresented village before the Reform Bill. Still, as great oaks from little acorns grow, so great men have been sent to Parliament by small constituencies. It is a bad principle and worse practice to distribute political representation and influence so unevenly among local communities; but perhaps they individually lose more by this disparity than the nation as a whole. The rare exceptions to the ill-working of such a system should not modify our decided condemnation of it. Still, it may be accepted as a fortuitous concurrence of political entities with a felicitous issue, when a ploughman and his wife, one donkey and a dozen black-faced sheep send up a Lord Bacon to the councils of the nation. Old Sarum and Grampound, with all their corruption, did not always grow weeds. This little Cornish village

gave to the great John Hampden his first seat in the British Parliament. It was something to lift up such a man to that place, even if the shoulders of his constituency were bare and dirty.

Truro is the most rectangular and modern-looking town in Cornwall, evidently laid out at first with the presentiment of being something in its day. The streets are of good width, clean and comfortable. And they are beautifully watered with pearly, chirping, rippling rivulets running in beds scooped in granite. It is a delightful sight and a most pleasant sound, to see and hear these bright streams of clear water running close to the side-walk on each side of the main street, glistening and bubbling in their mica-grained channel;—pleasant and musical to man and beast, especially in the sultry days of summer. Truro has given birth to men of whose merits and memory it is justly proud. Among these are Henry Martyn, the Missionary; Thomas Harris, founder of the London Missionary Society; the two Landers, Africa explorers; and "Peter Pindar." A statue of Richard Lander, overlooking the town from the top of a tall Doric column, testifies to the appreciation in which the remembrance of that indefatigable hero is held by the people generally, many of whom knew him in his youth. The parish church is a large and elegant

structure, of modern aspect. The pillars and arches are peculiarly light and graceful, being made of Cornish granite, which is susceptible of elaborate carving and high finish.

A little incident came to my knowledge here, which is well worthy of a place among those long records of touching affection and fidelity which dogs of all ages and countries have given to mankind as helping influences in the shaping of human lives and dispositions. I was sitting at the breakfast-table of a friend who is a druggist, when he was called into the shop by a neighbor who had come for medical advice and aid in a very remarkable and affecting case. He described it briefly and simply, but it would fill a volume of beautiful meaning.

His family dog had incidentally made the acquaintance of a little, bandy-legged, sunny-haired todling, the young darling of a neighbor on the other side of the street. While lying on the door-stone, with his dreamy eyes peering out this way and that in short speculations, he had noticed this little thing, sometimes at the chamber-window and sometimes on the pavement extemporising those small entertainments which infant minds enjoy. Now, from time immemorial, there has always been a spontaneous affinity or fellowship between children and large, shaggy,

honest-eyed dogs, generally commencing when both go on all fours. Whoever has watched the countenance of a great Newfoundlander or St. Bernarder while looking from the hearth-side at a chubby, chirpy, perky baby wriggling across the floor on its hands and feet, in those frog-like hitchings which the first and last children born into the world have begun to walk it in;—whoever has thoughtfully looked into such a dog's face at such a sight, so proud and joyful to mothers young and old, must have noticed an expression of intelligence and sympathy more than human. That is the dog's day of honor and gladness in the family circle. There he is on the floor with his master's youngest child on an equal footing. He sees and feels it; let no one doubt that. Here and now they are both quadrupeds in faculties and manner of motion. He loves to see the mother take the little being from her bosom and place it back upward on the carpet, and bubble over with inarticulate raptures to see it work itself along from one figure to another. Don't put a selfish thought into that dog's mind. Don't say that he feels an unworthy pleasure in the proof that every grand emperor, and every man that ever walked the earth since Adam, had to serve his babyhood's apprenticeship on the floor on all fours, and move over

it in a fashion which might well move the sympathy of a puppy of the same age or any other little quadruped of benevolent disposition. No, a real Newfoundlander is too generous for comparisons so derogatory to his master's humanity. It is not with the sympathy of pity but of love that he watches the movements of the little being on the carpet or in its mother's arms. He longs and loves to take part in bringing it on. He loves to feel its little, short, fat arms buried in the long hair of his neck; its soft, white fingers clasping his long ears. What tugging and touzling, and pinching and pulling at the tail he will take all in the fun and frolic of the daily gambol, and never whine or wince even with a pain that would make the father of the child cry out and put a bitten finger to his mouth! And what member of the family circle is prouder or happier than he when that child finishes his long apprenticeship as a quadruped, and stands for the first time upright on what were once its hind-feet, and makes two steps forward before its limpsy body loses its balance, and it comes down again to its original condition in a squashy concussion with its forehead against the floor? Doesn't he, with all the intelligible speech of eye and tail, say just what the father says with more fun in his face: "Don't cry, Teddy! up

and try it again!" With what tenderness and delight he turns saddle-horse and carriage-horse for the little thing when it is first taken outdoors to see the birds and hear them sing, and be introduced to the old Mully in her crumpled horns, to Jenny the pony, and to the feathered bipeds of the barn-yard circle! Of all the eyes watching that child up to boyhood, whose are fixed on him oftener, longer and fondlier than those now beginning to look out dimly from under the gray eye-brows of that old house-dog? The youth, full of life and vigor, does not remember the time when he crept on his hands and feet across the floor; but that old dog, napping longer at the fireside now than then, remembers it, and follows him with all his first love and truthfulness; follows him often, hesitatingly and wistfully at a distance, even when told to go back in a tone that goes to his heart. That eye follows him last as he recedes from sight, and greets him first on his return. Its look at its last closing is full of its first love; and if it were permitted to open again in paradise it would glisten there in the light of that love unquenched by the grave.

This dog was endowed with the nature that does honor to his kind and good to a higher race. Lying there by the door-stone or making short morning trots up and down the side walk, he espied this

little child on the other side of the street. If the truth were known, I am sure that it would be found that the child's father had no dog for his home, and the dog's owner had no child for his. This was probably the secret of their first acquaintance. Their sympathies and affinities worked in them to the same impulse. The dog, on one of his walks on that side of the street, met the baby turn-out, and looked over the rim of the little basket carriage, and looked, as a loving dog can look, straight into a pair of baby eyes, peering upward with querying wonder at the blue world above. It was the face he had seen against the nursery window from the opposite side. Of course, seeing such a hairy face with its tender eyes, come suddenly between its own and the sun, the child cocked up a fat foot, crowed, bit a thumb, smiled and said "good morning!" as well as it could. The dog understood it, any way. Human friendships and loves as long as eternity have often commenced on as small a beginning of incident; and so began the beautiful sympathy and companionship between this intelligent, affectionate creature and the infant child of his owner's neighbor just where the line of demarcation between the two races of beings is the thinnest and more obscure. Little by little, day by day, and week by week, this companionship went on, growing with the

THEIR FIRST MEETING.

growth and strengthening with the strength of the little one. The dog, doubtless because his master had no young child of his own, came at last to transfer frequently his watch and ward to the door-stone on the other side of the street; to follow as a guard of honor the baby's carriage on its daily airings, darting proud and warning looks at all the breed of barkers on the way that seemed impertinent or inquisitive. He assisted at the inauguration of its first perpendicular footing of two yards of the garden walk. He led the way down the aisle, barking his great round barks of joy, and waving the little one on with the proudly-curved standard of his tail. With what delight he gave himself up to all the pettings, pinchings and pullings and little rude rompings, and rough-and-tumblings, that those baby-hands could disport themselves with! Thus grew their mutual attachments. And to this it had grown, when one day, as the dog lay in watch and ward by the door-stone, the child, peering out of the window above, lost its balance and fell head-foremost upon the stone pavement below. It never breathed again. It was taken up out of the puddle of blood with fractured skull, motionless and dead. The red drops of the young life had bespattered the feet and face of the dog as he sprang to the rescue. His heart died out within him, in one long, whining moan of

grief. From that moment he had refused to eat. He refused to be comforted by his master's voice and by his master's home. Day by day, and night by night, he lay upon the spot where the child fell, with his shaggy throat pressed closely to the pavement, as if he would warm to life again the blood that had stained it.

This was the neighbor's errand. He told it all in few and simple words; but opened to their full significance, they meant the whole history of the incident I have given. He had come to my friend the druggist for a prescription for his dog—something to bring back his appetite, something to

> Minister to a mind diseased,
> * * * * * * * *
> Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff,
> Which weighs upon the heart.

It may possibly be true. Some believe it. The Saint of Patmos saw in his visions of the New Jerusalem horses and other beasts taking part in the services and adorations of the Heavenly City. Perhaps such dogs as these will not be shut out of that happy immortality. One would like to hope that they might be admitted to it, if it were reverent to entertain such a wish. Doubtless there will be room enough in it, and scope and verge enough on the banks of the river of life for them to bask in without getting in the way, or abstracting from the happiness of their saved and sainted masters taken up to that heaven on a smaller footing of personal merit.

CHAPTER IX.

FALMOUTH—A BIRD FRIEND AND HIS COMPANIONS—HELSTON AND ITS TRADITIONS—MARAZION—MOUNT MICHAEL—PENZANCE, ITS LOCATION AND SCENERY—LOGAN ROCK—LAND'S END—BOTALLACK MINE—ST. IVES—CAMBORNE.

MONDAY, June 26th. After spending the Sabbath in Truro, I resumed my walk, accompanied by a friend residing there as far as Falmouth. The country on both sides of the river is very interesting, full of pictures of natural beauty, arranged in the best lights. We crossed in row-boats two creeks or arms of the long bay into which the river expands, as you approach Falmouth. Each of these creeks is a convenient and valuable siding for vessels of considerable burthen, besides affording harbors for several quiet villages planted at their heads.

No other country has such a threading of short-named rivers as England. Most of them mount only a single syllable, and that rarely of more than three letters; *e.g.*, *Ex*, *Tor*, *Sid*, *Fal*, &c. Falmouth is one of the most safe and capacious harbors in the world, extending upward from the entrance about four miles,

averaging one in width. A noted Cornish writer says, "a hundred sail of vessels may anchor in it and not one see the mast of another." Its capacity was pretty well measured in 1815, when three hundred, including several of large size, took refuge in it from a violent gale. Yet the Hampton Roads in Virginia were discovered and whitened with sails, before one ever visited this magnificent harbor. Boston had a larger population than Falmouth has now, when there were not a dozen houses at this important sea-port. When Sir Walter Raleigh put in here in the reign of Elizabeth, it is said he found only two. Still, the town, built mostly on one long, crooked, narrow street, looks old enough to be the great-grandmother of the American Boston, especially in the most ancient part. Pendennis Castle at the mouth of the harbor, is a grand old structure which has stood the heaviest bruisings of the last two centuries. A sturdy old partisan of Charles, at the age of eighty seven, held it against the Parliament forces for six months, until he and his company were starved into capitulation; having kept the royal standard floating over the castle, when every other fort in England had lowered it to the enemy. In the old sailing-packet times, this port was more familiar and important to the American public than it is now; still the stars and stripes

frequently flutter among the flags in the harbor. The leading men of the town, in business, science, taste and benevolence, are members of the Fox family, a name which must be quite familiar to many New York merchants and shippers. The Cornish Miner Poet, John Harris, who obtained the highest prize for a poem commemorative of the late Tercentenary of Shakespeare's Birthday, accompanied me to the residences of two brothers of this name, who, with all the appliances of ample wealth and highly cultivated taste, have made a joint elysium, with two mansions in it, a little way out of the town. One is called Pengerrick, the other Tregedna. Both well embody and illustrate the tastes and habits of their proprietors, and the difference between them, still making a whole of exquisite symmetry. He of Tregedna is a man of impressive individuality, resembling the portrait of one of the old bards or sages of classic history. His grounds, in their natural conformation, were admirably fitted up for works of art and taste. And he has filled them overflowing full of trees, shrubs and flowering plants, until his mansion door looks like the entrance into a grotto of living wood. As a specimen or measure of the florid style of embellishment which he has blended with graver orders, he has planted over 100,000 rose-trees of

different kinds. But the great and distinguishing attainment he has won, is in the feat of making himself the Rarey of the bird-world; and as such I would introduce him and his beautiful triumphs especially to the younger portion of my readers.

At this advanced stage of Christian enlightenment, when such triumphs of faith and patient kindness have been won in the softening of the rough natures of both man and beast; at a time when iron wire enough to belt the globe with a netting a yard wide is made yearly into cages for birds of different form and feather, it is instructive as well as interesting to see what the mild eyes, the kind voice and gentle hand of this half-hermit of Tregedna have accomplished in securing a goodly companionship of the free warblers of the grove for his deeply-embowered home. He has proved by the happiest illustration that any one with the law of kindness in his heart, on his tongue, in his eye and in his hand, may have the most intimate fellowship of these sweet singers, and their best songs from morning till night, without the help of snares, or cages. Every such example is worth more to the world than the discovery of any Artic explorer. It bridges the chasm between two worlds, linking earth to the nearest heaven, and bringing both into pleasant communion. It does

away with the old hereditary alienation between man and the creatures given to walk the earth in his company for his help, or to fly the air and fill it with their songs for his cheer. Thus, the day may come when the natural dread and enmity which have banished so many noble beasts and birds from the habitations of man shall disappear; when his dominion shall be complete, and the wildest of them all shall yield him homage and service.

What prettier out-door exercise for the kindly dispositions of gentle-spirited children could there be, as a change from lessons of love to their own kind, than this playing of the Rarey among the birds? What a pleasant accentuation it would give to their voices as a permanent habit, to talk to these birds; to coax them down from the tree-tops, or out of their hidings in the hedge with little calls and cooings such as children can make! How prettily it would train their hands for gentle actions in after life, to put them out with tempting crumbs on the palm towards the little doubting flutterers overhead, eyeing the movement with such keen speculation, as if questioning whether it meant bread or a stone! Let any boy or girl who thinks it cannot be done, or would know how it can be accomplished, just see how simply the Bird-friend of Tregedna did it.

It was all an incident to his benevolent disposition, not a premeditated design. It commenced at the time when he was laying out the grounds of his little dell park. While at work upon the walks and flower beds, and turning up the fresh earth with his spade or rake, several of the little birds would come down from the trees, and hop along after him at a little distance, picking up the worms and insects. By walking gently and looking and speaking kindly when they were near, they came first to regard his approach without fear, then with confidence. They soon learned the sound of his voice, and seemed to understand the meaning of his simple, set words of caressing. Little by little they ventured nearer and nearer, close to his rake and hoe, and fluttered and wrestled and twittered in the contest for a worm or fly, sometimes hopping upon the head of his rake in the excitement. Day by day they became more trustful and tame. They watched him in the morning from the trees near his door, and followed him to his work. New birds joined the company daily, and they all acted as if he had no other intent in raking the earth than to find them a breakfast. As the number increased, he began to carry crusts of bread in the great outside pocket of his coat, and to sprinkle a few crumbs for them on the ground. When his

THE FRIEND AND HIS BIRDS.

walks were all finished, and he used the spade and rake less frequently, the birds looked for their daily rations of crumbs; and would gather in the tree-tops in the morning and let him know, with their begging voices, that they were waiting for him. He called them to breakfast with a whistle, and they would come out of the thick, green leaves of the grove and patter, twitter and flutter around and over his feet. Sometimes he would put a piece of bread between his lips, when a bright-eyed little thing would pick it out, like a humming-bird taking honey from a deep flower-bell without alighting. They became his constant companions. As soon as he stepped from his door, they were on the look-out to give him a merry welcome with their happy voices. They have come to know the sound of his step, his walks and recreations. Often when leaning upon his hoe or rake, one of them will alight upon the head of it and turn up a bright eye at his face. Even before he gave up the practice of shooting birds of another feather, one would sometimes hop upon the gilt guard of the lock, and peer around upon the brass trigger with a look of wonder, which he interpreted aright, and left off killing birds susceptible of the same training. He leaves his chamber window open at night, and when he awakes early in the morning, he often

finds a robin or goldfinch hopping about on the bed posts or on the back of a chair close by, trying to say or sing in the best articulation of its speech, "It is time to get up; come and see the flowers; a dew of pearl is on their leaves, and the sun is above the sea." And, what is more beautiful still and full of poetry—full of the sweet life of those spontaneous affinities and affections more beautiful than poetry—these birds follow him to the sanctuary on the Sunday, a distance of more than a mile from his house, as a kind of aerial escort singing their Sabbath psalms of gladness and praise on the way. When the indoor service is ended, they meet him on his return, and escort him home with a new set of hymns. Indeed, if they did not know that he belonged to a denomination that eschew singing in their Sabbath worship on earth, though they pray and hope to sing as loudly and joyfully as any other Christians in heaven, perhaps these little "street musicians of the heavenly city" would follow him into the meeting-house and sing a voluntary over "the ministers' gallery."

Truly the grounds of the two brothers make an earthly paradise of flowers, birds and bright water. Pools, fountains, and cascades are interspersed like so many mirrors to show the beauty of other embel-

lishments. In these you find carp and other fish sporting and springing out for insects, as much at home as in a mountain stream. While looking at a large swan, swimming on its own shadow, careening around with his grand curved neck, I caught a glimpse of a sight which a glass mirror could never produce. A prostrate trunk and branch of a tree for a moment hid from sight the form of the living swan, but left its shadow as distinct in the water as life itself. The body, wings, neck, head, bill and eyes were as perfectly developed as if they were the living, moving swan itself, though inverted. I never saw a phenomenon like it. A human face reflected in a mirror could not approach it, because the substance could not be dissevered from the shadow in this way.

After tea, bade my friends good-bye, and continued my walk to a little village called Constantine, not large and pretentious enough to attach *polis* to it as an ending to its name. Here, by a very close rub, I got a bed for the night, although both the little inns refused to accommodate me with such unusual entertainment at the first application. There are immense granite quarries in this town and neighborhood, and vast quantities of this valuable stone are shipped yearly for the construction of government docks and basins.

Reached Helston the next day at noon, passing over a very interesting section of country. This is a solid, substantial town, with a broad street in shape of an **L**. The houses are of every order of construction and material; some with solid granite fronts; others of bright red brick, and more of *cob*, some painted a yellowish color, others showing a cheery whitewashed face. Cornwall is remarkable for its legends, which are wilder fabrications of fancy than any of the imaginations of North American Indians given in Hiawatha. Every remarkable rock, cliff, hill and crag has its fantastic history, which the masses of the people seem to believe in with as much confidence as better-read persons believe in the foundation facts on which novels are constructed. There is a queer and rather profane fancy attaching itself to this town, and perhaps hundreds who can even read the Bible have some mysterious faith in it. A huge block of granite lay for centuries in the centre of the village as the subject of many a weird speculation. But the legend that carried the day over other fancies held that this stone was once placed against the mouth of hell, and was one day carried away by the devil, on issuing to make a raid into Cornwall; that as he stalked over the country he amused himself with this pebble, gambolling with it

as a cat does with a spool of thread or a child's marble on the floor. In the midst of these playful antics, he encountered St. Michael, the guardian saint of Helston, whereupon a combat ensued, in which he was obliged to turn tail, and hoof it back to his place, dropping the *hell stone* in his flight. It is averred that the inhabitants stood by and watched this set-to from beginning to end, and that they instituted an annual festival or holiday in commemmoration of the event, called the "*Furry Day.*" And this is kept with almost religious observance up to the present time on the eighth of May. Other objects and origins have been assigned to the festival, and different dates to its institution, but they are almost equally mystified and obscure. This is quite a moderate fancy compared with many a legend you will find circulating among the popular traditions in this most profusely be-sainted and be-spirited county. The other day I passed by a long block of granite which was said to be the staff of one of the Cornish giants, who dropped it one windy night, while running after his hat, blown off and scudding before the storm. A hundred names of localities and objects in this county perpetuate the memory of the times when the people really believed in these fantasies, and enjoyed this legendary lore with as great a relish as now

seasons the most sensational novels to the readers of fiction. I think all will admit that the Celtic mind of Cornwall and Wales rode longer-winged hobbies of imagination than the Saxon of the same period, and produced more sensational fictions for a population who had never seen the alphabet of a written language.

Passing Helston, the scenery was very unique, blending in the vista objects and aspects seldom grouped in one *coup d'œil.* A great semicircle of about ten miles radius spread itself out before the eye, bounded by a range of hills studded with mine *elevators,* to use a term familiar in America. They looked like so many fore-shortened churches, with their chimneys for towers. All the intervening space was covered with a dark Scotch plaid of vegetation, looking rather sombre, without the bright, contrasting colors and shades of a Devonshire landscape. In the first place, the ground of the picture is a dull gray soil. Then the meadows and pasture fields were mostly in red-top grass, looking brown and sun-burnt. The grain-fields were in bluish green, interspersed with large tracts of gorse or heather, not yet in blossom. So the whole wore a rather heavy aspect. Turning in the other direction, you caught sunny peeps of the still, blue sea over the shoulders of the treeless hills.

Reached Marazion at about tea-time. The nomen-

clature of Cornish towns is exceedingly unique, and justifies the belief that the odds and ends of a good portion of the earth and its races and ages drifted hither and left each a memorial in the name or habit of some locality. Here is Marazion, for instance. One might think it was called after some suburb of Jericho, for its Hebrew sound and significance. It is indeed said to have been thus named by the Jews, who had their market for tin here; whether by the Jews of Solomon's day or by a later family of the race, the tradition saith not. And why either party should call it "Bitter Zion" does not appear in any indigenous quality or circumstance of the place. It is also very commonly called *Market Jew*, which gives a more business air to the Hebrew appellation than it should bear, unless the Jews retained the habit of trading in their sanctuary, as in earlier times, when they were once driven out of the temple for the practice Still, the old Cornish Britons have their partisans among the antiquaries who derive the name from "marghas-ion," which means "markets." It is an ancient-looking, irregular town on Mount's Bay; having for watcher and warder the famous St. Michael's Mount. This is a regular sea-*tor*, or seemingly a little conical mountain arising out of the bay and crowned with a castle. It is about a third of a mile from

the mainland and connected with it by a narrow causeway, which is flooded to the depth of several feet eight hours in twelve by the tide. It is another Brentor in many respects, especially in abrupt height and in its crowning. The layers of rock are piled up at the top in the helter-skelter fashion of the wildest tor on Dartmoor. The human masonry of a thousand years has rectified the angles and patched and supplemented these irregular walls of nature's building, thus showing both portions of the structure in striking contrast. The superstructure is centuries old, and marks their several contingents to it in portions of various styles. At the distance of a couple of miles it shows at the top of the seeming cone only a church with its tower, with its walls apparently "flush" with the edges of the precipice; and you wonder how one is to get into it or up to it, as there seems to be no possible ascent on the outside. But as you approach it by the thin strip of strand that connects the mount with the mainland, you find its base begins to widen and to afford room for a village at its foot, and between that and the steep slope, there is considerable space including a grave-yard. The rocky height arises from the sea by easy gradations, and developes its dimensions and distinctive features more fully. You climb over or around rude bastions and jutting walls of an old

fortification. Higher up is a parapet with a row of small cannon, that sometimes are made to speak in salutes. Higher still is a castle or castellated mansion with dwelling apartments roomy and comfortable, and quiet, with windows looking out upon the sea in different directions. I was taken through a suite of rooms elegantly furnished, one containing a bedstead three hundred years old, of English oak, black and as shining as ebony. By it stood a chair two centuries older still, yet good apparently for as many more. This castle story is surmounted by a church, recently renovated internally, and capable of seating a considerable congregation. I descended by a narrow passage in the side to a long vaulted cell, discovered some years ago with a skeleton in it. As the entrance of this cell had been closed from time immemorial by mason work, the discovery seems to have added new proof to previous evidence, that coffining a living man or woman in the wall of a church was not confined to a solitary case in the day of those religious houses. The tower of the church measures 250 feet from its top to the level of the sea, and commands a splendid view, which will amply repay one for making the ascent. The castle and the church perched upon it have each its written and unwritten history, and both legend and chronicle are fraught with the interest attaching to

such structures in England. In 1846 the Queen and Prince Albert visited the Mount, and a brass foot-step marks the spot on which she first placed her foot on landing. They wrote their names in a book consecrated to the purpose, and the two quill pens they used are preserved and shown with it, as souvenirs which will be regarded with an increasing interest as year after year widens the separation on earth of the royal twain. After spending an hour in visiting this distinguished "lion" of the Cornish coast, I continued on to Penzance.

This is an interesting and important town—a kind of Montpellier of the island. Its climate is very mild and agreeable, rendering it a very comfortable and healthful residence to persons of delicate constitution. It is situated on the western horn of the crescent shore of Mounts' Bay, which may stand, in many respects, as a pocket edition of the Bay of Naples. It is really a beautiful sheet of water, well bound and lettered with the best type and embellished with land-cuts of the Cornish coast. The soil of the country immediately around is self-fertilising and exceedingly productive. A thousand acres of it rents at an average of £10 per acre, and constitutes the kitchen garden of London. Some of it yields three crops of vegetables in the year. Taking up a local journal, I found these statistics, indicating

the character and extent of these productions: In six months, from January to June, 1864, there were taken from the town by railway—

2,122 tons of Brocoli,
1,299 tons of Potatoes,
1,870 tons of Fish.

It is an important station of the pilchard fishery, in which a large fleet of little vessels is engaged. One of these boats called "The Mystery," of only fifteen tons, with a crew of five men, sailed all the way from Penzance to Sydney, a plucky expedition for such a cockle-shell. It has a proud birth-roll, which it may put by the side of the baptismal records of any town of its size in England. Sir Humphrey Davy, Lord Exmouth, and Davies Gilbert were born here. The great philosopher, who utilised his science in an invention which has saved the lives of thousands of miners, and which has been worth to the world a hundred lamps of Aladdin, left a legacy to the grammar-school here, which proves how he held its associations in sunny memory to the last. He bequeathed £100 to it on condition that the boys should be allowed an annual holiday on his birth-day. A very pleasant and beautiful thought inspired this gift —to link his childhood and its remembrance, by a long happy day of enjoyment, to the fellowship of

all the boys that should be gathered from age to age within those walls.

The town must look like the fairy fabric of a vision when approached by water in the night. It slopes upward from the shore of the bay to a crescent ridge, ascending above the main street by terraces lined with elegant houses, and commanding delightful views of the sea and distant headlands. Large mansions embowered in plantations and parks, beautify the back ground, and give to the whole scenery of the place and its surroundings a remarkable variety and grouping of interesting features.

Wednesday, June 29th. This was a memorable day in my Walk, like that I enjoyed when approaching John O'Groat's in September of the preceding year. The weather was unfavorable, with considerable rain in the morning and a heavy mist all the afternoon. At two p.m., I set out on the last stage of my journey southward. For several miles the country was delightfully picturesque. Beautifully belted hills, deep valleys, and winding dells, and fields in the highest cultivation, in every conceivable angle of inclination or *pose* in the landscape, presented a new and charming view at every turning of the road. It was the early-vegetable district, and consequently fertilised to its utmost capacity of production. The very pastures alternating

with the potato-fields looked like unmown meadow lands. I counted over forty cows and yearlings, mostly graded Shorthorns, in one field of about six acres, and still the grass was high enough for the scythe. One of the great lions of the coast is the famous *Logan Stone*, a block of granite estimated to weigh upwards of sixty tons. The descriptions of this enormous, rocking boulder would make a small library, if all collected; so I will pass over it with a brief notice, designed especially for the American reader. On one of the grand, wild headlands, thrusting out their granite pates into the sea, this huge stone is so socketed and balanced that it can be rocked by a very small force. Some years ago I visited it with a couple of friends, and, placing our backs to it, we gave it a motion which threatened to send it overboard into the sea. Indeed, I do not wonder that many persons of certain mental temperament should have an "itching palm" for tumbling it down the precipice with a tremendous crash. Then another motive once existed to strengthen this undefinable impulse. It was confidently asserted by a pretentious authority that, nothwithstanding the ease with which the great mass could be rocked in its socket, no lever power, nor any mechanical force could lift it out of its place. The glove of this defiance thus thrown down before

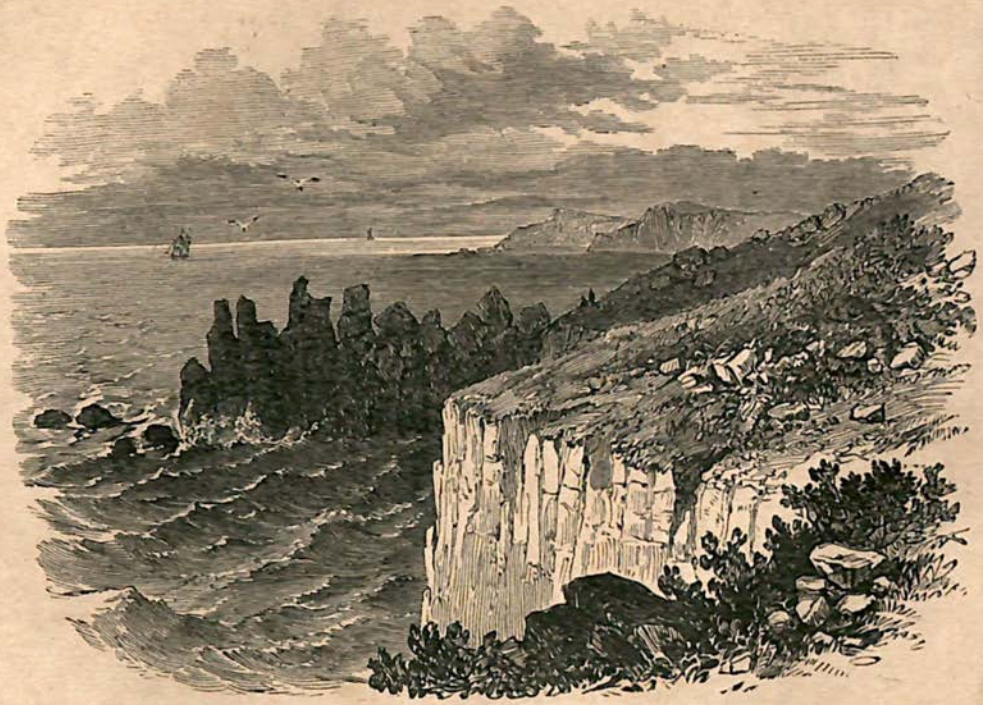
all comers, together with the movings of an eager curiosity and love of adventure, so worked upon the mind of the commander of a revenue cutter, cruising about in those waters, that he pushed ashore with a boat's crew of jack-tars, and, scaling the height at their head, brought the united lever-power of their strong arms to bear upon the great Logan. It first moved into rapid and violent oscillation, then, as the impetus of the motion increased, it made a lurch from which it could not recover, and over it went with a thundering crash that made the earth tremble all the way to the sea. The feat was accomplished. The young lieutenant, whose name was Goldsmith, nephew of the author of the Vicar of Wakefield, at the head of his pig-tails enjoyed a roystering but short-lived triumph of their strength and daring. They had broken the golden egg of the little community close by, that had lived upon the money disbursed among them by visitors to the celebrated stone. It had brought them several pecks of silver and copper coins yearly. It was a small mine of those precious metals to them; and there is no room for wonder that they lifted up a cry against this destructive onslaught upon their occupation, which, if not as classical was as clamorous as the cry of the Ephesian silversmiths in behalf of their goddess Diana and her worship. The

Government yielded to this appeal, or to some other motive, and ordered the lieutenant to put the stone back into its place. It would have been a Sisyphus job for him physically if the Admiralty had not lent him competent machinery and other aid to accomplish the work. Before the expiration of the year, the stone was hoisted up the height and replaced in its old socket, in which it is made to rock to the admiration of visitors to this day.

Reached Land's End at just the same hour of the day and on the same day of the month at which I brought up at John O'Groat's last year. For the last three miles I heard the eternal roar and rush of the ocean, with the pulse and sway of a thousand leagues, heaving itself against the shore. And here I was at last, at the extreme southern end of England! It was reached and realised—the dream of twenty years agone!—to walk the longest line within the circuit of the British Isle—from John O'Groat's to Land's End! There was pleasure in the conceit of the undertaking; there was more now in its accomplishment. A latent sentiment of self-complacency perhaps mingled with better emotions of satisfaction. I had performed what no American had ever attempted before; what few, if any, Englishmen had effected. In all this long journey I had scarcely

lost a day by ill health or a whole one by ill weather. It was a dream in conception, and a dream in execution. Now that I was looking off here upon the sea, I could not make it a real, tangible fact that I had so recently stood upon the shore of the Pentland Frith, and measured the whole distance between the two points step by step on foot.

The inn at Land's End is larger, more modern and commodious than its widely-sundered fellow at John O'Groat's, fitted up very comfortably, and quite a respectable hotel in the best sense of the term. It stands on the most commanding point of the headland, and the view from every window fronting the sea is grand. Although no storm-wind was stirring up the great wild of waters to its strength and thunder, the scene was almost sublime, and the sound in its murmur was like the breathing of a sleeping power whose softest pulse gave proof and warning of its waking might. The sea was serene and quiet a little way out; and its snow-white foam playfully climbed only to the insteps of those grim old sea-beaten bastions built to break and check its fury. But their huge granite pillars showed the wrathful beating of tempest-tossed waves for ages. The salt spray of centuries had eaten out of their sombre fronts everything soluble, leaving them honey-combed, distained and wild. Some of the



LAND'S END.

columns looked "broomed" by the smitings of the sea; resembling the upright timbers planted at the entrance of our American steam-boat landings. Just under the windows of the inn, seemingly within a stone's throw of the precipice, is a ledge pushing up three or four rocks apparently about ten feet high. From the middlemost and tallest arises what seems to be a white stove-pipe. That is a lighthouse, and though it looks like a mere chimney to the rock, it towers above it fifty-two feet, and is sixty-two in circumference at the base, and a mile and a quarter from the shore. There are three men in it all the year around, one being relieved monthly by another on shore kept in reserve for changing guard in this sentry-box in the sea. It must be a strange, caged life for them out there, with the winter winds and winter waves howling and thundering against the walls of their tall and slender castle.

It would be difficult to conceive of any battle-ground on the face of earth or ocean, where the clutch and conflict of the elements could be more terribly grand than at Land's End. And no point the globe around, perhaps, presents deeper battle-scars, or deeper foot-prints of the wrestlers. When the still blue sea is in its sunniest mood, dropping the ermine fringes of its summer robe with a musical murmur on the

shore; when the great headland is covered with its softest, greenest June herbage clear down to the rusty edge of the precipice, and all around, above and below is serene and quiet—even then you see the rough athletes of Nature only asleep, and you think of the scene at their waking. You can scarcely keep out of your mind's vision the apparition of a broken-masted ship, drifting with lame rudder and rent sails against these awful walls, that yawn upon it like the long-teethed jaws of huge sharks eager for their prey. How many a bold mariner has felt his heart quail within him, when, tempest-beaten, chased by sea-wolf waves howling after him for a thousand leagues, he has seen, through the foam and the mist, the black fins of these terrible land monsters, each like a Cerberus, lying in the gateway of his native land! I am confident if Shakespeare or Byron had ever stood on the tremendous verge of this cliff and witnessed the scene when the mightiest Titans of Nature clinched and wrestled here, we should have had even a grander description of the ocean in its wrathful uprising than either of the great masters has left us. It is said that Wesley composed here his hymn, so often sung on both sides of the Atlantic, beginning with the lines—

Lo, on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
Yet how insensible!

The histories attaching to the locale are as wild and strange as its natural features. Perhaps the authors of the fantastic fictions had these proportions in view, and suited their fancies to the physical facts of the place. In clear weather the Scilly Islands, nearly thirty miles distant, may be seen notching the Western horizon, but, although the sky was cloudless, I was not satisfied that I really saw that flock of islets pastured so far out in the sea. One of the unscrupulous traditions hereabouts goes so far as to affirm that these islands were once connected with the mainland by a tract of country called the *Lyonesse*, which Spenser and Tennyson have made a fairyland and peopled with human heroes in mail, and aerial beings fluttering among the flowers in robes woven of sunbeams, moonlight and white mist. Here the laureate made King Arthur fall, when—

All day long the noise of battle roll'd
Among the mountains by the winter sea.

But the more unpoetical and statistical legend-makers go into figures and gravely tell the world how this unfortunate tongue of land contained one hundred and forty parish churches, and was swept away by a sudden inundation.

Thursday, June 30th. An exceedingly beautiful morning; the sea like a still flood of pearly blue. The wreaths of foam breaking against the feet of the black sea-walls were as white as the flounces of summer clouds basking in the sun. They made a mirthful chipper and laugh under the song of the soaring larks. A dozen vessels were in sight—one of them a large ship with all its sails spread as if to catch the light instead of the breeze, and they shone with it, and looked like white sheets let down from heaven full of its pure and holy morning.

Having entered my name in the visitors' book, with the fact that I had there and then completed my proposed "Walk from Land's End to John O'Groat's," in two journeys from London as a centre, I hung my travelling bag to the handle of my umbrella over the shoulder, and resuming staff, faced northward, having been just a month on the way to this extreme point of my tour. Walked up and down, in and out the great bold headlands for several hours, leaving the public road altogether. The scenery was grand and animating; not so bold and wild as that of the Scotch coast on approaching John O'Groat's, but much of the same general character. The lark was here too, warbling over the sea, like the very spirit of the bright June morning, singing its happiest

songs between the two blue firmaments. Its note was set to the same key as its sister songster's I heard over Pentland Frith, and though the land sides of their uprising circles were rough and furzy, their voices were as merry as if singing over the fairest fields of England. Came out suddenly upon the headland that walls in Sennen Cove on the south. Here was a little village directly under my feet, stuck into the side of the high ridge—a little community shut in here all complete, with church, schoolhouse and other central institutions of Christian society. Here, too, was a remarkable work of nature worth noticing. The old ocean in its freaks belts its shores with singular doings. Here one would see how it robs Peter to pay Paul. It goes around the island in the hours of its wrath, smiting the walls of chalk, lime, and granite. It sucks into its jaws large blocks of every grain and grit; champs, grinds and grates them like nutmegs into fine sand, then throws it up in waves upon some shore, a kind of gritty flour to dry in the sun to volatile dust. Then the wind that has moved the ocean to this work, takes it out of the palm of the wave and lifts it and drifts it high up over the inland. Here it has been raised hundreds of feet clear up to the granite brows of these everlasting hills, making a circular slope of

many acres in surface. Little by little, it has taken a soft thin coating of grass, yielding feed for cattle and sheep; but the deep foot-paths threading it in different directions are all as white as snow. Thus, what the sea in its fury has ground to powder from the granite columns of Land's End, it has brought around to this quiet cove, and built it up in a mighty earthwork, mountain high. From these headlands you see in every direction, on the very edge of the sea, and scattered over the dark, stony inland hills, mines at work with all the jangle and wrangle, banging and clanging of their machinery, bringing up the treasures hidden in the earth from its creation. There were fertile fields of luxuriant vegetation interspersed with the sombre spaces covered with furze and granite boulders. Crossed a large farm in a high state of cultivation. There were between twenty and thirty cows in one field, which the owner told me he let to different persons at £9 a head, he finding pasturage in summer, and feed in winter and having all the manure. This struck me as a very good arrangement for both parties, and I resolved to adopt it if I ever resumed farming in America. A poor man, in this way, is not obliged to make a desperate effort at earning and saving to buy a cow that may die in a week, or prove a failure.

He only pays the rent or use of her, as he would for his cottage. Where he can do this weekly, it must be of great advantage, and puts his milk bill on the same footing as if he bought it of the regular milk-man, with this great difference in his favor, that he does not buy water at the rate of three-pence per quart, and if he wants that cheap fluid, he can take it out of his own well, and mix it to suit himself. This Land's End farmer, who walked with me through several fields to show me the way to the public road, held his land at £100 per acre, which is above the average in any other section of England that I have seen, valued for its agricultural capacity. The reason of this high figure is in the fact that producing land is very scarce in this mining district, and the population large, though mostly invisible in the day-time.

Stopped an hour in St. Just; Cornwall being full of Saints, human and angelic. This is one of the "church towns" of the county, as a village is called which has a regular church for its centre of attraction and influence. It is an interesting place, very irregular and antique, with houses built of very coarsely grained granite, which takes a rusty, coppery shade, giving the whole a grim or sombre aspect. The mines about here are numerous and rich, and show indomitable

and daring enterprise. I stopped an hour to see a little of the Botallack Mine, which is opened on the very beetling edge of one of the greatest headlands on the coast. It is one of the largest and most productive in Cornwall, and shows what man will do, and whither he will go in the hunt for valuable metals. Here he has poached upon the domain of the sea, mining for a full quarter of a mile under its bed, and sending up ore to the surface. There it is beaten to powder by heavy steam-hammers, then washed a dozen times by different processes, to extract the metallic dust. The operations performed upon it to this end are manifold and ingenious. Water is applied in every possible form and force. When the ore is pulverised under the hammer it is of a slate-color, rather pale like heaps of leached ashes. But as the water is brought to bear upon it in different ways, it becomes red, and all the pits, pools, tubs, vats, and troughs seem to be full of a decoction of brick-dust. This comes from the mixture of iron in the ore. Indeed three metals are present in it. The manager put a spade into a tub full of it, and, as it were, winnowed it in clear water, when three distinct sediments were perceptible on the blade—tin, copper, and iron. The first was the heaviest and most predominant. The greatest care is exercised to catch every grain of tin

or to prevent any of it running off and being lost in the numerons washings. A large oval wooden wheel, like a huge trencher bottom-side upward, about six feet in diameter, is turned slowly by machinery. The mineral solution, after running through nearly a dozen other sieves or strainers, is let upon this revolving disk, which is just oval enough to shed easily the lighter fluid, but catches the gritty tin sediment on the surface. The greatest skill and experience are requisite to adjust the slope of these disks; for if it were too steep, the metal would run off and be lost with the water; if too flat, the operation would be null and void of any practical effect. One process was quite primitive and amusing. At a certain stage of purification, the solution was put in large tubs, and a great wooden hammer, like a beetle, was hung by a cord suspended from a beam over-head. This was swung by a girl against the tub, to assist the settling of the metal at the bottom. Most of the water used for these manifold washings is pumped up out of the mine by an engine of great power, which not only pumps but pounds the ore to powder, and turns all the machinery used in the establishment. The water, after running more gauntlets than any that ever fell out of the clouds, rushes down into the sea in swift, gurgling torrents, and reddens it for a

considerable space around. Indeed, in the classic mythology of Greece, it would be described as a profane Hercules, stabbing the bluest veins of ocean, and staining its bosom with its own blood.

It seemed almost this without the fancy of the ancients. Here human labor had bored through the prison walls of the sea, far out under the pathway of great ships and the play-ground of leviathan; out under the fishing-ground of the pilchard-catchers; and there, sweating in their approximation to the central fires, scores of men were digging by candle-light, day and night, summer and winter, year after year, not for gold but for a more valuable and honest metal for the common uses of society.

The mine employs about 500 men, women, and children. Many of the young women were dressed almost *á la mode*, with ringlets furled and clewed under a band, ready for being shaken out upon the breeze when their work was done. The men earn about sixteen shillings, or four dollars a week; the women eight pence per day. The mine produces about 430 tons of black tin annually; that is, the metallic dust reduced to smelting condition, yielding from sixty to seventy per cent. pure tin. In this state it is sold at £50 to £90 per ton. I came very near trying an ablution not set down in the programme of washings; an

experiment which no one would be likely to hazard voluntarily. Having thrust my hands into the metallic matter at a good many stages of its purification, until they were well coated with it, I was just on the point of dipping them into a large iron pan full of what I thought was clear water, when the manager shouted "Hold on there! it's vitriol!" I had my finger-tips almost in the fluid, when the warning came just in time to save me from a test which even the witches of Salem were not subjected to.

Continued my walk in sight of the sea to St. Ives, passing several broods of rusty-looking houses, squatting here and there, with their faces together, so that the road became lost between them in a series of crooked paths. They looked sombre, ragged and uncomfortable. It would be well if all the ministers of different denominations in this part of Cornwall would preach a special sermon on every Whit-Monday on the virtue and duty of white-washing these dwellings of the commoner people. One finds it difficult to see how the Christian graces or common household virtues can thrive in such habitations. To grow them in such homes would seem like rearing delicate flowers among the tangled furze-roots of the stony waste around them. Still, they doubtless do grow there, and are all the more admirable for their uncouth surroundings.

St. Ives is a queer-looking town, with all the seeming of having been drifted in here whole, from some portion of an olden world. As you endeavour to thread the maze of its narrow, crooked streets, without side-walks, and look at the strange houses from cellar to garret, you wonder where they came from; whether it was a small segment of some Spanish or Grecian headland, broken off and brought here by some disruption of nature. It consists of a rim of houses, thickening up in the centre from each horn of the crescent ridge overlooking a bay of the same name. I entered it on the convex side, and was greatly interested in the unique aspect of the place. The houses are of all kinds of building material, but rough granite predominates. The oldest and most ordinary have stone steps conducting up to the living story, the first or basement being very low, and apparently devoted to cellerage, and sometimes, I fancied, to stabling. It enhances the enjoyment of a tourist in England to come upon such towns occasionally on his travels. He walks through them with all his mental faculties wide-awake; not as he would through the excavated streets of Pompeii, but as if the dividing line of two ages lay between his feet, and he were making foot-prints in each at every step. If he has photographed upon his memory pretty vividly such elegant, dashy, fashionable places as Buxton and East-

bourne, and with their features distinct in his mind, comes to walk the crooked pack-horse pathways of such a town as this Cornish Saint names, the contrast will give him all the exhilaration that any sudden aspect of antiquity could produce. Indeed, the feeling is far more satisfactory than the unexpected sight of any dead or half-exhumed city could inspire. For this strange-looking town, on one of the prettiest bays in the world, is a live community. It is full of veritable English men, women, and children, who are loyal, patriotic, intelligent and virtuous; and can sing "Rule Britannia" with the best of them, and better songs besides. You need not think, on looking at some of their streets, lanes, and buildings, for man and beast, that they who inhabit them speak the Basque, the Celto-Breton, or even the Cornish tongue. Not a bit of it. Take out the first hundred you may count in those streets, and put them against the same number of well-dressed tradesmen of London, and then apply the H shiboleth to them, and, ten to one, the St. Ivonians would carry the day in the mastery of that amphibious letter.

Friday, July 1st. Continued my walk; now inland, now seaward, each direction commanding a wonderfully-varied scenery. The first town of any importance I came to was Hayle, a busy, black, sooty little seaport, where a large trade is carried on in coal and timber for

the mines. On descending to the port, I wandered out of the way to the ferry, which was hidden by the dunes or drifts of sand, between which the narrow channel meanders to the quay. A woman came out of a cottage to put me on the right track. Indeed she seemed to make it her business to pilot strangers across the little Sahara to the ferry. On parting she asked me for a penny for the missionary box. She said she put into it all that travellers gave her for showing them over the sands to the boat. This was the way she obtained her widow's mites to cast into the treasury of a work she loved. It was a pleasant little out-gleaming of a heart set on a great mission of Christian philanthrophy, and I gave her something for both services—for guiding me over the drifted sands to the skiff, and for guiding travellers more darkly astray to the green shore of a better river. Hayle is really a place of considerable importance, and of vigorous and prosperous business. Once vast quantities of copper were smelted here; but it was found cheaper in the end to transport the ore to the coal, than the coal to the ore; so, of late years, it is sent to Wales to be smelted. One of the principal sources of income to the town is an iron-foundry, that turns out cylinders of prodigious size, not only for the mines in Cornwall, but for similar uses in other

countries. I saw here what I never observed before, not even in the blackest iron district. The *slag* from the furnaces had been cast in moulds of different forms; some in square blocks, some in coping for walls. Not only garden walls were made of this material, but entire houses. When they are white-washed they look very well; but in their natural shade, very ungainly, glassy and grim.

Reached Camborne to dinner. This is a good specimen of a modern mining town. The streets are long, mostly lined with low two-story houses of granite, in which the subterranean families live when above ground. Ascended Carn-brea, a rocky, lofty eminence, a short distance from Camborne, and the very focus and culmination of Cornish mythology. It is a capital observatory from which to see the best aspects of Cornwall in all its enterprise, and wealth, and wildness. Here, in a vast circle the eye may sweep in a glance, you have such a concentration of views as no other point commands. Within this circuit it may well be said—"The great globe itself,—yea, all that it inhabit," are turned upside down. The whole region is disembowelled, and the surface is piled thick and high with mounds of the earth's vitals, still red and reeking The entire district is studded with shafts, looking like the grain-elevators at Chicago or Buffalo.

The clatter and chatter and hammering of machinery, pumping water, drawing up ore, pounding it to dust, and the squashy, splashy sound of the washing, all unite to make it an area of the roughest and noisiest industry. Within the circumference of a dozen miles, there are twenty men, 100 fathoms below the surface, facing downwards toward the central fires, where there is one on the surface above looking erect on heaven at the plough. Under this space there is more Canadian and Norwegian timber propping up the undermined earth, than ever grew at once upon the same area in either country. Passing the eye beyond this red, rough, noisy space, and you have a beautiful vista of well-cultivated land, showing all the picturesque patch-work of English crops. Beyond this again is the still blue sea, where the fishermen are plying their nets. Taking in the three departments of labor and production at a glance, mining, farming, and fishing, and you have three human industries in remarkable collocation and contrast. Then there are the grand, bold headlands of St. Ives and St. Agnes, and the quiet bays shimmering between them, and other features of natural scenery worth climbing this Cornish Pisgah to see. No American nor English traveller will see what Cornwall is and does from so good a stand-point as Carn-brea.

CHAPTER X.

CARN-BREA, REDRUTH AND ST. AGNES—PERAN-ZABULOE AND ITS BURIED CHURCH — TINTANGEL AND BOSCASTLE AND THEIR LEGENDS — HARTLAND HEAD AND VICINITY.

CARN-BREA, independent of the scenery it commands, is worthy of special notice. It is an enormous tor, of the Devonshire structure, or a mountainous hill crowned with granite blocks and boulders of all shapes and sizes, piled up fantastically by nature, as if there were "a method in their madness" of grouping and pasture. No furzy hill in the two counties wearing a stook of rocks on its head for hair-pins, could be better fitted to call out all the wild vigor of mythological imagination than this eminence, overlooking scores of mines. It seems to have been the Olympus of Cornish deities, druids, giants, genii, bogies, furies and fairies. The legends centering here, in which these strange entities of early fancy have played a startling part, are almost endless. The feats they performed beat the exploits of Grecian and Scandinavian legends all hollow. And what is more remarkable still, the faith in these feats

lives in the honest hearts of many of the country-people in this section, making the staple of those stirring stories that often thrill the humble fire-side circle of the poor with sensational entertainment. A specimen of their credulity and of their traditions may suffice to show the lengths to which they go in these primitive fantasies. One of the large blocks of granite is furrowed or indented into five ridges, which, with a stretch of fancy, they make to resemble fingers. Having established this likeness, the next thing was to settle the question, whose fingers they were before they were petrified. Evidently they belonged to a giant of the tallest kind, and one, too, of respectable antiquity; one in whom even the Christian world might believe. So, after inferring his proportions from this isolated member, they came to a conclusion, as well founded as the theory of many a learned antiquary of modern times, that Goliah was buried somewhat about this hill, and that his hand, protruding out of the earth, was turned into this stone. Then another legend has it, that there was once a terrible scrimmage here between Satan and a platoon of Cornish saints whose names are not given. The tradition of the conflict rises almost to a Miltonian sublimity. If the combatants did not "pluck up the seated hills" to hurl at each other's heads, they tried "what virtue

there is in stones." They seized these huge, black boulders and threw them at each other with tremendous force. The saints proved too many and too much for his Satanic majesty; and, coming to close quarters, they bundled him over the heights, crest-fallen and awfully bruised. This story is older than Milton's, and, take it all in all, the *locale*, *dramatis personæ*, and all the possibilities of the case, has far more credible foundation than his famous fiction. John Harris, the Cornish Miner Poet, the Homer of this British Olympus, in one of his *Carnbræads*, has put many of these traditions in the happiest verse, which I would earnestly commend to all who would acquaint themselves with the legendary lore of the locality.

The hill is not only crowned with tors of rocks, of nature's masonry, but one of these is supplemented and surmounted by a small, high castle or tower. This unique structure has a singular and very uncertain foundation. It is built upon the boulders just as they lie, in their higgledy-piggledy positions; the spaces between them in two or three cases being surmounted by arches. Indeed it is like a bird's nest with some of the dead branches on which it is raised protruding through it; and looks as if it would all come tumbling down if one of these were wrenched out of its place. A column erected to the memory

of a local celebrity, the late Lord de Dunstanville, adds another object of interest to the eminence, and establishes a kind of balance between the doings of man and nature, which make Carn-brea one of the first lions of Cornwall to a tourist, whatever be his leaning of mind.

Passing this famous Cornish convexity, you may soon come to one of the concavities of the county, of better fame and history. It is a great excavation in the hill-side of *Carn Marth*, which was once the roofless tabernacle in which Wesley used to preach to the Cornish miners. It is called *The Pit*, not after any theatrical or more repulsive suggestion, but from its formation and mere physical character. Here the great and good man put, as it were, his moulding hand upon the rough population of the district, who arose under his ministering from almost heathenism to the life and stature of a highly Christian community. The impress of his spirit and teaching is still deep and broad upon the masses of Cornish miners. Could he revisit the scene of his indefatigable labors, he would not have to share the sorrowful experience of the great Apostle to the Gentiles, who saw all his work in Asia Minor swept away. In no section or country, either in England or America, did Wesley get and retain a stronger hold upon the

people than in Cornwall. The denomination he founded seems to be the standing or predominate order here. I have noticed that their churches or chapels are the most capacious and numerous in the county. Some newly-erected are splendid edifices, ornate with the flowers of sculpture and architecture. Their ministers make preaching stations in all the out-of-the-way villages and hamlets; and you see placards posted on the rusty boulders by the road-side, announcing sermons to be delivered in such and such places.

Reached Redruth to tea, and found it overflowing full of people of all ages and occupations from far and near, it being market-day. The long narrow street on which the town is chiefly built, was crammed with apparently 5,000 of them, all busy and bustling with trading speculations. This is the very capital and centre of the richest mineral district in the county. Copper is the most productive of the metals raised in this section, and vast quantities are taken from it annually. The Dalcoath mine, in the immediate neighborhood, is upwards of 1,400 feet deep, and was considered the first in Cornwall in value half a century ago. They took a large amount of silver from it in 1810, and in 1815 it yielded copper ore that was sold for nearly £70,000.

After tea, I faced westward, and walked on to St.

Agnes, where I spent the sabbath. This is an interesting locality for a great variety of salient features. In the first place it is a goodly little town of what farmers or stock-breeders might well call graded antiquity—or a cross of the long past and the living present. The most ancient parts of it look more English than St. Ives, its neighbor on the other horn of a grand crescent bay, each tipped with a majestic headland. One of the celebrities of the artistic world was born here, giving the place the pleasant memory of his name and reputation,—the painter *Opie*, whose works rank high in the order of genius. Another Opie of the same family is following the footsteps of his distinguished predecessor. A portrait painted by the young artist, when he was only thirteen years of age, hung in the parlor of the inn where I lodged, which would command some notice in the National Gallery.

St. Agnes Beacon is one of the most commanding heights on the Cornish coast, and the view from its summit is magnificent in every direction. It rises to the elevation of over 600 feet above the sea, and projecting far into it, gives a vista of out-jutting headlands and rock-ribbed coast, which will well repay the tourist for the ascent, though it gives him a taut breathing. When he has finished the sky-

ward, sea-ward, and all the horizontal aspects, if he is given to such investigations, he may study with profit the structure of the hill itself. Here is another of the master-pieces of nature. This grand eminence is one of the savings'-banks of the ocean, in which the Titan-handed monarch has been depositing the champings of rocks eaten by him since the Flood. With the aid of the wind, he has lifted them up the height of 300 feet above its base and piled them there, in sands and clay, forty feet in thickness in some places.

Monday, July 4th. Set out immediately after breakfast, following the coast northward. the first centre of interest I reached was *Perranzabuloe,* a long, un-English name, sounding—you cannot give a reason for it—like some smothered village of huts on the desert of Sahara. It is singular how a peculiar collocation of a dozen letters suggests meanings which the syllables do not justify or imply in any way. For instance, how is it we attribute a mean, sneaky, hypocritical mind to *Mr. Pecksniff,* on the first introduction of his name, before his real character begins to develop itself? There is nothing really suspicious or unmanly in either syllable, when standing alone. But somehow, put together, they suggest a *double entendre,* which comes almost involuntarily to the mind at the first sound. So with *Perranzabuloe,* even before you hear

the story of the place. As you run the eye over the letters, or the ear over the sounds they make, they seem to read or say: *Perished-in-the-sands-below.* Now, of course, they do not mean any such thing, any more than a mournful sough of the wind at night around the house means the articulate plaint of some unhouseled spirit moaning for admission. However, Perran-zabuloe is not too long a name for the place and its history. A back-door having been left open to the sea, which might have been bolted and barred very easily, the winds and waves of the ocean blew inward such volumes of sand as to cover a prodigious space of inland with the white, hot, volatile drifts. Now, at a certain distance from the mouth of this *arenæduct*, there once stood a church of famous origin and sad end; both of which give the locality a remarkable celebrity. Among the sensational legends of early times, a few centuries before the birth of the English language, this tradition held good and strong in the people's belief hereabouts: After St. Patrick had driven all the snakes and frogs, and other unpleasant creepers and jumpers from Ireland, he came over with a new force of faith and miracle-power to drive out the Druids from Cornwall; and, to his great joy, found these evil-working spirits as subject to his influence as the less injurious reptiles of the Emerald Isle. He

thereupon returned to Ireland, consecrated and sent over to the new field of Christian conquest twelve bishops to complete the good work he had begun. St. Piran was one of the twelve; and it is said, that either in consequence of the scarcity or ill-construction of sailing vessels at that early time, or in token of the Divine approbation and aid of his mission, he crossed the sea on a mill-stone, landed at St. Ives, then travelled to this place, where he pitched his tent immediately in the draught of this large crevice in the sea-wall. A church was erected on the spot where he was said to be buried, sometime in the 5th century. This little edifice, according to some antiquaries, stood the buffetings of the sand-storms for two or three hundred years, when it succumbed, and was buried out of sight in the drifts or dunes. Another and larger building was erected, it is supposed, near the site of the first, where it stood for several centuries. The beating sands threatening to engulf this also, it was taken down and removed two miles further inland. The shifting dunes blowing hither and thither, in 1835 the body of the old church turned up to sight, like a nugget of gold for the archæologists, and the little suffocated edifice was soon mined out in a good state of preservation. But, most unfortunately, it was burnt in about a fortnight after its exhumation. Notwith-

standing the suspicious incident, there is no reason to disbelieve this Pompeian fact. The heads and a few stones of the moulding may be seen in the Truro Museum to this day.

To this little desert I wended my way, and reached it in a few hours' walk. It is a small sea of sand, with as many swells, ridges and hollows as mark an equal space of ocean in a storm. A good portion of it is covered with a tall reedy grass, the growth of which is a mystery, quite as much as the vegetation of certain plants on mere air. This strong and heavy grass pins the surface down and prevents it blowing about like snow before a winter's wind. But there are large, hot craters of living sand here and there, from which new dunes are scooped, to be grappled in their turn and fixed by the reedy vegetation. The whole surface is as full of rabbit-holes as ever was a meadow of mole-walks. They were scampering and bobbing about in every direction. There must have been hundreds of them burrowed in a single acre's space. What they live upon is as much a mystery as the growth of such a covering of grass in that hot, gritty, glistening sand. I wandered about among these dunes and hollows to find the object of my search, and was about to give up the exploration as a bad job, when a flock of rooks, circling over a particular spot, put

me in the right direction. I knew they were famous and trusty antiquaries, endowed with fine instinctive perception of the site of ruined abbeys and churches; and where they were gathered together, one might be sure to find the remains of one of these old edifices. Following their suggestions, I soon came in sight of a deeply-corroded granite pillar, with a flattened head perforated with several holes. Near it one could almost believe he saw the foundations of the buried church; though it required much exercise of the imagination to reach this conclusion. After a fatiguing walk in different directions through this little drifting wilderness, I was glad to plant my feet on *terra firma* again. In a few hours I was out of the mining region. It was quite a relief, after having travelled for a week in an inverted section of the country, to find myself once more where the earth was right side up, and where the people lived and labored on its surface, facing upward and breathing the fresh, free air of heaven.

Passed a regular amphitheatre sunk in the earth, instead of raised on its surface, in the old Roman fashion. With that *penchant* for Celtic origin or Druidic rites which distinguishes the antiquaries and archæologists of the country, this pit, called *Perran Round*, is honored with a hoary antiquity. Here it is supposed the ancient Britons assembled at stated times

for grave or sportful purposes—either as courts of justice on matters pertaining to their laws, or as spectators of wrestling matches between their trained athletes. It does honor to all parties to this conception, that these ancient Britons are not supposed to have got so far on in the pathway of the high civilisation of their successors as to have established the *Prize Ring* in Perran Round, as one of their "manly sports," or even to have attained to the refinement of cock-fighting in their day. In more modern times it is said to have been used for theatrical performances, in which *Miracle Plays* were the chief staple of entertainment. The diameter of the pit is about 130 feet, fitted up with ranges of turfed seats, with a green rostrum or platform in the centre of the last tier. Whatever its first origin and objects, it is now frequently used for religious meetings; Sunday-school celebrations and pic-nics.

Dined at St. Columb—a straight-laced town, of prematurely ancient appearance, with its main street as narrow as if crowded into a cleft in a mountain, although there was boundless space for spreading it out in pleasant and healthy amplitude. For several days I have been eating, drinking and sleeping with Cornish Saints. Their name is legion, and the legion is large. In fact, Cornwall seems to have more sainted

towns than all the other counties in the kingdom. After a walk of about thirty miles, reached Wadebridge to tea.

This is a thrifty, modern-looking town, with a wide street lined with large and elegant shops and other buildings. It is situated on the Camel river, which meandering through a picturesque valley, here enters an arm of the sea, which has broken through the great coast-wall, making a harbor further inland than any other I have seen in Cornwall. The bridge crossing this river is one of the longest and oldest in the country. It is built on seventeen arches, and is said to have been the work of a certain vicar of the parish, who must have been a kind of Oberlin in his way.

Tuesday, July 5th. This was a very warm day, and the walk heavy, as it lay up-hill most of the way. For several miles, however, the road passed through picturesque plantations, or was lined by trees, and skirted by clear-running streams that gave one the cooling sense of shade, even if they did not really diminish the heat. Dined at Camelford, a little, angular Cornish town, which once was a place of much political importance. It was a regularly incorporated borough, and sent a member to Parliament until it was cut down to the level of common com-

munities of the same size by the Reform Bill. Among others who represented it from time to time, was *Macpherson*, the author of Ossian. The name of the place evidently stumbled down to a modern period over successive mutations, until it fell into the form of a homely Saxon word, with the meaning which its early Saxon inhabitants thought to be clear and straightforward enough. They were so sure of their sense of it, that they mounted the figure of a camel as a weathervane on the top of their town-hall, although they had not the slightest reason to believe that venerable animal ever set his hoof within their precincts. Tracing the word back through these corruptions, it may be recognised in *Crum heyle* or *Crooked river*. But the early townsmen ought not to be laughed at for this little mistake in transmuting a couple of Cornish words into one of English structure and significance. It was not half so discrepant and disloyal as the change in sound and sense which the best educated cockneys of London wrought in the name of their choicest locality. Let any well-read American traveller go to Hyde Park about three p.m., early in May, and see the *haut ton* equestrians galloping in squadrons up and down that long, well-fenced course, kept with such care for their favorite exercise. Although made as perfect as possible, with most

beautiful surroundings of greenest turf and trees, seen against the background of an artificial lake or strait of bluest water, it is called to this day, by the most refined and fastidious ladies of quality and education, *Rotten Row!* To think of it! What a word to mouth by such lips! Now guess, with your best New England ingenuity of speculation, where that name came from; what it was made of; what transmutation has changed its original form and significance. You give it up? Well you might, for you could not guess it out if you knew a hundred dictionaries by heart. Well, you must believe it, for it is the fact; *Rotten Row* was made out of *Route-au-Roi*, or the "King's Route," or course. Here is a specimen of *Saxonising* right under the eves of St. James's Palace that should cover and excuse a hundred mistakes in remote provincials in their efforts to give an English face and sound to Cornish words of unknown significance and difficult pronunciation.

From Camelford I diverged toward the sea-coast to see two of its chiefest lions, Tintagel Castle and Boscastle. About three miles from the town, I ascended a great down, or furzy hill crowned by a barrow, which commanded the grandest view I have seen in Cornwall. It was almost a perfect panorama, half water and half land, with a radius of full twenty

miles. Inland, a circular wall of treeless hills, with here and there a huge tor piercing the horizon, bounded the vision. Sloping down into a vast basin, were fields defined as vividly as the figures of a Scotch plaid, of rather dark tints, owing partly to the colors of the season, when the green of grass and grain is taking on the blueish tinge of full-grown life, or slightly yellowing to harvest. Here and there the red soil of Devonshire alternated with the dull brown of Cornwall. Patches of furze and ferns and wild moorland varied the shades and figures. Plantations hiding their diminished heads in narrow valleys and dells from the salt, west winds of the Atlantic, showed like little green islands brooching the broad bosom of the landscape. Little villages nestling around gray, low-towered churches scattered at irregular intervals over the space, gave to it the crowning feature of the vista—the scenery of human life and society, in their quiet aspects. It was a grand picture, though done in sombre colors. But these brought out the glory of the other half of the panorama all the more vividly. There was the still, broad, blue sea making no visible ripple against the feet of the great, bold headlands that stood greaved with granite, with their bald brows flushed as with the pride of their strength and defiance. Away to the south-west, where the water

view joined the landscape, the ocean was calm and smooth as a sea of glass; but at a point or two farther north there was a scene of indescribable beauty. The sun was but a little way above the horizon, half-veiled in a deeply-dyed drapery of clouds. The eye lost the line that divided them from the water, so that they seemed a continuation of the sea, forming one vast plain of glory sloping up to the sun's disk. From this there welled a river of molten silver meandering through purple banks touched to gold by its overflow. Now it rounded into soft bays rimmed with azure shores; now it burst through the crimson *levées* and ran in a score of channels between emerald isles all set a-glow like illuminated lamps of every hue; now the little rivers converged into a mountain torrent, and poured down through a winding gorge into a broad lake of golden glory, sending up a dazzling mist which the eye could hardly bear. Among these islands there were vessels sailing, with all their canvass spread, up the shining rivers to the very edge and over-break of the golden cataract. As their sails veered this way and that, they looked each like a red-winged "eagle at its sun." As I sat and looked off upon this scene of beauty ineffable, and watched its changing features, an incident of marvellous interest wound up the dissolving view. Just as the sun dipped its great purple globe

up to its diameter in the sea, a three-masted vessel with all its sails set passed across the disk. It was several minutes on that golden equator, with its masts and spars showing in bold relief against the red dome of light. Who could have the cold heart to check the fancy of such a moment? Not I. It seemed the vessel of some sky-faring Columbus circumnavigating the sun.

Descending from this scene, I pursued my way through the little village of Trevena to the Tintagel Castle, the very fountain head and focus of Cornish romance and legendary chivalry. It is just the spot for such traditions; and no one visiting it could reasonably think that the early legend-makers and later poets could have fairly done less by the locality than that they have attempted. It is wild enough for the wildest stories. Grecian and Latin poets of the old school of classic mythology would have made it the scene of more doughty and dubitable exploits than Tennyson has done. It would be pretentious in me to essay a description, for it has been written upon, engraved and photographed, and sung in noble rhyme, until nearly every English and many an American reader have become familiar with it. It is a bold headland which the sea has been at work upon for ages to make an island. With the side-beats of its

sledge-waves, it has mined and thinned its neck to a small girth, and made a great incision in it, into which the wind and water rumble and gurgle with a noise that a poetical imagination might turn to a good account in the elaboration of a thrilling fancy. A wild, haggard hollow descending from the village above, deepens into a tremendous gorge, where it dashes its little flashing, moorland stream into the foaming mouth of the sea. It is a veritable fissure in the rock-wall, and the bleak butments on the castle side are almost perpendicular for a great height. Into this narrow gateway, overhung by lofty cliffs huge and grim, little vessels creep softly when the sea is asleep, and load with slate. They look as small as miniature brigs from the towering bluffs above. This is a little of nature's part of the scene; and it is truly a wild and grand creation, which inspires awe as you look at it. Without any crowning of man's doings or of human history, it would attract admiring visitors from a distance. But it has these additional features of interest in the boldest relief. The ruins of an old castle, like a diadem with broken rim, crown the sundered cliff. Straggling up and down, zig-zagging around the brow of the bluff, run the black, uneven walls of a fortress nobody knows how old, or by what race of men erected. Some think it must have been built before the sea had

made such a terrible gash in the neck of the headland, or when it had not gaped open so wide as now, and could be spanned by a bridge. The remaining walls of the castle look as if once they made a continuous line across the chasm.

The history of Tintagel Castle conforms itself to the natural features of the place. It is equally wild, grand and incoherent. It is a headland standing almost insulated in a sea of mystery. The narrow neck of fact that connects it with the mainland of real human life and authentic chronicle, is thinned almost to a thread, and weak and knotty at that. But all the better for the poet. It smoothed the pathway of his fancy, and gave it full scope and play for an unfettered romance. Where could he have made Prince Arthur first see the light of life, or have laid the framework of that splendid fiction more happily than at Tintagel? Where could he have instituted the Round Table and surrounded it with knights of gentlest blood and bravest hearts with better conditions for the story, than within the castle-walls crowning this lofty, sea-smitten height? As you look from the opposite bluff down into the rough, roaring ravine, and pass the eye from chasm to chasm, cliff to cliff, and listen to the screaming gulls striking the blue bridge of sky between, the fascination of the poet's dream takes hold of you with the force

of a living faith. You first wish to believe in Prince Arthur as a real human existence. There is room enough for the play of such a life in ages gone. The wish works on to the happy conclusion, that such a hero must have lived and wrought upon the mind of the world with a powerful influence; that his being could not have been "like the baseless fabric of a vision," when so many visions grasped him in their conceptions. You are in the midst of the most unromantic community in the world,—among miners for all sorts of metals and stones, with the yellow rust of their work upon them day and night. And they all believe in him with as much confidence as in King George the Third. And, the wish being father of the thought, you end your meditations in the same faith. You re-construct the Round Table, knight it and wine it, and see the bowl go round again, and hear the toasts to fair women and tales of brave men, and the music between, and feel the glow and the flow of all that chivalrous companionship which the poet has made to stand out like a thrilling life. Ten to one he has made the beginning and end of that wonder-begotten prince more tangible and vivid to you than are half the well-authenticated histories of modern heroes. Ten to one you involuntarily peer over the cliff to see the beach, and wonder if it was there where the white-necked gull

is sitting that the mysterious baby was cast ashore who was destined for such kinghood.

> For there was no man knew from whence he came,
> But after tempest, when the long wave broke
> All down the thundering shores of Bude and Boss,
> There came a day as still as heaven, and then
> They found a naked child upon the sands
> Of wild Dundagil by the Cornish sea;
> And that was Arthur: and they fostered him
> Till he by miracle was approven king;
> And that his grave should be a mystery
> From all men, like his birth.

Wonderful are these sun-crowned creations of human genius. The day may come when this tall, bald cliff, already riven from the mainland, shall melt away with its shattered castle-rim in the yeast of the eternal waves, and be thrown back in sand upon some distant shore. But the poet's work will survive this dissolution and stand the long beatings of the sea of time; bearing the name of Arthur high among the bright immortalities of human memory.

From this place of remarkable interest, I made my way back to the village of Trevena over the fields. Many of its houses look as if they might once have been inhabited by Prince Arthur's retainers. They are mostly built of layers of slate, apparently without mortar; and the walls seem to have been convulsed by an earthquake, as the strata pitch up and down at

all angles. The salt sea-winds beating upon these black, shabby tenements, spot them with a kind of iron-rust, which gives them a bad, blotchy look. Still, they are the homes of an honest, industrious folk, many of whom worship in the massive, stately old church of Tintagel, which stands almost by itself near the sea. This is a remarkable edifice, out of all proportion to the size of the village, and apparently built for a community that has disappeared.

Cornwall holds out well to the last acre of its space. It has almost everything in its cellarage except coal. This is a famous slate region, and immense quarries of it are worked with great success. Those of Delabole yield the best quality. About 1,000 men are employed in these works, and they raise on an average 120 tons of slate per day. This is made up on the spot into roofing, cisterns and other articles, ready for exportation to different countries.

From Tintagel I continued on to Boscastle, which I found with considerable difficulty, owing to the tortuous character of the streets. Taking it all in all, it is the strangest-looking town I have yet met with in my travels in England. As you look at the queerly-built houses, and thread the stony lanes, and wander from one patch of dwellings to another, you are surprised to hear the children playing by the door-stones

speak the English language. A photograph of two or three points for a stereoscopic view would excite interest anywhere. I went up and down in search of lodgings for the night; but in vain. The whole town did not seem to have an inn, though half a dozen signs of beer and ale, pale and mild, were visible at different angles. On going to inquire what else they indicated in the way of entertainment, I found they meant nothing but what a small tap-room could supply. It was already dark, and I had made a long walk, scrambling up and down steep headlands, and was not a little fatigued, and hungry withal. After looking about for a long time for an inn mounted with a spare bed, I found on inquiry that the basement story of the town was its parlor and guest-room. So I descended to it, not exactly through a trap-door, but down a winding passage, which deepened into a great, black crevice in the lofty, beetling sea-wall. Squeezed into this gorge, there was one of the neatest, most romantic little harbors in the world. Looking at it from a short distance, it seemed but a little larger than one of the locks on the Erie canal. Indeed it is a natural lock; partially gated near the sea end by a break-water to ward off or deaden the heavy blows of the wrathful waves, that must thunder into this deep rent in the rock with terrible fury. It must be an exciting scene

to witness when the great foaming surges of the ocean, with the impetus of a thousand leagues, come roaring in here to "confound and swallow up" this small berth, especially if they caught a vessel napping in it. But many vessels do venture into this steep, deep crack in the coast, and do a brisk business in different branches of commercial enterprise. And when you come to it, you find more buildings than you thought possible a little way off; indeed, all the surroundings and appurtenances of a small sea-port. I found a large and comfortable inn, white-faced and clean, mounting a great name which it tried to honor: the "Wellington Family Hotel." This was my only chance for a bed apparently within a circuit of ten miles. It was now late in the evening, and what next, should my application here be fruitless, was a painful mystery to me. And I asked the momentous question with an accent of doubt and despondency, as if not for information but for confirmation of a foregone and despairing conclusion. Not that the house lacked capacity for a good number of guests, but from the number of carriages, coachmen and servants about the doors, that indicated that every apartment was pre-engaged. The landlady answered with such a marked tone of confidence, and looked at me with such an expression of mild wonder and reproach at my little faith in

her establishment, that I felt half confused at it myself. Still, I could not get over the notion that she had taken me in out of sheer compassion; and I ate, drank and slept and went away next morning under that impression. I rang for tea and breakfast very softly, and paid my bill as if it were only a small recognition of what I owed to her disinterested benevolence.

All these coast-towns have each its own peculiar *saga*, as the Icelanders would call it, or a legend as wild and romantic as any of the traditions of the Northmen. Here at Boscastle is an old church, looking off upon the sea from a great headland. Its tower was built for bells, but no peal has ever sounded from it. The reason is given in a tradition full of tragic interest. The towns-people listened first with delight, then with envy to the merry chimes of Tintagel, whose silvery, sabbath music occasionally reached their ears. They were determined their church tower should send back an answering peal. The lord of the manor aided the project. A set of bells was cast in London and sent around by sea to the little harbor. When near the coast the Tintagel bells poured out their evening melodies that floated over the steep, grim headlands and were heard by the pilot at his wheel. They were to him a welcome home, and a greeting to the new bells to be raised and swung on the rocky coast. "Thank

God!" said he, aloud and earnestly, "I shall be ashore this evening!" The rough captain, standing by, exclaimed, "Thank the ship and the canvass; thank God ashore." "No," rejoined the pilot, we should thank God on sea as well as on land." The captain persisted in his view of the matter, and cursed and swore vehemently as the pilot defended his sense of duty and gratitude. The vessel neared the land, and the people of the village flocked down to welcome its arrival, full of joyful exultation at the prospect of setting their silent church tower to the music of the new bells. But all at once a black mountain arose out of the sea against the western horizon, and spread its darkness over the intervening sky. Out of it burst a hurricane that lifted the waves into awful commotion. The uprising billows fell with all their fury upon the fated ship and smote it to its beam's end, and it went down a little way out from the steep wall of the coast with all on board. The pilot alone escaped on part of the wreck. The storm raged on, and the waves rolled the broken hulk hither and thither, raising it and pounding it against the stony floor of the waters; so that, in short pauses of the gale, the bells moaned forth a gloomy dirge from the ocean depths. And the inhabitants to this day fancy they hear these bells tolling with solemn sound when the storms are lashing the coast.

Wednesday, July 6th. Continued northward, following the high-walled coast. After a mile of winding ascent, I turned around to see how Boscastle looked from that distance; when, lo and behold, it had entirely disappeared. There was no mark of the crevice in which it lay concealed. The whole space was smoothed over by a continuous surface. Had a long walk to Bude Haven, another interesting little watering place. For several miles before reaching it, the road lay along the sea, up and down headlands. The tide was out, and a busy scene presented itself on the long beach, which was accessible to carts. Scores of them of all sizes and forms, even to a kind of two-wheeled hod drawn by a donkey, were employed in dragging sand up these tremendous hills to be used as top-dressing for farms at a distance. It was the first time that I ever saw common sea-sand applied to such a purpose. Some of the wagons were drawn by a team of four horses, one before the other, although the load could not have contained more than thirty bushels. The collar of the leader must have been nearly three rods from the forward axle. This singular distribution or attenuation of working force will occasion an American farmer or mechanic no little wonder. This inverted principle seems to obtain in the law of muscular dynamics in this country. I have observed it in many

applications; and cannot account for it, except as one of the old unreasoned habits that have come down from an earlier age which it is more easy and natural to retain than to reject. I was told by a laborer that the sand cost the farmer one shilling for five pecks when delivered to him. He himself was bringing it up from the beach to the roadside on the back of a donkey, to which he had attached two wooden boxes, for panniers, each of which would hold about a peck. On the cold, clayey, moorland soil hereabouts, this sand seems to be valued very highly for top-dressing. It costs them more per bushel than we pay for oyster-shell lime as a fertiliser. What would our Illinois or prairie-state farmers say of such means and industries for enriching their soil? Yet this sea-sand is a kind of Cornish guano, and makes the principal business of the Bude and Launceston Canal. It is stated that its mere conveyance costs about £30,000 per annum, or probably more than the whole amount paid for fertilisers of all kinds by the whole state of Connecticut. It is said that 4,000 horse-loads have been taken from the beach in one day.

Bude Haven is coming to be a favorite resort as a watering place for the people of this section. Its sea-views are delightful, and there is just wildness enough of surrounding scenery to make it an interesting retreat

and recreation ground. Its name has been rendered illustrious by the invention of the famous Bude Light, by Mr. Gurney, whose residence is opposite to the chief hotel. After dinner, I pursued my way northward, and soon got among the foot-prints of the Saxon, in its radiation outward in this direction. Villages and hamlets with names ending with *stow* show where it overlapped upon the Cornish Briton, each successive wave gaining a little upon the country of the Druids. The coast was still grand with its high, hoary sea-cliffs facing in different directions. Reached Kilkhampton, a quiet, comfortable village, with a good show of white-washed cottages on the main street. The church is a noble old structure, with avenues of lime-trees arching the walks among the graves. Here Hervey once preached, and here he walked and thought in these deep-shaded aisles. It is no wonder that his mind took the leaning it did in such a place. Life and death seemed put in their feeblest contrast here. The latter had the majority to his eyes, and the former did not compensate for the disparity by the common activities of a living community. The census of the grave-yard outnumbered the moving population of the streets; and these moved so quietly and slow that they seemed to feel that the past was too much for them. Some such influence may have given the particular bias to his

thoughts that distinguished them. But if it did, the world will not regret that they owed them to such an incidental circumstance. It seemed a holy ground to tread. No other *God's-acre* in England has ever produced such a volume as "Hervey's Meditations among the Tombs." As I walked up and down among the green mounds of the sleepers, the murmur of his mournful thoughts seemed to stir the grass in the moonlight.

Thursday, July 7th. Had a long and fatiguing walk over a wild, dreary country, mostly covered with furze, with here and there patches of cultivated land. At about two p.m., reached Hartland Point, the Flamborough Head of the West of England. This crowning headland of the coast was to be a turning point in my journey; from which I was to face eastward for the first time since leaving London. I had caught the sight of it from cliffs jutting far out into the sea. The green ribbon lying on the far-off wild of waters rounded up slowly into a mountain ridge 350 feet in height. It is the longest, strongest arm the mainland on this coast thrusts into the breast of the ocean. No early navigator could have passed it without particular notice, or have confounded it with any other point. Ptolemy called it the Promontory of Hercules; and it suggests the attitude and armor of a giant. It is virtually the

southern gate-post of the Bristol Channel, breaking the onset of the Atlantic when, blinded with the storm, it roars for the entrance of the old "Severn Sea."

The oldest Hartland in America is in Connecticut, my own native state. It was, therefore, with peculiar interest I visited this grandmother town, and walked its crooked and narrow streets, and studied the features of its unique old houses. If one of its queer, yellow-faced, thatched cottages could be transported whole and planted upon one of our Hartland's hills it would make a seven days' wonder to young and old. The old parish church is one of the most imposing structures in the West of England. The tower is 111 feet high. It is perpendicular in a steeper sense than that word usually conveys when applied to turrets, trees or steeples. Its four walls run up perfectly plain, without a break, except a gain cut in one for a small stone saint, called St. Nectan. This majestic tower was rusty with the salt breathing of the ocean before America was discovered. The reader will pardon me for using this standard of measurement so often. It is the longest chronometer I can handle conveniently, and serves as well for measuring time as the earth's diameter does for measuring space. The interior architecture is unique and interesting. The screen reaches clear across the chancel end of the church, and is the most elabor-

ate piece of carved work that I ever saw of its date. The tablets against the walls and the flooring of grave-stones give one an idea of the age of the building. These memorials of the dead present the most diversified literature and records imaginable. The family history of some scion of Norman or gentle blood for several centuries is given in genealogical facts in some of these tablets—the name, birth, and death of the ancestor, the number of his children, the line of descent winding in and out of many intersecting threads, as if the memorial were a marble certificate of good blood and breeding, erected to the memory of the survivors instead of the dead. One of these tablets, in honor of an ancient squire, after stating that he left seven sons and three daughters, bears the following toughly-rhymed lines of exultation:—

> If long consuming sickness be a death
> I was long dead before I gave my breath;
> But if in hopeful issue parents live
> I am not half dead, my best part doth survive,
> There's no life lost, my progeny hath this,
> My soule a better life enjoys in bliss.

A date in this church has afforded a sweet morsel of contentment to many an antiquary. It seems to read 1055, and a great deal is made out of it as a proof of antiquity. But evidently the o is the body of a 5 or a 6 with its neck eaten off by the tooth of

time. But even at 1555 the antiquity of the date is very respectable.

In the winding gorge or glen extending far inland from the great door in the sea-wall, and planted with trees that grow up on each side to the last inch at which they can breathe, is Hartland Abbey, or the site of it, now occupied by a noble mansion, which has absorbed into itself a portion of the ancient edifice. It stands across nearly the whole pathway of the valley, fronting eastward upon a wide and sunny lawn debouching into a meadow of almost equal softness of verdure. On each side, clear up to Hartland Town, trees of every leaf line the pleasant walk. Alderney cows with their deer-like eyes and necks were lying by the sparkling stream that chippered among the ferns and rounded into pools in this romantic park.

After dinner, I walked on towards Bideford at quickened pace, as it was thirteen miles distant, and I had engaged to be there before night. The road was hot and dusty, and the spaces between the milestones seemed to lengthen from hour to hour. About a mile from the town, my old friend, "The Bideford Postman Poet," met me; and it was a pleasant meeting to us both. He insisted on my making his house my home for a few days, and I gladly accepted his genial hospitality, and we had a season of social enjoyment which will make one of the sunniest memories of my life.

CHAPTER XI.

THREE DAYS WITH THE BIDEFORD POSTMAN POET—THE PEBBLE BEACH; TORRINGTON—SOUTH MOULTON—VISIT TO MR. QUARTLEY; DEVONSHIRE BREED OF CATTLE—WALK TO DULVERTON—EXMOOR.

PERHAPS few American readers have ever seen any of the ballads, songs or sonnets of Edward Capern, the "Bideford Postman Poet." But I am persuaded the day will come when his genius will be widely known and appreciated in the United States, where the uprising of a workingman's mind ought ever to be held in high estimation. If there be anything more salient than another in the intellectual vitality of the English-speaking race in both hemispheres, it is the self-elevation of men from out of the lowest walks of humble life to a stature of mental power and reputation which not only honors the class from which they sprung, but actually raises its toiling ranks to a higher footing in the esteem of the world. In no other countries are such self-made men held at higher value than in England and America. In both the public mind loves to measure

such men to the last inch of that growth which they owe to their own indomitable will, application, faith, patience and hope in wrestling with adverse circumstances. This generous proclivity is sometimes carried to excess in both countries; insomuch that often there is a seeming disposition to lower the original level of a man who has thus risen by his own exertions; as it were, to scrape away the earth under his feet and let him down a little lower than he ever stood, in order to stretch the measure of his actual ascent by a few inches. Both Englishmen and Americans so prize such examples that they glory in making the most of them. You may notice this characteristic in the almost universal habit of depressing the origin and social status of these brave climbers to fame. Shakespeare's father is made a little humbler and poorer than he really was in his day; Burns' parents and the boy's beginning are more obscure and unfavored than the positive history of them affirms. This interesting propensity to give these, and all other men the nation is proud of for their self-wrought elevation, their utmost due, sometimes does injustice to well-favored positions in society, lowering starting points from which it is no extraordinary credit to a man to rise to a high eminence. When it is said that Cardinal Wolsey was the son of a butcher, or that Sir Robert Peel's father

was a cotton-spinner, or that Bloomfield was a farmer's son, the comparison suggested between the condition they started from and the one they attained lowers a respectable occupation in order to elevate a man whom it laddered to a lofty eminence. We carry this propensity to greater lengths in America than they do in England, where it originated, and where it may be accounted for by reasons that do not exist with us. How we glory in the humble origin, as it is most undemocratically called, of our great men! How we hang this origin to their necks as a diamond of the first water!—work it up into titles that express our affection, admiration, and, it may be added, our surprise! Harry Clay, the "Mill-boy of the Slashes;" Tom Corwin, "the Waggoner Boy;" Honest Abe Lincoln, "the Rail-splitter." So we go on in the exuberance of this admiration, unconsciously expressing our wonder that, with all the scope and stimulus our institutions can give to intellectual activity, farmers' sons, and millers' sons and tradesmen's sons should ever become statesmen, orators, writers, preachers and poets of distinction. It is a generous admiration, but it better becomes the English than the American mind. For it suggests or implies that in America there is a great hereditary class, as in England, who cannot be included in the population called *the people*—a large

landed aristocracy, highly educated, with inexhaustible means and abundant leisure to fit themselves for all the positions that cultivated intellect, great wealth and social status can command. Now, as no such class exists, and probably never will exist among us, we ought not to wonder but to expect that farmers, carpenters, blacksmiths, shoemakers and other tradesmen would produce sons that should take the first rank of literary and political eminence among us; nay, more and better, that they should go up themselves to these positions with their trade-marks graven in the palms of their hands; thus not leaving but lifting their several occupations to the level of the height they have attained. Not to kick the ladder down after reaching the summit, but to leave it standing for others to mount its rounds. When, therefore, we affix to a man's name, which we would honor, the title of "Learned Carpenter," "Learned Blacksmith," or "Learned" tradesmen of any other industry, it would be specially becoming in an American to ask, Does he still follow the occupation to which he was bred? or has he abandoned it merely because he deemed it too low for his ambition or his elevation?

Edward Capern, of Bideford, is a poet and he *is* a postman, and both at once, and good at each. He is as faithful and genial a postman as ever dropped a letter

in a cottage door with an honest and welcome face, itself a living epistle of goodwill and friendly cheer. I can attest to that most confidently; for I went with him in his pony-cart two days on his rural rounds. That he is a poet who has written songs that will live and have a pleasant place among the productions of genius, I am equally confident, though pretending to be no connoisseur in such matters myself. Better judges have awarded to them a high degree of merit. Already a considerable volume of his songs and ballads has gone to its second edition; and he has sufficient matter on hand to make another of equal size and character. His postal beat lies between Bideford and Buckland Brewer, a distance of rather more than six miles. Up to quite a recent date, he walked this distance twice a day, in all weathers; starting off on winter mornings while it was yet dark. Having grown somewhat corpulent and short-winded, he has mounted, within a year or two, a pony-cart, that carries him up and down the long, steep hills on his course. It takes him till noon to ascend these to Buckland and distribute letters and papers among the hamlet cottages and roadside farm-houses on the way. Having reached the little town on the summit-hill, and left his bag at the post-office, he has three hours to wait before setting out on his return journey. These are his

writing hours; and he spends them in a little, antique, thatched cottage on one of the village streets. Here, seated at one end of a long deal table, while the cottager's wife and daughters are plying their needles, and doing all their family work at the other, he pens down the thoughts that have passed through the flitting visions of his imagination while alone on the road. Here he wrote most of his first book of ballads, and here he is working up his glowing, rollicking songs for a new volume. Sometimes the poetic inspiration comes in upon him like a flood on his way. He told me that he once brought home with him six sonnets, on six different subjects, which he had thought out and penned in one of his daily beats. When the news of the taking of the Redan reached England, the very inner soul of his patriotism was stirred within him to the proudest emotion. As he walked up and down the long hills with his letter-bags strapped to his side, the thoughts of the glory his country had won came into his mind with a half-suffocating rush, and he struggled, nearly drowned by them, to give them forms of speech. The days were short, the road was long and hard to foot, and the rules of his postal service were rigid. He could not hold fast the thoughts the event stirred within him until he reached the cottage. Some of the best of them would flit away out of his

memory if he delayed to pen them as they arose. So he ran with all his might and main for a third of a mile, then sat down by the hedgeside and, all panting with the race for time, found he had caught enough of it for pencilling on his knee a whole verse of his song. Thus he ran and wrote, each stanza costing him a race that made the hot perspiration fall upon the soiled and crumpled paper, on which he brought home to a wife prouder than himself of the song, "The Lion Flag of England." Should any of my American readers ever see that poem, they will enjoy it the more by remembering the circumstances in which it was written.

The subjects of his song are mostly local, but treated in a way that almost localises them in every community. The hills, valleys, streams, glens, nooks, brooks, trees, bees, birds and flowers on his postal beat, he has celebrated in his verse. The sunny-faced homes basking on the banks of the little river; the old mill that strides the stream, the cottagers, the lads and lasses of the village and the hamlet, and their loves, run through the merry tenor of his song. Still, though his rhymed thoughts may almost be said to be plaited around the brows of these humbly-peopled hills like bands of golden beads on a ground of pearl, he is no more local than Burns; and Burns' *localities* were vivid truths and lives that may stand for any rural

region of the civilised world. Let no one think me irreverent to the genius of the great Scotch bard to put his name in this connection. Devonshire is as poetical a county as Ayrshire. Its daisies show as golden pupils between their silver lids, and drink in as much of heaven's sun of June. Its mice house their little families beneath the knotted turf as tenderly and feel the ploughshare's ruthless ruin as sadly. It has as many Marys, worth each a poet's love and a poet's song, as the cold county on the Scottish coast. Why should not Devon have a bard as well as Ayr, and of the same caste of thought and genius? I think it will. We shall see.

Friday, July 8th. Early this morning my poet host, the postman, harnessed his pony, and we started off on his daily beat with the morning rations from the post-office for the villagers on the way and at the end of it. And we had a day of overflowing enjoyment, to which the weather, the scenery and all the little incidents of the journey gave an additional relish. The pony had an instinctive perception of the mind of its owner, and was evidently in the habit of taking advantage of his abstraction. I held the reins while my friend sang or recited songs he had written on groves, dells, hills and valleys and streams and farm-houses on the way. The pony, having heard these

probably until they had become old stories to him, reversed the action of our senses, shut his ears to the song, and opened his eyes with hungry speculation at the green banks beside the road, and when our eyes, "with fine frenzy rolling," were lifted to some copse-crowned hill the verse was climbing on the morning air, the creature would dart off in a tangent and was nibbling at the hedge-side with a graminivorous satisfaction which at any other time and place it would have been pleasant to witness. Being the lighter of the two by one hundred lbs. avoirdupois, I often sprang out and delivered papers and other mail-matter at the cottages and farm-houses, picking my way through barn-yards to get at the doors. This I enjoyed with all the gusto of a boy's frolic. To think of it! here I was, serving our Uncle John Bull in a post of honor and trust; knocking at the antique, low doors of these old farm-houses; having their wooden latches lifted to me by a buxom wife or daughter with a curtsy; making the best *salam* I could manage, saying a word or two about the weather, the geese, the ducks, the flowers or anything that presented or suggested itself at first sight in the moment's interview. I really believe I did the thing with considerable acceptance, though I feared that now and then some wayside

subject of his song may have fancied that the postman was training a successor in me to take his place.

The first place we stopped at was a good, comfortable old farmhouse, white-faced, festooned with roses, and surrounded with tidy out-buildings of various kinds. The wife was a capital specimen of a rosy, genial Englishwoman, radiant with the richest tints of womanhood's Indian summer, and all this set off with bright-eyed intelligence and easy and kindly manners. There were two or three other members of the family present, including a niece from London. She gave us a right hearty welcome, and brought forth the delicious Devonshire cream and scalded milk for us. After partaking of these luxuries which my friend seasoned with his enthusiasms, we arose to go. The whole family followed us out into the yard, when the mother pressed the postman to sing a sonnet he had made on a niece of hers, now married and residing in London. So, in the midst of the circle formed around him, including the farmer himself in his shirt-sleeves, with flowers of every tint and odor breathing inward from all sides, he sang "The Lass of Watertown," his voice rolling down the little river valley and echoing and re-echoing from the sides of the wooded hills. The following stanza will give the general spirit and tenor of the song:—

When the Eve, in purple drest,
With her one star on her breast,
Leads up the young and modest moon,
To see her sire lie down;
Or when the jewelled Night
Gives out her smiles of light,
I love to pace its margin
With the Lass of Watertown.

We said and received a hearty good-bye, and put up the pony to a speed he could well afford for such a satisfactory opportunity he had improved at the green side of the hedge. He soon gained for us all the time we had lost at this pleasant visit at the farm-house on "the bonny Yeo." We passed mills, streams, mansions and cottages which the postman had celebrated in his ballads. On nearing Buckland, a voice from behind the high-walled hedge called out in Devonshire dialect, "Oi zay! baint yur gwoin ter stap an tak a drap?" We could see no one, as the hedge was thick and full ten feet high. So we turned back to an open gate and drove into a hayfield, where half a dozen men and as many children were lying on the grass in a circle, for a moment's rest and refreshment. The farmer was a hard-working, simple-hearted man, on the same footing apparently as the other laborers around him. He held a large earthen jug in one hand, and a few inches of a veritable wood-bottomed cow's-horn in the other. This he filled with

his home-brewed and offered us as we came up to the group. The greeting between the poet and these rustics was most jovial, genial and hilarous. He took the rude, unpolished horn in his left hand, and, suiting the action to the words with his right, he sang a few snatches of his "Merry Harvesters," with a voice that stilled the singing larks above for a moment, and gave pause and listening attitude to the cows and sheep in a neighboring pasture. As he came to sing of the "honest sweat" of the reaper's and mower's brow, he patted the blushing, round-hatted farmer on his red whiskers loaded with perspiration, waving the while the horn of beer, as if it were incense he was offering to the hay-scented air. It was a *tableau vivant* that would make a capital subject for the painter's canvass. Perhaps some artist who by chance may happen to read this page will try his pencil upon it. There stood the postman in the midst of this hay-field circle with a glorious inspiration upon him, expanding seemingly his very stature. His stalwart form and ruddy face were swaying and glowing with the spirit of the scene; the men in smock frocks and squat round hats, full of glee at the song he had made to their honor; the little, flush-faced girls, half rising on their hands as they lay upon the new-mown grass, looking up with such puzzled and innocent

wonder at the poet, as if they knew he meant fun, but what kind was doubtful. The framework of this life-picture and all its surroundings were in the happiest harmony with its central figures and would make a painting worthy to be hung by the side of Landseer's best in the Royal Academy.

After exchanging "good lucks" and all kinds of good wishes with these haymakers, in which the pony might well have joined for a splendid bite at the new hay while his master was holding the mowers at bay with his song, we drove on to Buckland Brewer, and arrived there in good postal time, with all our episodes and way-odes on the journey. After putting up the pony in a stable to his regular rations of oats, and delivering the letters addressed to different persons in the village, the postman took me to the place in which he has written most of the poems he has given to the public. This is an old thatched cottage, with one low-jointed room, serving as parlor and kitchen, with a broad, deep fire-place. The cottager's wife is but little past middle age, and still in her prime, though the mother of a grown-up family of sons and daughters. This cottage kitchen, with all its busy occupations and crowded holdings, is the poet's *sanctum*. On a long, high-legged deal table, unpainted and uncovered, he pens his thoughts and elaborates his

verse, occupying one end, while the mother and daughters carry on at the other all the household operations of baking, washing, ironing and sewing, with the usual family conversations. They enter into his thought-work with the liveliest interest, and are the first generally to hear his ballads read. And they may well be proud that they are written on their humble table. The two blooming daughters may be pardoned for a pride more personal to themselves, for the poet guest has made each the heroine of a song. One of these is entitled "Polly Lee," the other, on the youngest of the twain, "The Blackberry Girl." I give the first verse of this, which will suffice to show some of the characteristics of these ballads on local subjects :—

I saw her like the virgin Moon,
A beauty half in shade,
The angel of some poet's dream,
The spirit of the glade.
Her voice was sweeter than the brook
That warbled through the vale,
And every linnet came to woo
The maid of Cherry Vale.

He has put several laddies and lassies of the village into verse, and many of the cottagers know his songs by heart and sing them at their own firesides and at their rustic pic-nics and other social gatherings. It

was exceedingly interesting to me to sit down at this cottage table by his side, and ply my pen in company with his, making a social scratching on widely-diverging lines of thought. Then he unbasketed our dinner, which his good wife had put up for us; and he set it out on his end of the table, and the mother and daughter laid theirs on the other, and would insist that we should share of it what ours did not include, especially a cup of tea which they intimated they had made expressly for myself, as a special guest. And we had a half-hour's talk of the first water of mutual entertainment. Then we went out for a walk in the village, to get the post-bag at the office, and prepare for our homeward journey. Called at a blacksmith's shop, who was shoeing a donkey when we entered. Like Longfellow's knight of the hammer,—

> His hair was black and crisp and long,
> His face was like the tan.

But he not only "heard his daughter singing in the village choir," but he could sing himself, and did to us over his anvil at our earnest request. He sang one of the postman's songs, in a tune of his own composition, and brought out the life of it in a glow of happy notes. We also called upon the parson of the village, a man of genial habits and dispositions, who could relish rural songs, and make them too.

We next went to two or three of the large farm-houses, and had a talk on matters in that line of interest, then around the old church that looked off upon the uplifted waste of Dartmoor. At three p.m. we set off for Bideford, diverging by another road from our morning's route. Descended a long hill down a narrow winding lane hedged ten feet high with hawthorn, ferns, wild roses and honeysuckles. In some places the hedge trees and shrubbery formed a complete arch overhead, letting in the sun here and there as do the skylights in a railway tunnel. While looking at these dissolving views of light and shade, and all the spontaneous pictures of the scene, a human object came slowly into view which changed the spirit of the dream. A poor, thin old man came struggling up the long, steep hill, apparently bent to the ground under a heavy burden. His knees knocked together as he walked, and his steps were short, weak and unsteady. My friend recognised him at the second glance. It was "Old Blind Tom," he said. He was indeed an old man, not only blind, but so deaf he could not hear the wheels of our cart as we approached him. His sense of feeling however had been so quickened by use and necessity that he knew by the very pulse of the earth under his feet that a horse's hoofs were near him, and he sidled off against the hedge. He had half a

hundred weight of coal in a sack, high up on his shoulders, almost saddled across his neck. The weight and position of the load bent him almost double, so that his face was quite invisible. This was his daily task;—to stagger up these long, pebbly ascents with a sack of coals on his back, which he carried to a little hamlet on the summit. He received three ha'pennies or *three cents* for carrying this load three miles. He usually made two trips a day, sometimes three. Still he was cheerful, even contented and happy. He knew the poet's voice, who sprang out of the cart and shouted some pleasant words in the blind man's ear, asking him to sing one of his own songs. He had learned several of the postman's ballads by heart, and set them to tunes of his own making. Without endeavoring to straighten himself, but with his face still bending to the ground under his load, he sang one of Capern's "entire" with a fine, mellow, musical voice which he modulated beautifully, although it was doubtful if he could hear much of it himself. There he stood, turning up sideways a serene and sightless face, his neck and cheek begrimed with coal-dust moistened with the perspiration that hung in drops to his long, iron-grey beard and thin hair. He sang so mirthfully and the merry tune he had set to the words gave such impulse to the poet, that he "tripped the light fantastic toe"

most hilarously across the lane from hedge to hedge, his large genial face radiant with the joy of his thoughts. It was a picture I wished I could paint. The poor old blind man got a better supper for his song that night than the shoulder-carting of several sacks of coal would pay for at his price for the work. Never before did I see such a desperate pursuit of happiness under difficulties, nor ever saw so much caught by a human heart in a handful of thorns. Inasmuch as neither of us could do anything on canvass with pencil, I made Capern promise that he would put Old Blind Tom in verse, which might attract to him the goodwill and friendly help of those able to furnish him a better livelihood than carrying coal on his back at the rate of a penny per mile for a hundred weight. This he has done since, and I hope and believe the deaf and blind old man will be cheered to sing the postman's songs with greatly increased satisfaction.

Making the best of it, and we made a good deal, this was an incident that came like the shadow of a human sorrow across the bright landscape of our imaginations. It called us suddenly down and back to the earth and its thick-set realities of common life. Then we let the flowers go, and the birds, bees and breeze go their ways; we pulled in our kited fancies

soaring so high among the aerial spiritualities of beau-ideal but unreal being, and talked away on the low levels of the actual world around, on the condition of the poor, their wrestlings for the coarsest food, raiment and shelter; the courage of hopeless hearts; the quiet and even content of men with wives and children they love, who glean among the golden sheaves of others' happiness, and bring home with smiles of faith a few grains gathered from the dust, from the very hoof-prints of well-fed horses sleek and fat and housed with care. He told me of a little incident which he had made the theme of one of his pathetic songs. A decrepid old man, who could not walk upright, used to break stones for the road, week in week out, in all weathers, for which he only received twopence a day. The postman was wont to drop him a word of cheer or salutation as he passed him from day to day. One bitterly cold morning at Christmas time, he found the old man at his work, though the snow had covered his heap of stones and was beating into his bosom, and whitening his grey hair and beard. With his bony fingers, red, numb and swollen, he was slowly plying his hammer upon the frosty, slippery pebbles; which shot out from the blow at nearly every stroke. It was a sight that moved the poet deeply, and he stopped to commiserate his condition. "Why," he asked with

surprise—"why don't you go into the Union-house? There you would have shelter, food and clothes at least. This is not the work for old men like you." "Ah!" said the old man in a low tremulous voice, "I never thought I should live to be so old. I have earned my support with my own hands till now; and I had rather break stones here for twopence a day than go to the Union if its walls were made of gold." These were his very words, and they are worthy of being written in letters of gold in "the simple annals of the poor." Capern put them or their meaning in a short poem, which excited sympathy and brought help to the old man, and he was taken from the stone-heap by the road and put into comfort until he died.

When we reached the postman's home in Bideford, the day seemed to me a whole week long, measured by enjoyment of every kind.

Saturday, July 9th. My poet friend persuaded me to stay with him over the Sabbath. Indeed I felt it a great pleasure to be with him at his daily labors and duties. Breakfasted about seven, and set off again on the same route to Buckland. Arriving there, he took me to his favorite foot-paths in the fields, the stiles, nooks and corners, where he had elaborated many of his poems. We then returned to his cottage

sanctum, where we enjoyed our ample spread of eatables brought from home in his basket, the good woman urging upon us something from her end of the table to vary our repast. We then walked down to a deep thickly-shaded glen, which he had named in one of his ballads "Ferny Dell." Hither he had taken his London and other guests, and given them the treat of a sylvan pic-nic, in which his hamlet heroines and other cottage girls had taken part with their best grace. It was a beautiful bower for nature's fairies, full of wild shrubbery, shade, tall and crimpled ferns, with a bright brook chirping down among the twisted roots, now eddying into little green-framed mirrors for the young hazels to make their toilets by, now dancing over pebbles like a broad, rippling flash of light, then hiding away under bush and bramble and twittering in a frolic of glee, as if playing hide and seek with the sun.

Returned to the village, and after another pleasant talk with the cottage-circle, bade them good-bye, feeling that their little thatched house would, some day or other, be ranked among the celebreties of English *locales*. On our way back to Bideford, we met Old Blind Tom again. This time he was without his load of coal. But his face was bent as low as when he was bearing his heavy burden. It had grown

earthward, and he seemed quite unable to straighten himself upright. He was as hopeful and cheerful as ever. I sprang out of the cart, and tried to utter a few words of kind greeting in his ear. He was conscious that some one was speaking to him, but he could not understand what I said. He knew Capern's voice, though it was no louder than mine; perhaps it was a mysterious sense of sympathy or some instinct that a deaf man could only exercise or understand. He put his hand gently under the old man's chin and raised his face so we could see it. He was between sixty and seventy, with iron-grey hair and beard; and as the sun shone over the brim of the green hedge upon his countenance, it looked as if the very light of heaven and its hopes kindled his features into a glow. Such a serene, contented, peaceful face I never saw before. For a whole year long it had not been raised so high. He could not lift it skyward himself; and when the poet's hand, with a little of the touch of His that helped the despairing cripple into the healing pool, turned it up softly towards the bright, blue face of heaven, it took on a light that seemed as nearly the smile of the Eternal Father as any radiance I ever saw on a human countenance.

On our return, Capern, after leaving his bag at the post-office, came in and threw down upon the table

his week's wages—a half-sovereign in gold, two shilling pieces, and two sixpences. It sounded and looked small for six days' labor of a stalwart man at his meridian of life, endowed with the finest poetic sensibilities. It was not only the pay for himself but for his pony and cart which he had to support out of it. But the Government has appreciated his genius and his literary labors while rendering such assiduous and cheaply paid service. Lord Palmerston, not upon mere hear-say or solicitation of some influential friend, but after perusing personally many of the poems of the Devonshire postman, has granted him a pension of £40 a year. He could doubtless obtain a better position pecuniarily, but he dislikes to leave his old haunts where his muse breathes so full and free. I urged him strongly to continue in his present occupation that he might give an example to working men, by showing what might be done in the way of mental growth and production, without leaving their manual toil.

After tea, we went out to see the celebrated Pebble Beach, which is a wonder of the most curious structure. It is the most unique of all the Ocean's doings on the English coast. Here that old omnigerent worker has turned lapidary and stretched a necklace of blue, white-veined cornelians two miles in length, fifty feet wide

and twenty feet deep upon a broad-waisted *inch* as level as the sea, and looking like a bay congealed into sand, and covered with a carpet of emerald while it slept in the sun. There are millions of these blue ovals piled up in this thick belt of sea-beads, which the Ocean and the green plain seem to wear by turns; for when the tide is in, its white neck appears to wear the wampum; when it recedes, the land puts on the thickly-plaited bracelet. The stones are of all sizes, from two feet to six inches in circumference, all of the same general form—that of an egg flattened lengthwise. They are all of blue slate, many of them with white veins running around them. How long they were in the invisible laboratory of the sea before they were wrought to such shape and polish, no one can tell or conjecture. How their sharp angles were filed down by the waves against the granite rasps of the rocky coast, or how long it took the submarine white-smiths to burnish them to such a smooth and shining surface is a mystery which no one can explore or divine. It is the very *chef d'œuvre* of the sea, and will pay any one well for a long journey to see.

Sunday, July 10th. Attended two religious services with Capern; and between the two, he took me to the cemetery and showed me the little grave of his only daughter—the pet and joy of his life. No father

could have mourned over the lost darling of his heart with deeper sorrow. Returning to his house, he read me a touching poem on the death of his little "Millie." It was written with pencil on the blank leaves of his pocket-book, and at my earnest solicitation, he subsequently sent me the first copy of them written with ink.

Monday, July 11th. After three days of rich enjoyment with my poet friend, again shouldered my travelling bag, and set out on my journey in a different direction from that I had contemplated. I had purposed to follow around the north coast of Devonshire, and visit Ilfracombe and other places in that neighborhood of great interest. But hearing that the chief raiser of the Devonshire breed of cattle resided at South Moulton, I felt constrained to forego the sight of some very highly admired natural sceneries, in order to see the best specimens of that peculiar stock so prized in America. I therefore faced southward instead of northward, following the Torridge for several miles. My course lay in the same direction as the postman's beat for some distance; so I walked by the side of his cart about a couple of miles, then bade him good-bye, diverging towards Torrington, and passing through a rich and picturesque section, which presented a striking contrast with the country I had been

travelling in for two or three preceding weeks. Felt much interest in visiting Torrington, as the first town called by that name in America was in my own native State, and near to my birthplace. It has a very pleasant and comfortable look, with several clean, bright and airy streets, with houses and shops quite elegant. The old church is a venerable building with a venerable history, including a terrible incident, enough in itself to give celebrity to a building. A fierce and decisive battle was fought here in 1646 between the Parliamentary forces and the Royalists, in which the latter were totally defeated. Two hundred prisoners taken in the engagement were confined in this church; when it and them and those who guarded both were blown up by the explosion of about eighty barrels of gunpowder.

On reaching South Moulton, I found that Mr. Quartley, the celebrated breeder of Devonshire cattle, resided full seven miles beyond, at a place called Molland. So, the next morning, I went on to his establishment, planted on a lofty hill, and overlooking some of the most picturesque valleys in Devonshire. Leaving the main road, I ascended to it by a winding path among the trees, which, if they broke the scorching force of a July sun, also seemed to bate the breath of the breeze, so that no air circulated under their thick

branches. It was the hottest day I had seen on my journey, and I was glad to reach the summit, and find, after all, there was a little refreshing air breathing still at that height. Mr. Quartley was at dinner, and invited me to a seat at the table with that easy and genial hospitality which one associates with the good old-fashioned farmers of this country. The house was just like his hospitality, a kind of old English mansion or manor-house, being divided by a broad hall, with one door opening upon the road, the other upon a green lawn, well belted with shrubbery. After dinner, he took me over his fields and showed me a herd of cows, all of the purest Devon blood. He winters from seventy to eighty head, including about twenty milking cows. He sells calves from six to eight months old at from thirty to seventy guineas, averaging £40 each. The cows produce on an average five pounds of butter a week in the pasture season. They were truly beautiful animals, and I was glad to see how the breed we so much prize in America looked at home, in the purest form and aspect of the blood. It was well worth a long and special journey to see them. Take them all in all, putting form against form, and feature against feature, I think no hoofed and horned animal equals the pure Devonshire for delicate symmetry of shape and structure, and for a variety of

graces which you can find in no other blood. Everything is perfect in them, and all things in happy proportion. In a Devonshire heifer you do not see a highly-bred lady in a coarse salt-and-pepper suit, with a pair of rough, short, twisted hair-pins curling at unlevel curves inward upon her forehead, as is often the case with the Shorthorn. There is a delicacy about her form that beautifies animal life, and means something more than beef. Her deep-red robe of silky softness fits her body and limbs without pucker or wrinkle, and shows the grace of their make and movement as under a veil of gossamer. Then her eyes, so honest, round and pure under their lashes with the light of good dispositions—so full of tender and intelligent expression that one, looking into them as a man with a heart in him should look, is inclined to believe that this very blood existed in the mythological ages, and these very eyes were the ones the ancients had in their minds and put between the lids of Juno, as the most distinguishing grace and measure of her beauty. Then there are her incomparable horns, fitting and befitting her head like a diadem. None ever worn by any other bovine race, of higher pretensions, are so perfect and beautiful. They crown and embody all her other symmetries. They measure and seemingly regulate their development. They outgrow

no proportion, nor fall short of any; but are to each in parity what the pupil is to the human eye. Their downward, outward and winding curves show a grace, from root to tip, which could never be given them by human hand or art on a forming block. Then their peculiar transparency illumines this grace of form, adding a feature that completes their beauty as a pearly crowning for the head and protecting shield and ornament for the face. For more than half a century the Devonshire oxen, or cattle *graded* with the blood, have stood the test of our stony New England hills. Their patient, intelligent, enduring toil at the plough, cart and sled has been more intimately associated with farm-labor with us in all seasons than that of any other race. For all these years they have bent their breasts to the bow and dragged the hot ploughshare over hill and valley, often with the mercury at ninety degrees in the shade. They have sunk in the mire of our swamps to the hips and there lay, without fractious floundering, with quiet and hopeful eyes fixed upon their master, until they were unyoked, and could rise to a footing on the surface, one by one. They have wallowed through the deep and drifting snows, making paths for men and more impatient animals, and hauling down loads of oak, walnut, and maple from the mountains for the fuel of our winter fires. What New-

England man at home or abroad, who ever drank in the air of his country's hills or shared or saw its industrial life, can dissociate from its pleasant memories the Old Red Oxen of Massachussetts and Connecticut! Not I. The whole vista of my boyhood is full of their forms and remembrances; and here, on this Devonshire hill, with the purest specimens of the race before me, I would offer a small tribute to their memory and their worth.

Mr. Quartley showed me the *prima donna* of his herd with a satisfaction I could well appreciate. She was twelve years of age, and a creature of the highest order of feminine beauty. She had had ten calves, worth from sixty to seventy guineas each. His famous bull Napoleon sired thirteen calves, all of which obtained first prizes. His present bull, "Warrior," is a very superior animal. He and his brother, "King of the Bretons," took the first prizes at the Exhibition of the Royal Agricultural Society at Canterbury, in two different classes, while a third brother, an ox exhibited in Birmingham, also won a first prize there—a very remarkable distinction to be gained by three members of the same family. We had a long conversation on the relative merits of the Devons and Shorthorns. His main reasons for preferring the former are these: That three Devons will thrive on the feed requisite for two

Durhams: That the Devon, taking the whole carcase, will fetch at the butcher's a half-penny per pound more than the Durham, because it has more back beef, or beef above the ribs; that it is finer, and always preferred by the nobility and gentry; that a roast of it looks better on the table than a piece of Durham of the same weight; that where a joint of two ribs of the one would serve half a dozen persons, a far wider piece of the other would grace the dinner;—that it is safer to have the value of two Durhams in three Devons; for in case of disease the loss of an animal would not be so heavy. But the reason that weighed most immediately with him was in the fact that the Devons were better adapted to light, upland soils, where Durhams could not thrive. His sheep are of the Exmoor breed, which he has also greatly improved and made them valuable for mutton, whereas in his father's day they were kept and prized only for their wool; their flesh being hardly eatable.

Although I was nearly an hour in ascending a steep, wooded eminence to his house, and his farm was made up mostly of hills and valleys, he has contrived to irrigate all his highland meadows by trenches on different levels, the upper one reaching almost to the summit. The water falls from one level to another, passing through a succession of fields. We had a good

deal of discussion on the fertilising properties of water, independent of the simple irrigation and of the sediment it leaves behind it. The question was, which was best for the land, hard or lime water, brackish or peaty water, or rain-water. He inclined to water impregnated with lime, I to what came directly from the clouds.

After an hour or two with this eminent stock-raiser, I took my leave, feeling it a privilege to have seen such a man at his home, partaken of his genuine, open-handed, English hospitality, and to have talked with him on the system and success which have given him so much celebrity. He, his brother, Mr. Davis of a neighboring town, and Mr. Turner, near Exeter, stand at the head of the Devon stock-raisers of the country. They hold up the standard of their county race with local pride and national credit, and deserve well of the world for their faith in a blood which, for many excellent qualities, will probably never be surpassed. Although a large man, and a little lame, he walked with me above a mile to put me on the right track over the southern border of Exmoor. For nine miles I followed this track along the edge of the wide, wild waste. On one side was a cold, rocky region covered with furze, ferns and heather, on the other, a fertile, smiling world of beauty, all bright, warm and glad with the glow of life and cultivated nature. Toward

sunset, I descended from the rough, stony foot-paths of the moor to the turnpike road, which wound its way down among the high, heavily-wooded hills to the village of Dulverton, in Somerset, as romantic a place as I ever saw. The winding glen was narrow and deep, walled in by lofty heights and mostly covered with trees. But here and there, new-shorn meadows, soft and smooth as lawns, flashed out of the thick shade like patches of green sunlight. Through the pent valley bending around the bases of these towering heights, there rippled, dashed, flashed and ran a little river, gurgling and giggling under moss and ivy-netted bridges and arches of over-branching trees. Here and there a mill, quaint and olden, straddled the swift-footed stream, and dipped its dripping wheel into it. There were cottages that would sit well to an artist—some fronting hard upon the narrow road, some hung up, or shelved in niches cut in the sides of the steep and lofty hills. Some were so completely webbed and covered with ivy to the chimney-top, that only an eye or two looked out through an aperture in the thick mass of foliage. All the natural elements were present to make it an interesting *locale* for a romance, if any human experience were found in the village to match the uniqueness of the scenery. Indeed, a novelist stopping in Dulverton a week, would hardly

fail to lay down the airy beams of a fiction founded on fact. It is the very focus of radiation for a tourist bent on recreation and invigorating exercise and bold adventure. If he wishes to come out strong in that line, he may try his hand and feet on an excursion up into the ragged waste of Exmoor. I was almost tempted to give a couple of days to the exploration of this strange, cold and gloomy region; not merely to see again, as from the outer rim of Dartmoor, the contrast between nature in its rudest aspect and landscapes made as beautiful as human labor could work them, but to see how the very heart of this wilderness had been made to blossom as the rose by the will and working of man. The moor includes the space of fourteen square miles. About 20,000 acres right in the centre once comprised the *Exmoor Forest.* Some fifty years ago this was purchased by a gentleman by the name of Knight, of Worcestershire, who enclosed the whole area, and commenced the erection of a kind of castle-mansion at a point called Simonsbath. This house was a failure, but the land was not. Several thousand acres of it have been subdued and brought under cultivation. Many farms are now in productive tillage, showing the economy and duty of gathering up the fragments that nothing be lost of this small loaf of land in the sea on which so many mouths must feed.

The resident agent of the proprietor has introduced a system for making water-meadows in the midst of this wild moor, which has attracted much notice.

In 1851 a specimen of iron ore found on Exmoor was sent to the Great Exhibition, which led to further investigations. These resulted in large mineral operations by three of the principal iron companies in the kingdom. Their united steam machinery, it is estimated, will raise about 300,000 tons of iron-ore annually.

CHAPTER XII.

EXMOOR—GLEN SCENERY—DUNSTER AND ITS CASTLE—THE BLUE ANCHOR—WALK BY THE SEA—LAND AND WATER-VIEWS—THE WEATHER AND CROPS—ST. AUDRIES—BRIDGEWATER AND ITS CHURCH—GLASTONBURY ABBEY—WELLS—CHEDDER.

WEDNESDAY, July 13th. Resumed my walk towards the sea-coast, from which I had diverged twenty miles to see Mr. Quartley's establishment. Passed along the eastern edge of Exmoor, ascending and descending hills all the day long. I am persuaded that the impression generally prevails among Americans who have never visited this country, that *moors* are an English edition of our *prairies*, bound in heather, gorse and ferns, instead of our prairie-grass; that they present the same surface, sometimes a dead level, and occasionally rolling into a gentle ground-swell like the sea, when no wave on it arises high enough to don a white crest. This idea is a mistaken notion. Although there are moors in England as level as some of our Western prairies, there are more, if the figure will hold, like a sea of mountains. Exmoor, for example, is piled cloud-high with dark,

sullen hills, some of which are called beacons. Whether any warning fires were ever kindled on their grim and ragged summits, or whether they took the name from serving as guide-posts over the waste, the local history does not decide. One of these beacons is 1668 feet above the sea; a second, 1610, and a third, 1540. The valleys correspond with these bleak and lofty elevations in wildness, which the lonely streams make more impressive with their dash, splash and gurgle in their crooked channels among the rocks. This moor has been the pasture and roaming-ground of a peculiar set of aborigines, which have retained their primitive characteristics in face of modern improvements. The old red forest-deer still run as wild in some parts as if they had the range of the Adirondack Mountains. The "Exmoor pony," too, represents a breed of horses that the Druids lassoed before Julius Cæsar was born, and the "Exmoor sheep" doubtless are natives of equal antiquity.

The scenery on approaching Timberscombe was the most delightful of the kind I ever saw. For full three miles I descended a winding glen by a regular Devonshire lane; and realised more vividly than ever before the meaning of the term. It was very narrow, occasionally not wide enough for two donkey-carts to pass each other. In some places the lane was cut

into the rock to the depth of several feet. This solid wall was supplemented by another of earth and stones in alternate layers. The top was planted with all kinds of bushes and shrubbery, which had not been trimmed for years. Out of this high and motley bank towered a thick growth of trees of great height. The bushes grew inward until they completely arched the pathway, and the trees formed another arch or vault far above. Here and there an opening in this green roofage would let in a patch of light, that gave a remarkable vividness to the sides of the hedge and set all kinds of fantastic shadows playing upon the ground before you. Once in a while you caught a glimpse of a heather-crowned hill through the branches of the trees; but frequently for many rods the side scenery would be entirely shut out. Then you came to a portal in the wall and looked through it, as through a window in a long-vaulted gallery, when a scene of indescribable loveliness met your eye. Through one of these green, wicker-work casements you saw fields as soft and green as lawns lying up against the lofty hills, all framed with hedges, like so many nests of new-born verdure; from another, a basin deep and beautiful, holding in the sun, within its daisy-flecked rim, a bright stream rounded into a pool; and on beyond, where the leaping brook, laughing at the shallow dam, ran between level banks,

mottled cows lay ruminating with quiet eyes, looking complacently at their faces in the water. Take it all in all, this was the longest natural gallery I ever walked through, with more dioramic views or vista-posterns opened in each side.

At about dusk, I came out upon the sea at Dunster, an old-fashioned town crowned with a castle, and sleeping under the watch and ward of several tall and stalwart hills standing around it, like gigantic sentinels in bear-skin caps. It is an interesting place altogether. The superincumbent strata of modern civilisation are rather few and thin here. England of the feudal ages crops out in their characteristic aspects. The castle is as large and strong as life. It not only crowns but seems to rule the town. The main street appears to belong to it like its shadow. The houses are drawn up in a row on each side, like a well-disciplined band of retainers, to present arms and touch their hats when the great baron passes. This castle was erected in Elizabeth's day, and ran the gauntlet of the stirring events that filled the succeeding century. It stood a siege and a severe bruising in the Civil War. It entertained Charles II., in its best guest and banquet room, and William Prynne with coarser roomage and fare,—a member of the Long Parliament, whom Cromwell shut up here for penitential meditation and

political improvement of mind. It now belongs to the *Luttrell* family, which has absorbed several genealogical rivulets of ancient nobility into itself, and represents and enjoys their dignities and estates. An American, even well-read in English history, will come upon many an establishment of this territorial extent and social position with a kind of surprise tinctured with sadness. This has been my own experience frequently. How is it that a name of such all-absorbing local influence has made so little history outside the circumference of a family estate, or a memory of so short a radius! One feels somewhat at a loss to decide at the first, unexpected sight of such a baronial castle, whether it comes from his own ignorance of noted celebrities, or from the owner's want of personal merit, that he has to inquire, "Who lives in that mansion in the park yonder?" He asks this self-deprecatingly as if he ought to know; and, ten to one, he is answered as if he ought to know; and the villager thus questioned looks at him with an expression half wonder and half pity, as if he said, or would like to say, "I thought everybody knew the Squire." In Time's great sifting of the generations, how few thoughts and deeds and memories its sieve retains to the credit and remembrance of names that were promised immortality and expected it from the local homage and influence they

commanded! How much higher than a castle set upon a hill, how much more lasting than a mausoleum of marble with engraven arms of Norman device, is the memory of two lines, or two words, or two acts the world has learned by heart, and repeats as guide-thoughts for human life!

After tea, faced directly eastward again, and walked on by the sea to Blue Anchor, a quiet, cosy, little watering-place with a large and comfortable inn, and a few lodging-houses for visitors who prize rest and retirement while drinking at the blue fountains of sea air. Both the land and water views from this point are truly delightful and interesting from their remarkable contrasts.

Thursday, July 14th. Continued eastward along the sea-coast most of the day. The country was rich with the most striking varieties of scenery. The grand hills came down near to the sea in some places, showing their dark moor-crests. In other sections, valleys broad and deep intervened, richly robed in a plaid vesture of green and gold. The sunny fields ripening to harvest showed vividly against a background of furze or heather. For several weeks there had not been a shower of rain. English farmers could never have had a more favorable season for getting in their hay. Three-fourths of it were already ricked, and looked as green and breathed

as sweetly as under the rake in the meadow. There had not even been dew enough to brown the outer surface of the stacks, and they stood shelved by the roadside like so many great bottles of Nature's Eau-de-Cologne, filled to their very stopples to scent the morning dews and the evening airs that fanned the still face of the blue sea. The wheat, oats and barley, which had not headed out when I was walking southward on the eastern coast, were now berrying full and plump, and taking on the yellow flush of midsummer.

The most remarkable establishment I passed this day was St. Audries, the seat of Sir Alexander Hood. It covers a large extent, with park, preserves, lawns, gardens and all the other appurtenances and embellishments of a baronial mansion. But what gives it a peculiar charm is its location by the sea. The grounds are beautified to the very edge of the grand and beetling cliffs, which make a high winding wall of headlands, gorges, and jutting crags, like so many bastions, salients and sallying-ports of a fortress. The lofty Quantock Hills lifted their heather-haired heads far up in the still summer blue all through this day's walk, and at night they seemed almost as nigh as when I was abreast of them. Reached Bridgewater at dusk, having travelled through a section full of interest,

marked with every variety of scenery, landward and seaward.

Friday, July 15th. This was an anniversary to me of special interest. This day, a year ago, I set out on my Walk from London to John O'Groat's. During the year I have measured the distance on foot between that extreme and Land's End, and from the latter to this point on my way back to London. In addition to this pedestrianism, I have written a book of four hundred pages, travelled several thousand miles by railway, lectured about sixty times, and performed other labors with foot, tongue and pen. So, on the whole, it has been one of the busiest as well as most enjoyable years of my life.

I must say something of Bridgewater to my American readers that shall set that goodly town right in their estimation. As Esau sold his birthright for a mess of pottage to a brother who ought to have given him the cheap meal without charge, so Bridgewater transferred to an elder and more elegantly dressed sister a fame which she ought to have retained as an heirloom and a most extraordinary legacy of Nature. Indeed I know of no other town, on either side of the Atlantic, that has been favored with a gift so completely special and isolated. That family must live beyond the outside rim of civilisation, and almost of humanity itself,

that has not heard of *Bath Brick*. Well, will you believe it?—not one of these famous bricks was ever made in Bath, or within fifty miles of that town. They are all made here in Bridgewater; and the reason why they do not bear its name I understood to be a notion of temporary expediency on the part of the first manufacturers. Bath was then in the full blossom of its glory as a fashionable watering-place, with a name and a fame that stood high at court. Her phylacteries and flounces were made broad and gorgeous with the luxury and wealth of royalty and nobility. Now, when the two sisters were on a more even footing, Bath made buns and Bridgewater made bricks, and both articles were, in appearance, considerably alike up to a certain stage of elaboration. The buns of course got the start of the bricks in general use and reputation. Still, the latter were a kind of unleavened bread, made of a species of dough which the sea brought in and kneaded and shelved against the steep banks of the Parret River, on which Bridgewater is mounted with much grace of *pose*. The composition and deposition of this gritty dough are a marvel among the mysterious sciences of Nature. It is only perfect within a certain segment or section of the river. Above or below this space it is worthless for the brick. Within this the sediment is of the

right mixture, and the sea never fails of sending in daily rations all ready for the sun-ovens. Thus the manufacture of these bricks has become a large and important business. About 8,000,000 of them, valued from £12,000 to £13,000, are made every year. Well, as I was saying, before this business had been well established on its own intrinsic merits, it was thought politic to introduce it to the public under the patronage of some high connection. So, reverting to our figure, the comely but country maiden on the Parret, in language of similar significance to the address of the "seven women to one man" in Scripture, said to her brilliant and highly-favored sister on the Avon," I ask nothing but your name"; and the name was given; and to this day the productions of the kneading-troughs of the sea at Bridgewater and of all its sun-bakeries have been called *Bath Bricks*. Whenever the American reader inquires for that article, or hears it mentioned in his kitchen, I hope he will remember how it acquired its name, and do what he can to rectify the mistake. I wonder the bun-bakers of Bath did not object at the time to an association which to over-sensitive fancies might give a presentiment of grittiness to their cakes.

The parish church of Bridgewater is an impressive structure, inside and out, from bottom to top. It has one of the most beautiful spires in England; one of

the order of the *Glover's Needle*, which distinguishes the spires of Worcester, where gloves are made as a great distinctive business, and where the church architects would seem to have been needle-makers by trade. The Bridgwater steeple rivals the best of them in its taper from the belfry-eye to its fine and delicate point, a height of about 120 feet. I doubt if any needle-maker of Worcestershire could beat it with anything he could shape in steel. But it is not this graceful taper of the spire alone that will attract one's notice. It is made of red sandstone, the same as the whole edifice at the beginning. But the body of the church has been renovated with a greyish stone, which, by contrast, makes the steeple look redder than when first erected. Thus it has the appearance of a tall, tapering wax candle set upon a stately church tower and reddened all the way down by the flame at its wick. The interior of the building presents many features which amateurs of church architecture would study with interest. There is also a large altar-piece, representing the Descent from the Cross, an Italian painting of superior conception and execution, the most impressive that I have yet seen in any church in England. As one looks at the sublime expression of sorrow and love on the face of the central figure, it seems to rise above the aspect of personal pain and

grief, and to mean the sorrow of a God for the sin, miseries and griefs of mankind in past and coming ages. The very history of the painting is darkened with these experiences. It was taken as a prize in the French war and mounted over this Christian altar. Doubtless it was torn from some continental church in in the sacking of a village, and borne away by a squad of powder-begrimed soldiers with the blood of its defenders on their hands and faces. If the painter were a devout, white-hearted man, and had forseen the end of his picture, he could not have added another lineament which would have made the expression of the central face more speechful of sadness for the woes which human wrath, sin and folly would still work in the world.

From Bridgewater I continued eastward to Glastonbury, passing over a space as full of English history as any other of the same circuit that you may find in the country. The natural scenery, too, is equally remarkable and fits the history like an express setting to show off its facts impressively. The road passes over Sedgemoor on a natural causeway, and you have the site of that sanguinary conflict for a throne spread out before you. The view near Sutton Church is one of the most interesting in England for certain features that delight the eye. In the first place it is the most

complete and extensive panorama that can be found from the same degree of elevation. On a ridge just wide enough for a turnpike road, formed apparently by the opposite beatings of two thinly-divided seas, this grand and beautiful scene unfolds itself with a radius of full twenty miles. Westward the Quantock Hills pillow the horizon with their rough, round and furzy heads capped in the silk velvet with which the blue distance always drapes the ragged and jagged mountains. Southward there bends to the circumferential sky-line a circular range of lower hills, like layers of undulating clouds edged with silver. Eastward, following the horizon, tor-hills, dark, wild and abrupt, look over each other's shoulders into the great valley. Northward the Mendip range lift their grey battlements and bald bastions, the very Redans and Malakoffs of Nature in the outer walls of this great and quiet vale. Within this blue and purple hedging on which the summer clouds alight at morn and eve with their lace fringes dipped in harvest moons and the red ray of setting harvest suns, a hundred village-nests are scattered among the trees, with their sunny rims peeping out from the shade here and there. It is a vast level sea of verdure, with its soft waves climbing its engirdling walls and dashing their green foam half way up to the over-beetling rocks. Still it is so

variegated with trees in park, grove and copse and hedgerow; there is such a picturesque interspersion of church towers, villages, hamlets, and the half-revealed faces of stately mansions; the large and level fields are so full of motley herds feeding against a background of ripening grain; and the eye can so easily rise from the fertile expanse to its grand surroundings, that you do not think of a plain as you glance from side to side, nor more of monotony than you would at looking at a great landscape painting however wide the canvass within the frame. From the point that commands this magnificent view in its best aspect, one looks down upon the scene of that bloody battle by which the Duke of Monmouth lost both head and crown in his ambition to mount the English throne. He must be a bolder man than I to touch that scene and act and their issues after Macaulay's description.

Dined in Street, a town-wing of Glastonbury, with a name that well describes even the present aspect and character of the place. It is a busy, thriving two-story town of itself, built on one long street, throwing out short spores on either side well budded with cottages all in a blow of garden foliage and flower. Three brothers Clark, of the Society of Friends, have been the chief upbuilders of the place in its industrial enterprise. They have made it almost another Massachussetts Lynn

as to the manufacture of shoes; employing several hundred men, women and children in the business. The principle on which they conduct their establishment is worthy of all commendation, and I would advise American travellers to acquaint themselves thoroughly with it when visiting Glastonbury. It may be a long time before we shall feel or recognise the necessity of such a system with us; but with the steady and ever-widening inpouring of emigration from Europe, we may find a condition creeping in upon us which our educational institutions will be unable to meet and overcome. I have noticed that, within the last fifteen years, the school-room is becoming more and more frequently the vestibule or receiving room of the factory; a part of the very building itself, or planted on the path to the spindles and looms. In these the young children are not only taught the rudiments of English education, but frequently adult men and women. This factory school-room often expands to a higher grade of institution, embracing lectures, concerts, and other instructive entertainments. Some time ago I was present at a morning exercise in the assembly-room of the Messrs. Clark's shoe-factory. On returning from breakfast, all the hands seated themselves in this apartment, constituting quite a congregation. One of the brothers, standing behind a desk, read to them a

chapter from a great Bible, and explained different passages with remarks of his own, to make them more impressive and instructive. A minute or two of devotional silence, after the manner of Friends, closed this morning exercise of the family circle of the factory, and they all went to their work, one might believe, with a feeling of unity very pleasant and profitable to master and men.

Street is one of my dating-places in England; a point of departure for a new line of life and labor. Here in September, 1846, I spent a week or more with the Clarks. I had started on the pedestrian tour which had filled my dreams in America before leaving for England. I had made the distance from Birmingham to this place on foot, enjoying the scenery and everything I saw and heard as only an American can do in Our Old Home. I had written articles by the score on the way for the paper I was conducting in New-England; and the zest and relish of penning these on little, round, three-legged tables in quaint, cosy, ivy-netted inns by the roadside, with the breath of English home flowers coming in upon me with the twitter and chipper of birds through the open casements,—all these sunny experiences had wrought up a veritable enthusiasm in me for the peregrination which I had so long dreamed of at home, but which I had to postpone for nearly

twenty years. Well, here in Street, in the quiet parlor of one of the Clarks, softly lighted with sunbeams caught in the green meshes of the creeper curtains of the windows, I wrote my first article on "Ocean Penny Postage." For the ten following years, I rode that idea up and down the United Kingdom and the United States with all the persistent hope and faith of any enthusiastic hobby-rider. The scheme embraced nothing but this simple proposition:—That the postal charge for the mere transportation of a single letter across the sea in any direction or to any distance from Great Britain should only be *one penny*. Thus if all other countries should establish an inland penny postage like England, we should have a uniform international postage of threepence; that is, a penny for each inland charge, and a penny for the sea-service on a letter. After about ten years agitation of the idea, the British Government conceded about half of what was asked, with the intimation that they would yield the rest when they saw their way clear to make the further reduction. This concession extinguished the "agitation," as it satisfied the public mind, and took away all cause of continued appeal and effort in behalf of the reform. It was quite interesting to me to sit down in the same room again, in which I first launched a project which cost me so many years of

hobby-horseman service. It was a good place for passing the mind around the circle of this equitation, alighting upon some of the incidents by the way. And these were manifold in the wide range of experience the memory could roam over. There were 150 public meetings I had addressed on the subject in as many towns in England, Scotland and Ireland. There were travels over nearly the whole circuit of the United States mounted on the idea. There was a burning day in Charleston, in going from warehouse to warehouse soliciting, from under an umbrella, signatures to a petition to the American Government; there was canvassing in Toronto, and other Canadian towns for names to a similar memorial to the British Government for the same boon.

From Street I went on to Glastonbury, a remarkable centre of ecclesiastical architecture and history. Take it all in all, it is the best standpoint in England from which to apply the measuring reed to that stupendous religious system that overspread, illumined, and ruled Europe with its grandeurs in the middle ages. Nature had erected a tower of observation well fitted for such a standpoint. Just behind this little town arises one of the most lofty and symmetrical *tors* in England. Seen from the wide, level valley by which you approach it from the west, it appears a perfect cone, too steep

for man or beast to climb. Its apex is pointed by a high tower, with the history of half a dozen centuries niched in its interior walls. To this tower a church it is said was once attached, and even a monastery; both of which were thrown headlong from their perch by an earthquake. Let a man of "believing and attentive faculties" ascend that steepled tor, and look off from its blue height, and he will see something worth remembering. If his imagination is moderately gifted with the faculty of individuality, so that it can flesh the skeletons of past history, and fill up before his eyes three or four by-gone centuries with their most actual and vivid realities, let him look down first upon the roofs and embattled eves of the church which that tower once crowned, then upon the magnificent abbey at the foot of the tor, as it stood in all its pristine glory, then northward a few miles, and bring the towers and turrets of Wells Cathedral into the same view. Then let him consider the wonder-inspiring fact, that both these grand edifices, with half a dozen other ecclesiastical structures within the circuit of as many miles, were probably in process of erection at the same moment. Let him remember that at that time, the whole population of England was less than that of London to-day; that Glastonbury and Wells were merely peasant villages, and the surrounding

country thinly settled by poor and ignorant serfs to a half-civilised and unlettered aristocracy; that there was not a carriage road in the kingdom; that all the stone of these mighty structures and the other building material had to be conveyed on the backs of horses from considerable distances; that there were no common weights, measures, money, nor language, but as many dialects as divided the builders of Babel; that but a tithe of the country was under cultivation; that the forests and woods were full of the dens of thieves and the lairs of wild beats; that half the region around about as far as the eye could reach was a dead sea of stagnant water for half the year and an impassable bog for the other half;—let him reproduce before him these actual facts of the time when these grand and beautiful edifices were erected, and his mind will be vividly impressed with the mighty faith and enthusiasm that built up such stupendous monuments to the memory of a religious age. If an earthquake or some other catastrophe should throw down Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's, great London itself, with its immeasurable wealth, would hardly essay to raise again those edifices at once and simultaneously to their present stature and glory. But there are half a dozen men in London whose united annual income doubtless exceeds the whole rental of England at the time when

Glastonbury Abbey and Wells Cathedral were rising on their foundations within modern cannon-shot of each other. And between and around them there were other religious houses going up at the same moment. It is a wonder of the first water of mystery and admiration. The pyramids of Egypt are the monuments of slave-labor, and they hardly honor their origin. Many stand on the necks of these ruined edifices and call them the works of a superstition-labor. Still it seems almost dangerous to give such tremendous working energy to error.

The ruins of no ecclesiastical building in England have more deeply impressed me with a sense of grandeur than these of Glastonbury Abbey. There are just enough fragments of wall, column and arch standing here and there to indicate the area the edifice covered and the height to which it towered. Perhaps if the ruins were less complete, or like those of Tintern, one would not get such an impression of the magnitude of the building as it stood before the "Reformation." In filling up the outline which these widely-sundered fragments suggest, the imagination has perhaps too much play, and runs to exaggeration. Still, ere the sledge-hammer of demolition was lifted upon the great central edifice and its adjuncts, they must have covered a larger space than any other religious establishment in the kingdom.

The vast nave of the main building seems to have been prolonged by *St. Joseph's Chapel*, a picturesque ruin of itself, with most of its walls still standing and enough of carved work in stone of exquisite execution to show what it was in its day. Two of the arched piers or columns that supported the great central tower of the cathedral or abbey stand high and sublime with their broken arms still outstretched that lifted up for centuries the lofty superstructure which flooded the upper air with the music of its Sabbath bells. The whole would make a splendid picture of architectural grace and beauty as well as magnificence if reproduced by an artist capable of making the most of the elements available for his pencil. Mr. Gilbert Scott has embodied some of them in the sketch of the chancel here presented to the reader by his permission. It will serve to give one a clearer idea of the dimensions and symmetries of the entire building when it stood intact.

The authenticated and legendary histories of Glastonbury Abbey are both peculiarly interesting; especially the latter. Two remarkable and widely-severed personages tradition claims to have been interred within the cemetery. Joseph of Arimathea was the patron saint of the establishment according to this elastic authority. Outrunning St. Paul as a missionary, he first preached Christianity in Britain; and preached

it here. Ascending *Weary-all Hill* just outside the town, he stabbed the staff he brought from Palestine into the earth where it soon sprouted, and grew up into a beautiful little tree called the *Holy Thorn*. It put forth its white flower about Christmas, typifying the blossoming of Life and Immortality out of a human stalk at Bethlehem. For this divine token it was held most precious for a score of ages. Thousands of pilgrims came from afar and breathed in the breath of the sacred blossoms. They were exported to other countries for those of like faith in their meaning and virtue. The spot where it stood is now marked with a flat stone, bearing this latent belief in its origin: I. A., A. P. P. D., XXXI. It was a pretty fantasy, just the one to take hold of the spontaneous sympathies of the human heart, and bud and blossom there for ever without the favor or affection of reason and judgment. The Holy Thorn seems to have perpetuated itself without a break from the dawn of the Christian era to the present moment, and bids fair to go down to the last ages of the world. Shoots and scions have been transplanted from time to time, endowed with some of the marvellous vitality latent in the dry staff of the apostle. But never was one set in the earth with such an interesting ceremonial as that planted on Weary-all Hill on the day of the marriage of the

Prince of Wales with Alexandra the Dane. The whole population of the town came out *en masse* to mark the occasion with a feasting. One thousand sat down to a public dinner, and nearly fifteen hundred to tea. Then they formed themselves into a procession, headed by the mayor and corporation, escorting an open carriage conveying a hopeful scion of the Holy Thorn, with two young ladies appointed to perform the interesting office of setting it upright on its tendrils in the very place that its ancient progenitor had made sacred. The mayor delivered an oration at the close of the ceremony, the Rifle Corps fired a volley over the consecrated thornlet, and then descending, left it alone in its young glory. Perhaps the population of Glastonbury, in some future century, will perform a similar ceremony to celebrate the nuptials of some English Prince with an anglicised Tycoon's daughter wooed in Japan.

Next in the rank of these facile faiths, founded in no historical authority and needing none, is the belief that Prince Arthur, that apocryphal flower of kinghood, was laid here, Tennyson to the contrary notwithstanding. He was believed in as a veritable being of flesh and blood, and no fiction at all, as far back as the day of Henry II. That sovereign believed in him, and caused search to be made for his grave here, and it

was said to be found, with a leaden cross bearing the inscription: "Hic jacet sepultus inclytus Rex Arthurus in insula Avalonia." The rude oak coffin contained a gigantic skeleton, but not the famous Excaliber, otherwise accounted for. Side by side with his lay the remains of his fair Guinever, whose yellow hair was "apparently perfect in substance and colour," says an old chronicler, "but on a monk's eagerly grasping and raising it up, it fell to dust." Here is a circumstantiality of authority which seems to take King Arthur's entity out of the rainbowed mist of poetic fiction and to set him among the real princes of the land.

There are several other buildings in Glastonbury, contemporary with the Abbey and connected with it, which are worth looking at and studying. The *Abbott's Kitchen* is a unique structure, having for a roof a hollow octagonal pyramid set upon four massive walls. Internally the space between these walls was made octagonal by a huge chimney at each corner, each fitted up with a prodigous capacity of cookery. Indeed if such beef had been indigenous and digestible, they might have roasted an elephant whole within each pair of jambs. Nor could this kitchen have been too large for the service put upon it. Like all the abbeys of that time, it was a splendid hotel as well as a college and a cathedral. It is said that at the

zenith of its grandeur the abbot's permanent household numbered three hundred persons, and that often five hundred strangers were entertained within its walls.

After tea went on to Wells, where I found comfortable lodgings in one of the oldest inns I have seen in the country. It did service in the days of the pilgrims, when nearly every abbey and cathedral was a little Mecca of itself to a large number of simple enthusiasts. This is a nice, clean, quiet little city, with its widest streets set to the perpetual music of bubbling, chirping, twittering rivulets of clear, flashing spring water, which seems to make a border of fluent pearl to the sidewalks. "Wells"! How often has that word been outspoken with reverence in the village-choirs of New-England on the Sabbath, and in humbler places "where prayer was wont to be made"! What American, with Sabbath memories in his heart, can hear it without remembering how it sounded from "the singers' seat," when the chorister pronounced it with a devout face and voice, put the vibrating tuning-fork to his ear, raised his eyes to the ceiling, and pitched the first note of that solemn tune! Eighteen years ago, when walking across the oak-shaded fields to this cathedral, I essayed to quicken these souvenirs by singing "Wells" to a score of large, sedate and ecclesiastical-looking sheep, in long flowing surplices, who raised their bald faces at me with sober surprise.

Every cathedral in England has some special individuality of architecture or embellishment which distinguishes it from the rest. York, Ely, Canterbury and Salisbury have each its own speciality, and these peculiar features are so salient that you hardly know how to institute a comparison between the edifices to which they belong. It is like putting a pair of beautiful eyes in one person's face against a handsome nose in another's. But I believe that the best connoisseurs of ecclesiastical architecture must and do give the palm to Wells Cathedral as the most perfect specimen, in its *tout ensemble*, of these venerable structures. Internally and externally it is distinguished from all others of the order by very striking peculiarities. Longfellow ought to describe its west front. Some of the features of his "Springfield Arsenal" may be recognised in it:

> From floor to ceiling,
> Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms,

would need but little change to fit this grand *façade*. From pavement to topmost turret rise the niched ranks of apostles, kings, queens, princes and knights in stone. The census of this mutilated statuary numbers full three hundred human forms, half being of life size. What a perpendicular Louvre it must have showed in its best days, when all those diademed

sovereigns and haloed saints were fresh from the chisel of the sculptor, before the dark genius of coal smoke had begun its modern work of turning milk-white marble into lamp-blacked cast-iron, sooting, with indiscriminate evenness of depth and dun, the queenliest faces ever done in stone, and the chimney-pots of factory towns! One looking at these grand walls of statuary, and remembering that many of the sculptured figures must have been wrought full six hundred years ago, must wonder at the perfection the art had attained at that early age. The interior corresponds happily with the exterior aspects. Some one has said that the first Napoleon was wont to take off his hat to an artist on looking at his works, not out of mere politeness but of respect for his art. So a man with appreciating sensibilities must be inclined to raise his hat on walking up the nave of Wells Cathedral in the presence of such grandeur, even if no religious sentiment prompts the act. The peculiar feature of the interior structure is the inverted arches that support the great central tower, like a human forehead and crown resting upon a pair of wide-opened eyes. Then there is the famous old clock made by a Glastonbury monk and removed to Wells at the Dissolution. The spontaneous clockmaker wrought out a great many ingenious devices and illustrations, seasoning useful

knowledge with amusing entertainment. He set several celestial and terrestial bodies into interesting movement and relationship, showing the hours of the day, the age of the moon, and the position of the planets, with a little martial by-play to spice these astronomical facts. When the clock strikes the hour, a file of horsemen, booted, saddled and armed cap-a-pie, dash out and charge furiously, whether upon the Past or Future the original design is not clear. On the outside a couple of knights in heavy helmets and stout armor strike the quarters, each with his halberd, like two woodmen keeping stroke upon the tree of Time.

After attending the morning service in the choir, at which about half a dozen persons were present besides the clergy and choristers, I resumed my walk, and reached Cheddar about the middle of the afternoon. This is a focus of remarkable interest, to which nature, industrial art and philanthropy have contributed each its contingent. To begin with the first, that great sleeping crocodile, the Mendip range, which lies slightly coiled across the Avalonian Valley, with its ridgy back high in the sun, here opens its tremendous jaws wide enough for two camels to walk through abreast between them. Indeed the cliffs that teeth the rift look as if they would shut into each other like those of a trap if they should close. It is an awe-inspiring gap, and you

feel a grander presence than that of "forty centuries looking down" upon you, as your eyes climb from steep to steep, crag to crag up the huge precipice on either side. The perpendicular butment at one point rises to the height of over four hundred feet. Here and there the steep slopes are turfed with a fine green herbage, and flecked with sheep, looking like snow flakes scattered up and down, now and then showing a speck of white on the very beetling edge of the topmost crag. It is the very place of all I ever saw to make all human and animal forms and forces look like pigmies in stature and strength. A man cannot often get near enough to a mountain to dwarf him to an atom in the contrast of size. But walking up the narrow road between these dark, jaggy, craggy heights, seemingly overhanging him just under the twilight sky which the sun never warms, he feels himself about the smallest and weakest particle of creation. All the lofty butments, rock and sky and cloud are shaded with the cold sublimity of the place.

Before you enter this unroofed cavern, you will be sure to visit one of Nature's curiosity-shops, discovered by sheer accident about thirty years ago near the mouth of this great aperture in the Mendips. A Mr. Cox broke into this singular treasury one day while exploring out a hole in the wall opening upon the

public road. In delicacy of execution, versatility of genius, in works of fancy, its water-sculpture far surpasses anything that I saw in the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky. From the domestic character of the subjects here revealed, it might be taken for one of the small back-kitchens of nature, with a well-furnished pantry done in stone. Here are turkeys hanging by the legs as if just from or for the market, a good stout loaf of brown bread with the baker's thumb-marks upon it, translucent curtains partly folded, a chime of bells with a sharp, steely ring to them; in fact a very pattern-shop filled with pre-historic prototypes or models of human householdry of all shapes and uses, as well as of artistic sculpture for public galleries. But of all the exquisite work of the water-drops in this elaboratory, nothing struck me so forcibly as the ticking and the telling of a little watch that Nature had wound up and set agoing here, perhaps before Adam was created. It is a century-glass made for Time to tick off the Earth's ages; and it keeps the reckoning with a precision that an astronomer would covet for his chronometer. Its construction and action are simple. In the plain, clear Saxon of boys' language, it is the dripping of an icicle of stone, which freezes as it falls and forms another icicle pointing upward. Boys know how these points near

each other until they join and make one column of ice from bottom to top. With this in their eyes, they will see how this century-glass works in the cave. From the fine tip of a stone icicle called a stalactite, there falls, once or twice in five minutes, a tiny drop of water, which has a little dash of lime in it. Perhaps a pint of it may fall in the space of twenty-four hours. This continual dropping makes a good deal of *wet* on the rocky bottom for a considerable space around. I believe no one has tested the water, but perhaps what falls in a week contains a teaspoonful of lime sediment. This hardens into stone, looking like layers of candied sugar. Then gradually a little point arises out of the centre of a wide foundation of these layers. Every drop falls and splits on this sharp point, just moistening it anew once a minute. Yet there is lime in this little moisture, and it hardens and builds up the tiny horn of stone; but how slowly! It would be an interesting sight and instructive too for children to stand by and see that clock-work go on. When Mr. Cox first broke into this dark, low-roofed clock-factory of Nature, and held his torch up to see what was going on there, among other sights was this ticking time-piece—two icicles of stone trying to make their points meet, as hundreds standing about the cave had already done centuries ago. The

lower one had arisen about a foot from the foundation. It was climbing up slowly. He had watched it for nearly twenty years, and could see hardly the difference of an inch in its height; yet it was climbing, perhaps at the rate of six inches a century. Just so many drops a day it receives upon its point from the one above; just so many millimetres in a decade it makes in its upward progress. With a good microscope one perhaps might see how much it grows in a single year. It is one of Nature's chronometers hung up in the thousand-and-one caverns of the earth, whose minute-hand tells off her centuries. For myself I never before looked at a time-piece and heard it tick with such thoughts—in such contrast with the scant measurements of human life.

Chedder is gifted with the rich inheritance of a blessed memory. Here Hannah More and her sisters set on foot the working out of her best thoughts in an enterprise of practical philanthropy. Here in hope and faith and love, she planted the germs of those institutions for the education and elevation of the children of the poor, which are now expanding to such a reach of beneficence among the masses of the country.

It was after five p.m. when I left Chedder, and after a long, hot and dusty walk, reached Bristol a little before midnight.

CHAPTER XIII.

BRISTOL—THE VALLEY OF THE WYE—ROSS—MALVERN—WORCESTER AND ITS CATHEDRAL—PERSHORE—OXFORD—THE QUEEN'S DAIRY—END OF MY WALK.

BRISTOL is a city worth going to see and to study. It was the seat and point of departure of the English vikings and vigors when the old Norse spirit had only begun to be slightly softened by a Christian civilisation. For just such men and for just such an age nature had formed a port suited to every phase and faculty of their character. It was at the head of a little river that ran crookedly at the bottom of a tremendous furrow ploughed to the sea through the rocks, nearly as deep and wide as the rift below the Niagara Falls. It faced the western world of waters, and its plucky old sea-kings turned their prows in that direction by natural impulse. One of them, the elder Cabot, frosted his in the icy breath of Labrador before Columbus touched the main continent of America. One hundred years before Cabot sailed from Bristol, it had its guild of "Merchants

Royal," and veteran sailors as daring and dauntless as the hyperborean tars of Eric the Red. There were the two *Canynges*, as their names if spelt correctly in old Saxon would imply, kings in their way as shipbuilders. They were two stalwart Williams whose lives and labors gave a shaping to the character and history of the town. The monument of the younger records the names of the vessels he built, as if they were children whose memory should be as lasting as is his other virtues. The birth-roll of the city is rich with names of the first water of merit. Perhaps no other town of its size in the kingdom can show a larger array of celebrities in every department of distinction. The list of large-hearted benefactors and philanthropists counts up well, and best as we approach the present day. Coming down from the munificent Colston, the names of Richard Reynolds, Joseph Eaton, George Thomas, and other members of the Society of Friends, will have an everlasting memory, not petrified in cold marble, but breathing in the self-expanding life of benevolent institutions, carrying comfort and blessing down through generations of sick and the broken in body and mind. There too is George Müller, with his Orphan's Home, a great human prayer spired with faith and towering heavenward—a very temple for over a thousand sweet little

voices of fatherless and motherless children to sing their morning hymns of thanksgiving in. George Müller is a German, and he studied his classics in Halle; and he studied something better there, too—the life of August B. Francke and the upbuilding of the unparalleled institution of benevolence the good man founded in that city. And when the name of George Müller comes to be written in marble at the end of his work, Francke's simple epitaph will be the best that can be found for him—"He trusted in God." Never in modern times, perhaps, was there an institution so entirely built up on prayer and faith as this of George Müller's founding at Bristol. Here are over a thousand little human beings homed, clothed, fed, instructed and fitted for both worlds, and all from spontaneous, unsolicited charity! The angels of these young orphans not only seem to stand before their Heavenly Father, but before hundreds of human fathers scattered all over the country, who think of them kindly as they look upon their own happy children. So the ravens that fed the prophet—hundreds of them—come flying all about with gifts in their beaks for these little boys and girls. George Müller prays, and the mason builds, and the ravens breed, and there is a new beak full of food for every new orphan brought to the Home. Francke used to beg like a monk for his fatherless, and

trudge about on foot over half of Germany soliciting aid for his institution. But Müller stays at home, and does not beg even by letter. His faith is not without works on his principle. Only he reverses the axiom and puts it thus, "Orare est Laborare." And his experience justifies this belief and practice. An incident recently came to my knowledge which may illustrate the working of this faith. I met some time ago a gentleman residing in a retired town in Kent, who told me that he was recently confined to his house by indisposition and inclement weather on a wintry Sunday. When the rest of the family were at church, he took up George Müller's book, in which he describes "The Lord's Dealings" with him. He became so much interested in the author's life and labors, that he promised his conscience then and there that if a certain business transaction he had in hand resulted in a certain amount of success, he would send the philanthropist £100 for his Orphan's Home. The success was realised, and he was then just on the point of sending off a cheque for the promised amount. I would commend the same book to the perusal of all who would like to know the rise and progress of the institution.

Bishop "Analogy" Butler, Robert Hall and John Foster were numbered in the preaching-roll of the

Bristol pulpit, and Hannah More and her sister among the school-teachers of the town. Poets, painters and sculptors grace its annals. Poor young Chatterton! he asked bread and they gave him a stone—a beautifully carved stone, after he had died of hunger. It stands within the most prominent angle of the church-yard of St. Mary Redcliffe. It was all that lay within the gift of the givers. They would have given bread as well as the stone if the young man had lived in their day. It is thus one generation often pays the debts of another.

Burke once represented Bristol in Parliament, and some of his best speeches were made at the hustings here. The city abounds in old churches of continental aspect of antiquity, and in streets walled high with houses jutting out story above story until the windows of the uppermost on either side seem within hand's reach of each other. Many of these unique buildings look as if they had seen Sebastian Cabot's day and wear the air of his age. Bristol was once the second town in the kingdom for population and commercial importance. If the Avon had been a little wider and deeper at all tides, and if the policy of the corporation had not been narrower, perhaps, than the river, doubtless the port would have retained a good deal of the business that went to Liverpool.

After spending the Sabbath in Bristol, I continued northward up the celebrated valley of the Wye, which has been painted, photographed, said and sung, and put in all forms of poetry and prose so often that a tourist must be a bold man to essay any new description of it. Many insist who have seen it, and more believe who have not, that it presents the most delightful scenery in England. It is a pocket edition of the Rhine, beautifully bound, with illustrations that improve upon the German volume. The little Wye is a jewel of a river, set delightfully in emerald. In 1846 I made the same walk up the wide, winding glen; saw for the first time an English castle at Chepstow; climbed the Wind-Cliff, and looked off upon the counties beyond the Severn, and studied Tintern Abbey by moonlight. Vivid and enthusiastic descriptions had produced the foregone conclusion that the scenery and all its associations were as delightful as possible. I had then seen less of the country than at the time of this second visit, and the impression I fancied would be modified by another view. Still I was happily disappointed in not being disappointed at all on seeing it again from these various points. The view from Wind-Cliff especially can hardly be surpassed in England, and can never lose any of its interest as a point of observation. Tintern Abbey could not have been ruined more

picturesquely if an artist had tried his hand at the work as a subject for his studio. It is a beautiful and delightful site for such a building, and one wishes that it of them all might have been spared alive, just to show the world what they were in their day and generation. Indeed it stands with less breakage than any other "dissolved" abbey that I have seen. Its walls, windows and arches look as if they might be done up again, and the whole edifice reproduced without excessive labor or expense. There is plenty of material, almost as good as new, lying about in heaps, for such a renovation—disjointed columns, arches, keystones, fluted, foliated and carved after every device. Although one of the smaller structures of the kind, it must have been the very *bijou* of them all for symmetry and the delicate graces of the Gothic order.

After dinner, pursued my walk up the valley to Monmouth. The scenery all the way was delightful. The heights were wooded on each side, with houses set in over against each other to the very summits. The bright, winding Wye held in its curves now a little field of yellow wheat full of sunlight, and now a small new-shorn meadow as green and soft as a lawn. As I ascended this romantic glen, I suddenly caught a glimpse of a remarkable phenomenon. It appeared to be a great human eye looking down the

valley with a serene expression of enjoyment. The first moment of the sight perfectly produced this impression. There was the large, blue, expanded pupil; there were the eyelids and eyelashes all to the life. It took half a minute to explain the apparition. A bridge spanned the river with a single arch at a bend which brought it directly before me. The trees that shut down on each side closely to the bridge and overshadowed it, so concealed this arch that I saw its inverted image in the water first. It made the lower lid of the great blue eye perfectly for a delicious moment. Its ends curved up to the corners of the upper lid in a complete elipsis. The clear, glistening river above for a moment stood upright and looked down upon the level river below with a smile like light upon the morning dew. It was a pleasant illusion which I wished to prolong. It seemed like the eye of Nature gazing down one of her sweetest valleys with loving pride and satisfaction.

Tuesday, July 19th. Monmouth is the most considerable town owned by the Duke of Beaufort. It is cleanly and comfortable, wearing an air of sedate and quiet dignity, as if it had been something in its day in the line of history. It once gave a birthplace to a king, and a name subsequently to a very ambitious and very unsuccessful aspirant to the English throne.

It has attached itself forever to the memory of a monkish writer who manufactured a great deal of interesting history that reads like fact here and there in his chronicles; and, as no one else of his day put more fact in his romances, Geoffry of Monmouth has been recognised as an authority of higher rank of credibility than the heterogenous legends afloat. There is indubitable proof that such a man lived and wrote, and was not a myth. His very study is pointed out to you, and you go away believing in him more distinctly than before. Here I found one of the oldest inns I have yet seen in this country, and had a bed-room full twenty feet square all to myself. It was wainscotted with old English oak, black as ebony, with great beams of that hearty timber overhead.

Had a hot and dusty walk from Monmouth to Ledbury. Never saw such a rainless summer in England before; not a drop having fallen for a full month. Followed the beautiful little Wye up to Ross, the Richmond of the river in the best respects. This is truly a city set upon a hill, with a grand old church set upon the city like its diadem. The churchyard is planted upon a high cliff, jutting out like a double-buttressed bastion to command the view of the winding valley and all its far-reaching loveliness both above and below. It is safe to say no other

resting-place of the dead in England is held up so high towards heaven as this precious acre. The town itself is pleasant, comely and comfortable, with a lively show of thrift and contentment. Its crowning glory is the venerated memory of one citizen, who honored it with the reputation of his goodness of heart. "The Man of Ross"! Who has not heard of that name? It is worth a dozen ruined abbeys to the town, with a Stonehenge thrown into the bargain. At Ross I diverged in an easterly direction towards Worcester. Lodged in Ledbury, a quiet, quaint, rural town with many old skeleton houses, or houses that wear their bones outside their skins. The church is a good edifice, with an enormous spire and tower standing detached from the main building. In walking about the streets and admiring the unique aspects and architecture of the houses, I fancied it would be interesting to spend a month or two in such a place to see something of its real, everyday life.

Wednesday, July 20th. The weather hot, and not a breath of air astir. Continued eastward; passed Eastner Castle, Lord Somers' seat. It is a building well-pointed with towers and turrets, but distinguished by a smart look, as if it were a modern building or recently renovated. It was not the day of admission to the public, so that I was not able to see the interior.

Walked through a great park, well-stocked with deer, extending a long way towards Malvern. At noon I reached the base of the Herefordshire Beacon, a grand, round, bald-headed hill, girdled with a series of earthworks or trenches one above the other to the very top, which has a surface of about half an acre apparently. It is called the British Camp, and must have been capable of entrenching a least half the adult male population of England proper in Cæsar's day. One would think that such defences were designed to resist fire-arms and cannon of large calibre. Whether Briton, Roman, Saxon or Dane dug them, or whether each race had a hand in the work, they must have been the stronghold of one of the largest armies ever marshalled by either in the country. The view from the crown of this grand ward-and-watch-tower is just magnificent. You see a great bowlful of counties on either side, full of every element that can give beauty to a landscape. I saw it in all its quiet summer glory, and thought it unsurpassed by anything I had beheld before in any country. Wheat-fields in their best gold brooched the broad bosom of either valley with a sheen as soft and fluent as colored light. Patches of the Severn gave to the emerald robe a few well-set pearls here and there. Villages peeped out of their green nests and showed their sunny faces half

hidden and half revealed; the spaces between being so foreshortened to the eye, that they seemed to be sown broadcast over the expanse so thickly that they linked together their ascending smoke-wreaths a little way overhead. I am inclined to think that an American traveller will find no stand-point from which his eye can take in a fairer sample of English scenery than from this bald, round-headed Herefordshire Beacon.

Descending from this grand watch-tower of Nature, I pursued my walk along the western side of a mountainous ridge to Malvern. The road is cut through the thinnest section of this ridge, passing between the loftiest walls I ever saw made by pick and powder. For many miles the whole of Worcestershire was shut out from view. Herefordshire showed a glorious spread of landscape, and monopolised the whole vista. For a long distance you were to see nothing else; and the sight was truly beautiful. The genius of the wide-expanded valley seemed to say, "Look your fill of all this glory, then see if you can find anything better on the other side." It was a question of beauty between Juno and Venus. You face short about, pass through the hole cut in the dividing ridge, and look off upon Venus, arrayed in her best drawing-room dress. For the life of you, when you have taken your first eye-sweep, you cannot say which goddess is the fairest.

They are both beautiful exceedingly and lovely, and full of the happiest life of nature's glory.

Malvern is a kind of Saratoga shelved into the sunniest brow of the White Mountains. It is a pleasant place in every way, and a favorite resort for hundreds affected with mild ailments of body and mind. Its springs have proved very helpful to people of easy faith in their medicinal virtues. Its history is spiced with a pleasant flavor of romance; its old abbey church has a good and venerable air about it, and seems well calculated to exert a softening influence upon the smart and pretentious *parvenues* of modern architecture which stand terrassed one above the other, up the steeps of the bald-pated mountain. This is a kind of miniature Mont Blanc, and furnishes quite a satisfactory trial-height for the training of climbers of the second rank of aspiration. A kind of Alpine staff for the exercise is supplied at the inns for tourists and other guests; and you may see scores of young ladies in broad-brimmed hats of different patterns equipped with these well-pointed poles, setting out for an ascent.

Descended from Malvern into the wide valley of the Severn, and had a long, hot, dusty walk to old Worcester.

Thursday, July 21st. Went about "The Faithful City," as it is called and calls itself, for the faithful adhesion and stoutly-defended refuge it gave to King

Charles. On each side of the door of the noble old Guildhall stands the effigy of one of the Charles's which has been most faithfully preserved, and looks every inch a king. Worcester to me has been the most interesting town in England. Having lived many years in New England's Worcester, this brave old city seemed like a grandmother, and I used to visit it with a filial reverence. In 1846 I brought over from our American town a friendly address to this its venerable mother on the subject of the Oregon controversy—a manuscript letter signed by a thousand of our citizens, full of good and pleasant words of peace and amity and tender recollection. When it was unrolled from the platform, at a public meeting, it reached nearly the whole length of the hall, and the audience noticed with surprise that nearly every name it bore had its counterpart or *homonym* among themselves. For several subsequent years I used to go to Worcester to keep Christmas, just as a New England boy would go back to the old home of his childhood to keep "Thanksgiving." Worcester Cathedral was the first of those grand old edifices I ever saw, and the sight of it almost overwhelmed me with wonder and admiration. I saw the ages of English history put in sculptured records that I read with a kind of awe. The like chronicles have become familiar

to me now, but at that first, sudden glance they were full of thrilling language to my thoughts. It all burst upon me at once—the marble forms of kings, and knights, and bishops, and ladies lying on their backs as large as life, with their hands folded on their breasts as in prayers; the lofty arches, the columns and pillars of every stature, the leaves, flowers and vine-work all wrought in stone centuries agone, yet so fresh, and delicate; the painted windows, the grand roofage, the history standing out from a legendary mist of antiquity. I had seen Liverpool, Manchester and Birmingham; towns large and vigorous, teeming with the young life of this modern age; full of industries of all sizes and complexions; full of the roar, the scream, the chirrup and buz of the lions, eagles, wrens, crickets and bees of human labor. The bared arms of those towns showed the American sinews of New York, Lowell, and Pittsburgh. They wore the same face and made the same din at their toil as those centres of American thrift and enterprise. But here in Worcester, I saw the old England of my boyhood's imagination looking as natural as life.

Although not of the first class of cathedrals in size, this has its own peculiar grace and grandeur. Like many others, it is in process of renovation from bottom to top, and it is coming out with an entirely new

face, which, when complete, will show well, but during the process, presents a rather singular appearance. The material of the original building was a soft red sandstone, which made a very toothsome nibble for Time. They are now facing the outer walls with a greyish stone, which, for awhile, makes the edifice look like a blood-beet topped out with a Swede turnip.

After a few hours in Worcester, I continued eastward, intending to take in Oxford on my way to London. Eighteen years before, I passed over the same road as far as Pershore on foot. About midway, from a green, soft upland field, I saw and heard, for the first time in my life, the English sky-lark. The impressions I then received from its song and sight I have endeavoured to embody in my chapter on English and American Birds, which those who read the notes on my last year's walk will perhaps remember. I passed the same field this day, and recognised it easily. And a lark was still hovering and warbling over it, pouring forth the same twittering ecstacy that delighted me in 1846. Perhaps it was the great-grand-daughter of the one I listened to then, lying flat on my back while my eyes hunted out the little palpitating mote of music among the netted sunbeams. If the genealogy and title-deeds of that bird could be brought into probate, doubtless it would

be found that the dozen green acres below and the dozen blue acres above had been the inheritance of the family for twenty generations.

Dined at Pershore, a quiet, little rural town, with several inns putting forth on their signs pleasant suggestions to quiet-loving people. Of these, "The Quiet Woman" invites you to step in and take a quiet cup of tea. Then another of the same sex and of far higher pretensions, called "The Angel," offers to entertain you. I went to the latter, because I had experienced its entertainment in 1846. I sat down in the same bay window, and indulged in a long reverie over the events that had come in the intervening space of time. Pershore had been a new dating-point to me. In this little out-of-the-way town, I set on foot a movement which carried me in directions and into enterprises I had never dreamed of. I was then on my way from Worcester to London on foot. I stopped here two or three days partly for rest and partly for bringing up a long arrearage of writing which I could not perform while the guest of friends. In this same bay window I wrote out the creed principles or basis for an international association called "The League of Universal Brotherhood." This basis was virtually a pledge of total abstinence from all war, and an agreement to unite in the effort "to abolish all institutions and customs that do not

recognise and respect the image of God and a human brother in every man, of whatever country, color or condition." Two or three young men of the village, sauntering past the window as I was writing out this bond and covenant, recognised me from a portrait that had recently appeared in a popular journal. They came in on the strength of this introduction, and we had a long conversation on the plan and principles of the association proposed; and it was arranged that I should meet a small company they would get together at the house of one of their number in the evening. So I went with the first draft of this league and covenant of peace and universal brotherhood, and found a room full of young, thoughtful-minded men. For three hours I went over all the principles, objects and efforts embraced and contemplated in the pledge. Just before midnight seventeen of the company attached their names to it. Then all knelt down, and there was an earnest prayer that the doing of that night might be the beginning of an effective movement for the good of mankind. It was the beginning of a new life of labor to me, and the end of that long pedestrian tour I had intended, before leaving America, to make in England. In the hopefulness and enthusiasm of the hour, I believed that the germ of an organisation had been planted which might expand to an inter-

national area of action and influence, and work powerfully for the brotherhood of men and the sisterhood of nations. I must have some little printed exposition of the principles and objects of this new compact and covenant for distribution among persons I could not reach *viva voce*. So I went directly back to Birmingham and laid the whole subject before Good Joseph Sturge, whom my soul revered with the greatest affection. He approved of the pledge and of the name proposed for the association, and also of some printed and periodical exposition of the doctrines on which it was to be based. The next week a small four-paged periodical was brought out called "The Bond of Brotherhood," which has just entered upon its nineteenth year. A large registry-book was procured for entering the names obtained to the pledge. Ten thousand from different parts of the United Kingdom, and an equal number from the United States were attached to it during the first year. The League of Universal Brotherhood took its place among philanthropic societies on both sides of the Atlantic. Its basis of belief and practice was very broad, affording room and motive for a great many different operations of a benevolent tendency. And these were set on foot one after the other. First came Friendly International Addresses, to stir up a kindly feeling between

the three great peoples of England, France and America. Next was inaugurated a series of Peace Congresses on the Continent; then a movement for Ocean Penny Postage, then the Olive-Leaf Mission over Continental Europe, followed by several other enterprises designed to promote universal peace and brotherhood among men. The fresh memory of these things gave this second visit to Pershore a special interest to me, which some of my readers, who are familiar with these circumstances, will easily understand.

The intervening country being rather monotonous, I hastened on from Pershore to Oxford, without diverging to see or seek any special objects of interest.

Oxford is the right lobe of the great heart of Educational and Ecclesiastical England. Cambridge is the other, and both have beaten with a common and even pulse for many centuries. A New Englander will visit both with equal interest, and thread back their long-reaching histories, and the influences they have brought to bear upon the intellectual shaping of the Anglo-Saxon race without instituting any comparison between them favoring one above the other. They have both had their work and performed it, separately in process but one in result. If Cambridge took hold of the young heart of New England

with the force and fervor of stronger associations than did Oxford, it was not so much from the different character of the two seats of learning, as from the fact, that the Puritan and Pilgrim Fathers were mostly from the Eastern Counties of England, and their Cottons, Hookers and Wilsons and Stones were Cambridge scholars; and it was natural that they should call the seat of the first college they erected in the New World, *Cambridge*. Still, I will not attempt to account for the fact that no *Oxford* university has ever been established in America. Reasons for this which we have forgotten may have operated upon the first generations of our ancestors. The history of this famous city of colleges had not been softened to them as it is now to us. The purifying dews of heaven had not fallen long enough to blanch the blackened and blistered earth on which Cranmer, Ridley and Latimer were burnt at the stake. The memory of Wolsey, Laud, Pole, and their like in Church and State, was fresher in the minds of our forefathers and foremothers than it is in ours. But, whatever were the reasons why we have no seat of learning called after this venerable and stately mother of high English education, no well-read American can visit it without feeling his mind taken hold of by the fascination of a peculiar interest. Here he will see where the intellectual life and stature of a

mother of nations were cradled. Here, when our great English tongue was lisping for a place among living speeches, schools of thatched roof and wattled walls were planted by monkish missionaries of popular education. Here the classics and higher branches of learning passed through their log-cabin era. Here the more polished Norman built his Latin structures upon the homely Saxon strata. Here their different orders of intellectual and scholastic architecture may be seen intermixed but not interfused. Here you may read in the frontlets of a score of colleges the records of an enthusiasm as fervid in its way as that which produced the Crusades. To build a temple of learning, which should bear the donor's name down through all generations, was equal to the capture of Gaza, Acre or Jerusalem itself to many a wealthy aspirant to a lasting memory. So, as the walls of Jerusalem were rebuilt piece by piece by the princes of the Hebrew tribes under Nehemiah, Oxford has been filled with these grand collegiate structures by munificent individuals, who coveted a good remembrance in the heart of a remote posterity.

The University embraces nineteen colleges, constituting a federal republic of letters outnumbering the old thirteen United States under Washington, in individual members of the commonwealth. It has its

own federal parliament and president, cabinet, council and senators, and exists and acts with much of the organism of a little compact nation by itself. It is not only to this extent *imperium in imperio*, but it is empowered with a political influence upon the outside world which probably few Americans are aware of. Now all the faculty and fellows of the University resident in Oxford, and all the graduates who have attained to the degree of M.A., form a great, powerful and unique political constituency. They elect a member to represent them in Parliament. This almost invisible, intangible and inapproachable constituency is diffused over the length and breadth of the United Kingdom. It is mostly made up of clergymen in country towns, villages and parishes, who have lately been allowed to vote at Oxford by proxy, or by sending in their certified ballots by post. It was this constituency of Oxford scholars, of the first grade, numbering over five thousand, that the brilliant Gladstone had represented for many years, until, at the last election, they threw him out under the suspicion that he was wavering in his fidelity to the National Church. It is a significant fact that the majority of those who voted against him were the M.A.'s resident in rural districts.

The very Capitol of this Republic of Colleges, to

my mind, is the *Bodleian Library.* This was founded by the munificent Sir Thomas Bodley, and opened with great *eclât* in 1602, when it numbered more than two thousand volumes, says the historian with a sentiment of pride and admiration. It was doubtless on that day the largest collection of books in England; and the art of printing had been in operation for more than a hundred and fifty years. It is interesting to an American to strike into the pathway of England's literary history at this point. It brings our New England experience almost parallel with hers just at this stage. Not a great many years after the Bodleian Library, with its two thousand volumes, was opened with great circumstance and ceremonial, a number of Connecticut ministers met, and brought each a few books as a contribution to the founding of Yale College and Library at New Haven. I believe their united donations produced two hundred volumes. But the Bodleian Library has had a more productive source of augmentation than the incidental accession of private libraries and smaller voluntary contributions. When it had reached a certain growth from these sources, an act of Parliament came in to give it a constant and grand expansion. It was the levying of a simple tax in its behalf upon every publisher in the kingdom. A copy of every book, great or small, entered at

Stationers' Hall, London, for copyright, was to be deposited there for this great Oxford library, and another for the British Museum. These two institutions, therefore, preserve the minutest lives and records of English books, pamphlets, &c. The most insignificant and weak-minded of them all has its place and number here. So nothing put in type and cover can drop from the press into oblivion without its record. What a pity our young nation did not found a similar institution—a great central Record Office—that should preserve the title-pages of all our literary productions with as much care as we treasure up the title-deeds of our landed estates! Notwithstanding our national and natural self-complacency over our doings past, present and prospective, in different departments of activity, we have no one library which preserves a copy of every book and pamphlet published in America, nor could we show the world how many we have produced from the Pilgrim Fathers' day to our own. Many American writers have been received into the goodly fellowship of the Bodleian Library, which has accepted their contributions to its great treasury of the literature of the English language. While walking up and down the aisles of this dim wood of letters, I plead guilty to a thought of pride myself at the fact that I had four

books somewhere or other in the forest; and consequently had contributed the one-hundred-thousandth part of the whole collection numerically. If the English press continues to produce books at the present ratio, the Bodleian Library must number a million of volumes in the course of a century.

The city of Oxford presents a good setting for this magnificent University. Its site, like that of Cambridge, is very unfavorable for showing a town to advantage. Both are almost on a dead level. If Oxford had been built on Richmond Hill, or on the site of Windsor, it would have stood almost unequalled in the world for a splendid appearance. Still it shows itself impressively. If the ground it stands upon is low and level, the upper surface of the town is so variegated and picturesque, that you hardly notice that it is not built upon a hill. Grand and lofty domes, church and college towers, turrets and spires, towering roofs and imposing structures of every stature, so range themselves in the view as to cancel the worst disadvantage of the natural position, and to give to the city a little of that "ridgy back, piled thick and high" of which Edinburgh boasts.

From Oxford I faced once more directly southward. Passed through Abingdon, a small town brim full of variegated history a thousand years old by written

chronicle. Here was founded one of the earliest and richest of English abbeys. Here Saxon palaces and parliaments, kings, bishops, abbots centuries before the Norman Conquest, figured and filled the annals of Church and State in those days. The records of later centuries are replete with interest. One wonders, on walking up and down the still town, that it can sleep so peacefully over such a brood of stirring histories.

A little beyond Abingdon I came out upon the line of my walk *from* London; thus virtually completing the tour. I therefore proceeded directly to Windsor to visit the Queen's Dairy, the only remaining object of interest that I was desirous of referring to in my notes. I had obtained a ticket of admission through the good offices of our minister at St. James's, and was highly gratified at being thus enabled to see an establishment of which I had often heard.

"*The Queen's Dairy*"! How saxon and homelike sounds that term! The Queen's cows "with crumpled horns;" brindled cows, spotted, red-faced, white-faced, mottled, brown and dun, coming in from pasture at eve with whisking tails, and eyes soft, gentle, round and honest. The Queen's milk-maids, with rosy cheeks, patting the meditating *mullies* with white, soft hands and voices of kindly accent. The Queen's milk-pails, with

her crown mark upon them all, so pure and sweet in their polished hoops. The Queen's milk-pans, shelved in long rows, with the cream-lily's golden leaf, like another *Victoria Regina*, overlaying the luscious deep an inch or two below the brim. The Queen's churns, so surpassing all that Dutch housewifery ever dreamed of in purification and polish of wood and brass. The Queen herself, in straw bonnet and thick-soled shoes, walking up and down the dairy-room, dropping happy and smiling looks into pails and pans of milk and cream; perhaps anon stamping a roll of new-made butter with her wife's seal manual for the royal table; thinking the while of dairies and pastures far and near, of Alderneys, Devonshires, Herefords and Shorthorns, and of their comparative graces and merits. *The Queen's Dairy!* The very name seems to link her queenhood to the happiest and homeliest experiences of rural life; to attach her, by a sensible lien of industrial sympathy, to all the farmers' wives in the British Empire; to introduce her into the daily fellowship of their feelings and interests; to morning and evening walks on their rustic levels of care, learning what milk, butter and cheese mean, and all the minute details of their production.

The milk-room of the Dairy is represented, in the accompanying sketch, in the one-story wing of the

THE QUEEN'S DAIRY AND AVIARY.

main building. For its uses, and for the associations attaching to them, it is perfection itself. Its internal structure and arrangements are exquisite in every feature and fitting. To say that it is a little marble temple polished after the similitude of a palace, would convey a sense of its cool whiteness and purity, but not its aspect of softness. The walls, the long marble tables, the fountains, the statuary of rustic life, and all the finely-sculptured allegories look as if wrought from new milk petrified just as the cream began to rise to the surface. Or as if, looking into the basined pools of the soft white fluid circling around the interior, like great fluent pearls strung for a bracelet, they had gradually assimilated themselves to the medium that reflected their faces, and had taken up both its softness of look and sweetness of savor. It was truly a beautiful sight, that would dazzle and delight the eyes of our Orange County dairy-women. The pans or dishes are of oblong shape, with a lip to them, which saves many an unlucky splash in pouring their contents into other vessels. Then they are all made of the finest stone china, with gilt edges, each holding two gallons and costing a guinea or five dollars. There were ninety-two of them, placed in double rows on the long marble tables, which run around the room over a flowing sheet of clear spring

water rippling in its wide marble channel. Thus the milk-pans alone cost full 2,500 dollars.

No description I could give would convey any adequate idea of the refined taste, fertile genius and exquisite art brought to bear upon this little palace. In no other structure he left behind him can you see so much of Prince Albert's entire as in this. It is his last and best. And for this reason Americans will regard it with peculiar interest. It is a pleasant impression current with us, that his last work with the pen was to soften some rather severe and energetic expression in a diplomatic communication addressed to our Government by his own. Whether that be true or not, a great portion of our people believe it to be so, and treasure his memory in that belief. This beautiful dairy was a fitting work to end the active and wide-reaching utilities of his useful life. He gave to it the full swing and sway of his taste and genius; and the best conceptions of both are blended here in the happiest harmonies. I was told that in the minutest detail of the structure and its adornments, the design was his own. The seasons of the year and their occupations are put in sculptured pictures, chaste, delicate, simple and natural as life. The family record is mounted in the porcelain walls in medallion faces by twos and by ones; first, the happy

couplets of the royal circle, beginning with the Queen and Prince, followed by those of their two eldest daughters with their husbands, succeeded by the younger and unmarried children. It seemed to me a happy thought and full of pleasant illustration of his character, thus to link their lives to the beautiful economies of nature and to the every-day industries of a toiling world, typified in the pictures of these interests so delicately graven in the same walls.

It is no wonder that this is a favorite resort to the Queen, not only because it was the last work of her husband, but also because it best reflects the most cherished features of his character. She visits it very frequently with her children, who look with lively wonderment at all the processes that produce butter. I was told by the head dairy-woman that the youngest were delighted at the permission to turn the crank of the barrel-churn, and would tug at it for full fifteen minutes at a time, till their faces were hot and flushed with the exercise and their hair flashed over their eyes at every round. I was rather surprised to find the pails, tubs, &c., so common and simple. They were very solid and heavy, and thoroughly English in their shape and weight. The milk-pails especially were of this character; being about as heavy when empty as ours when full. They seemed to be made of solid

English oak, nearly half an inch thick, with iron bails, apparently wrought on the anvil, like the old-fashioned bails of our brass-kettles. But, with all this solidity of wood and iron, they were pearly pure and neat. Still, a New-Englander would naturally wish that some of our mountain-town factories would send Her Majesty a set of their beautiful, seamless, white-cedar pails, so light and pretty in face and form. I am sure she would appreciate and approve the difference in their favor.

Of the cows there were ten Alderneys in milk; the rest were pure or graded Shorthorns. The difference in the richness of their milk may be seen in the fact, that two gallons of the former produce one quart of cream, while the same quantity of the latter yields only one pint. The whole dairy produces twenty-seven pounds of butter daily. I was a little surprised to learn, on questioning the mistress of the establishment, that they always mixed the milk of the cows, and that she had never sent to the Queen's table a single roll of pure Alderney butter. Thus, with ten cows of that lineage milked daily, it is doubtful if they have ever been allowed to present her a luxury which thousands of her liege subjects enjoy.

The Aviary is as perfect in its way as the Dairy, and is opposite to it on the other side of the roadway.

It gives the most elegant and comfortable housing to almost every kind of feathered biped known to ornithology. The pipers and paddlers of all countries are represented by elite delegates in the flutter and splutter of this happified convention. The provision for the paddlers is delightful and delicious to them. The large basin in front of the Aviary, with the fountain playing in the centre, is the very elysium of spoon-bills of every name, shape and size, ranging from the stateliest swan to the little tufted duckling trailing its shadow across the water, as if he had caught it at a dive and was afraid he would lose it. It is a constitutional monarchy of birds, in happy, and perhaps instinctive, harmony with the British Constitution. The royal family, the different orders of the aristocracy, the peers, commons and plebs all seem to have been taught their places and prerogatives, and to move on together pleasantly like a well-regulated human society, of the European pattern.

Prince Albert did not play at farming, merely to follow the fashion of agricultural amateurs, or to kill time with an occupation for some of its tedious hours. He put a downright earnest and honest heart into it, as a business which gives full scope to science, art and enthusiasm. He was a prince among farmers, as well as among peers, in practical leadership, as his

many agricultural addresses and experiments clearly show. The model farms he established at Windsor are the result of the principles and improvements he advocated carried out to their best working. Ordinary farmers may not be able to erect such stabling and housing for cattle as the *Home Farm* provides, in which the cows of the Queen's Dairy are watched and tended in winter. But no farmer can walk up and down the pavement between the stalls, look at their construction, and all the arrangements for feeding, bedding, watering and ventilating, without carrying away ideas that may be turned to good account, though on a smaller and cheaper scale. For myself, I can hardly conceive of anything more perfect than these arrangements. And they are all practical, solid and utilitarian, with little expended on mere show. The cows were nearly all in the pasture when I visited their stabling; but a good number of calves were in the stalls or boxes, of different breeds and ages, all looking as bright and sleek as possible. I was struck with the eclectic character of the names they bore. The floral and fairy kingdoms of nature, heroes and heroines of ancient mythology, history and poetry supplied most of this interesting nomenclature; and this made it all the more interesting to me to see that *Uncle Tom's Cabin* had furnished two or three names, and that "Eva"

MODEL FARM, WINDSOR.

and "Topsy" had their place in the rank of chosen celebrities.

After a few hours at Windsor, I reached London on the 23rd of July, having accomplished my walk thence to Land's End and back much sooner than I had expected or even wished when I set out on the journey at the beginning of June. One reason for this was in the fact, that I had not been delayed by rain six hours from beginning to end. Then I had made on an average over twenty miles a day, which was a much better pace than my last year's Walk to John O'Groat's. And thus terminated a pedestrian tour in Great Britain which had filled the dreams of my boyhood on the other side of the Atlantic. I can say that I have realised from it all that I anticipated, even in those days of eager expectation. I do not know if any other American has ever measured the length of the island and doubled it half way back on foot. Should any one ever attempt such a journey, perhaps the notes I have made by the way will be of some interest to him. I hope they may contribute to the entertainment of that numerous class of readers who use the feet and eyes of others in the travels they make in their own and foreign lands while remaining at home.

I could not be willing to take leave of my English readers without another reference to the great personal

comfort with which I have made these long journeys. From Land's End to John O'Groat's, though often lodging at small wayside inns, I have never experienced any disagreeable treatment, or been subjected to any inconvenience worth mentioning. On the other hand, I have found the commonest people with whom I have tarried for the night attentive, obliging and even kind in their disposition and deportment. What I have seen and known of them will constitute one of the pleasantest memories of my Walks.

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